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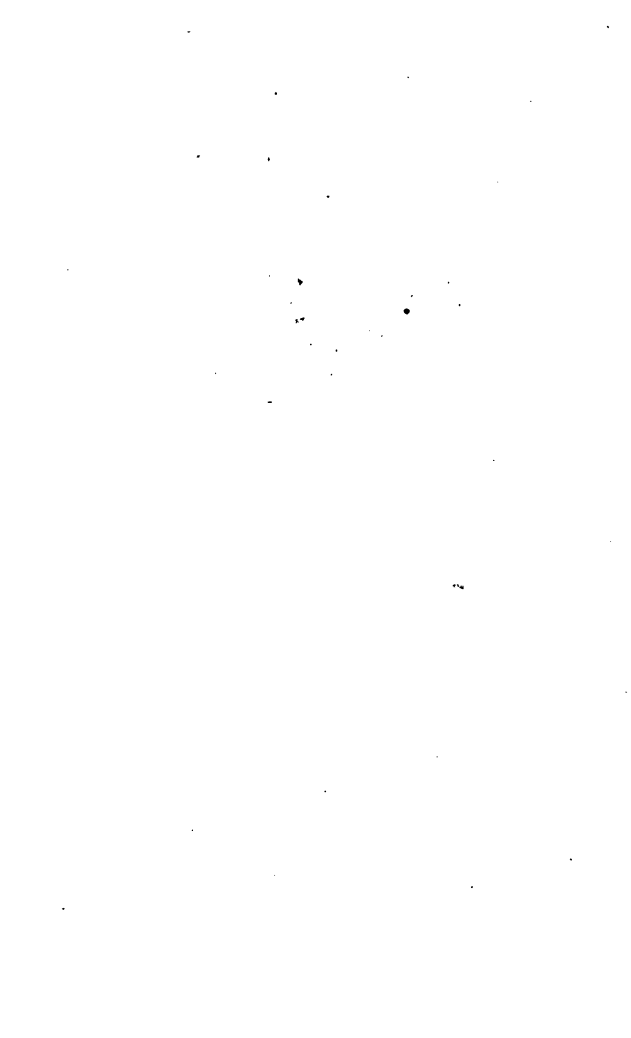
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J. M. Kewenowson, Ac.

London

FEEDING THE CHICKENS

THE
CHILD'S COMPANION,
AND
JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

New Series.

1859.



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THE

CHILD'S COMPANION,

AND

Youth's Instructor.

FEEDING THE CHICKENS.



WOULD not live in the country? Even at this time of the year, when there is not a leaf on the trees, and the bitter north wind chills one through and through, I do love the

country; I like our merry games at snowball, and there is capital sliding on the pond below Beggar's ash; then, when night comes, we have such happy hours round the great wood-fire in uncle's old-fashioned parlour with its dark wainscot walls; and he tells us such famous stories of what he has seen and done out in the fields.

As for the nice things that they make in the country, did you ever taste such puddings and custards anywhere else? I never did. And to see the fruit hanging in the trees! The cherries last summer in my uncle's garden, and the apples and pears in the orchard, were

worth coming miles to see. Father said so, when he brought me to stay at the farm ; for I am a town-boy, you must know, and only come here on a visit now and then, at the holidays. For my part, I wish the holidays lasted all the year round ! Cousin Lizzie would say that it was a very foolish wish ; for she would like me to keep hard at my studies, that I might grow up to be a very wise man, as wise as my own dear father.

I must tell you about cousin Lizzie. Of course she lives always at the farm, because it is her own home. I have four little country cousins, and Lizzie is the eldest ; so we are nearly of an age, for I am the eldest at home. The first time I came to stay at the farm was last summer, when I was just eight years old. Mother did not think I could be trusted for a whole month's visit while I was very young, and Lizzie tells me that she began to be afraid we might be quite grown up before we met ; however, the proper time came at last, and very glad we were to see each other, I assure you.

The very first evening, Lizzie took me round the garden and orchard, and into the farm-yard. The horses were coming in at the gate, and we had to stand out of the way while they went into their stables. Then we just peeped into the great barns, where I have since had many a game of play ; and we went up some wooden steps into the granary ; and above all, I saw eight of the nicest little pigs, running beside their mother, and all clean and white, with the funniest pink noses, and making the drollest noise, between a squeak and a grunt. But before I had seen half the

things that Lizzie wanted to show me, aunt came to us and said I was tired after my journey, and we must leave the other sights till morning. I had promised mother, when I said good-bye, to attend to every wish of my aunt's; so we went into the house at once, though I could not help whispering to Lizzie that I was not a bit tired, and that I wished we could have just climbed up the ladder she had been telling me of, to sit for a little while on the top of the haystack, and look about us.

Oh! how delightful it was to wake up the next morning, and see the sun shining so brightly through the white curtains, and the dancing shadows of the jessamine that grew against my casement window! I could not wait till I was called, but jumped out of bed, and aunt was quite surprised to find me nearly dressed when she came into the room. We had breakfast much earlier than we ever had it at home. Soon after seven o'clock our bread and milk was ready; and I thought how my little sisters, Annie and Kate, were just rubbing their sleepy eyes, and wished that they could see me.

When breakfast was over, Lizzie said to me, "Now, Charlie, come with me, and I will show you something prettier than anything you saw last night." So she took hold of my hand, and we went out of doors, and stood for some minutes by the dove-cot, which was one of the things I had not noticed before. When I saw the pigeons flying in and out, I thought that was the sight she meant: but she shook her head and made me go up the granary steps again, and there, in the granary, we found Nancy the dairymaid, filling a

basket with corn. Another little basket was lying on the floor, which Lizzie slung upon her arm, and then tripped on before us into the poultry yard, which was just at the back of the dairy. Such a clucking and such a calling as there was; the moment we got in! Up marched a stately cock, with long white feathers falling round his neck, and a fine tail. Before him ran some hens, and a lovely little brood of chickens; and all so tame that they came up close to Lizzie's feet, picking up the grains of corn almost as fast as she could throw them.

It was indeed a pretty sight. Nancy the dairymaid said that the hens were the best in England, and laid more eggs than she knew what to do with; while Lizzie declared that one speckled hen, who was the mother of the chickens, was the best in the whole world. Following Nancy's directions, I stood quite still, not to frighten them; and then by degrees I came up close to Lizzie, while she told me their names. One of the hens was very fond of fighting; another was gentle; and a third was commended for having brought up a whole brood of ducklings with great care and success.

All of a sudden I heard my uncle's voice, and when I turned my head, there was he standing and looking at us over the palings. I ran up to him, and, when he had lifted me over, we walked back towards the dovecot together. I remember his words as we went along.

"It makes one smile," said he, "to see those busy little chickens, how eagerly they run to pick up their food, and with what diligence they look after each

grain of corn. I wish some other chicks that I know of would be as eager to gather up the food we give them, 'here a little, and there a little;' now a bit of wisdom, perhaps, in the line at the top of their copy-book; and at another time something to do them good, in the shape of a lesson or a story."

"Oh, uncle!" I cried, for I knew very well what he meant.

And this was the first of the many odd sayings that I have heard from my uncle at the farm.

THE HAPPY BLIND GIRL.

BY THE REV. J. C. BYLE.

DEAR CHILDREN—Would you like to know who was the happiest child I ever saw? Listen to me, and I will tell you.

The happiest child I ever saw was a little girl whom I once met travelling in a railway carriage. We were both going on a journey to London, and we travelled a great many miles together. She was only eight years old, and she was quite blind. She had never been able to see at all. She had never seen the sun, and the stars, and the sky, and the grass, and the flowers, and the trees, and the birds, and all those pleasant things which you see every day of your lives; but still, she was quite happy.

She was by herself, poor little thing. She had no friend or relations to take care of her on the journey, and be good to her; but she was quite happy and content. She said, when she got into the carriage, "Tell

me how many people there are in the carriage. I am quite blind and can see nothing?" A gentleman asked her if she was not afraid. "No," she said, "I am not frightened; I have travelled before, and I trust in God, and people are always very good to me."

But I soon found out the reason why she was so happy; and what do you think it was? She loved Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ loved her; she had sought Jesus Christ, and she had found him.

I began to talk to her about the Bible, and I soon saw she knew a great deal of it. She went to a school where the mistress used to read the Bible to her; and she was a good girl, and had remembered what her mistress had read.

Dear children, you cannot think how many things in the Bible this poor little blind girl knew. I only wish that every grown-up person in England knew as much as she did. But I must try to tell you some of them.

She talked to me about sin; how it first came into the world, when Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit, and it was to be seen everywhere now. "Oh!" she said, "there are no really good people. The very best people in the world have many sins every day, and I am sure we all of us waste a great deal of time, if we do nothing else wrong. Oh! we are all such sinners! there is nobody who has not sinned a great many sins."

And then she talked about Jesus Christ. She told me about the agony in the garden of Gethsemane—about his sweating drops of blood—about the soldiers nailing him to the cross—about the spear piercing his

side, and blood and water coming out. "Oh!" she said, "how very good it was of him to die for us, and such a cruel death! how good he was to suffer so for our sins!"

And then she talked about very wicked people. She told me she was afraid there were a great many in the world, and it made her very unhappy to hear how many of her schoolfellows and acquaintances went on. "But," she said, "I know the reason why they are so wicked; it is because they do not try to be good—they do not ask Jesus to make them good."

I asked her what part of the Bible she liked best. She told me she liked all the history of Jesus Christ, but the chapters she was most fond of were the three last chapters of the book of Revelation. I had a Bible with me, and I took it out and read these chapters to her as we went along.

When I had done she began to talk about heaven. "Think," she said, "how nice it will be to be there!—There will be no more sorrow, no crying, nor tears. And then Jesus Christ will be there; for it says, 'The Lamb is the light thereof,' and we shall always be with him; and besides this, there shall be no night there: they will need no candle nor light of the sun."

Dear children, just think of this poor little blind girl. Think of her taking pleasure in talking of Jesus Christ. Think of her rejoicing in the account of heaven, where there shall be no sorrow nor night.

I have seen her since. She went to her own home in London, and I do not know whether she is alive or not; but I hope she is, and I have no doubt Jesus Christ has taken good care of her.

Dear children, are you as happy and as cheerful as she was ?

You are not blind ; you have eyes, and can run about and see everything, and go where you like, and read as much as you please to yourselves. But are you as happy as this poor little blind girl ?

Oh ! if you wish to be happy in this world, remember my advice to-day : do as the little blind girl did—Love Jesus Christ, and he will love you ; seek him early, and you shall find him.



HOW TO DO YOUR WORK.

A GREAT English landscape painter, named Turner, was very poor in his youth, and had to take anything to do which came in his way. He drew pictures for many cheap books. In doing these drawings for the commonest book of the day, and for a price altogether below their merits, he never did his work badly because he thought it beneath him, or because he was ill-paid. With what people were willing to give him for his work, he was content ; but he considered that work in relation to himself, not in relation to the buyers. He took a poor price that he might *live*, but he made noble drawings that he might *learn*. According to his time and means, he *always did his best* ; if possible, better than he had ever done before. Though a man without talent seldom thus feels and labours, it is very certain that a man without great talent, who *does* thus feel and thus labour, is *sure* to do great things



PICTURES OF THE MONTH.

JANUARY.

WE begin the year with the coldest month of all the twelve. The rays of the sun do not come directly on the earth, but fall aslant, so that the heat received is at the lowest point. The nights, too, are long, and the days are short : we need not, then, wonder that the air is cold, or that sleet and snow often cover the ground.

If you go into a farm-yard, during a wintry day in this month, you will most likely see one of the farmer's

men, with a long pole or a fork, breaking the ice on the pond, that he may get water for the cattle. The snow will be seen on the barn and stable; the bare branches of the trees, too, will be adorned with white, and long icicles will be found hanging from boughs, palings, and roofs of houses. Sometimes, however, during this month, the air is clear, and fine frosty days are enjoyed.

With the first day of January we begin a new period of our time. It is a season when we should think of the goodness and love of God towards us in the days we have already spent in years that are past: we should remember our sins, and, while we repent of them, and forsake them, we should seek, through faith in Jesus Christ, that they may be forgiven us for his sake; and, praying for the grace of the Holy Spirit, we should resolve to live all the rest of our life in holiness and obedience, to the glory of God.

EVERY-DAY WONDERS ;

OR, FACTS ABOUT OURSELVES.

PART I.—THE AIR WE BREATHE.

Do you know what the air is? Can you see it? Will any one say there is no air in the room, because we do not see it? Yet some people, who think themselves very wise, tell us that they do not believe anything exists which cannot be seen. If you look out of the window when the air is moving, that is, when the wind is blowing, though you cannot see the air, you can see what it does. There is a lady walking across

a field. She is strong, but the air (which we cannot see) pushes her so hard that she can scarcely stand. The air (which we cannot see) throws down houses, roots up trees, and tears the sails of ships into little strips, and destroys the ships themselves.

The wind obeys no will but that of its Maker ; and when his voice is heard, the winds cease and the waves are still. We cannot say, then, that there is nothing in the room, because there is only air in it.

What is the air made of? You shall hear more of that another time. First, think what is the use of it. If there were really nothing at all in this room, you would die, and I should die. We should all drop down dead. The air is needful to keep us alive. God made it for this purpose. Several light substances are mixed together to make the air ; and if one of them were taken away from the rest, the air would cease to be what it is, and we should die.

How does the air keep us alive? Do we eat or drink it? No: we feed on air oftener than we eat or drink. We must eat and drink several times a-day, but not every moment. But we must feed on air every moment: that is, we must breathe. Breathing is feeding on air. Now, when we eat, we do not like to eat impure and unwholesome food. But many people who would not mix improper things with what they eat and drink, feed on what is unwholesome by breathing, without knowing what they breathe.

I will tell you the use of good wholesome air. Inside the upper part of your body, you have two vessels called lungs. They are something like sponges, for they have many little holes in them. When you

dip a dry sponge in water, and then press it hard, you can see how much water the holes of it will contain.

The holes or cells in the lungs are intended to contain air. Each cell is made of a thin membrane or skin. One large pipe, called the windpipe, branches out into a great number of smaller pipes, and each of the little pipes ends in a cell.

Every time you breathe you fill your lungs with air. Take a deep breath now. That breath will not last you long, for the air has to be taken in and again let out of our lungs every moment. If you were to leave off taking it in and letting it out you would soon die. All night, as well as all day, you must go on breathing. You remember, that when Benhadad, king of Syria, was sick, Hazael murdered him by dipping a wet cloth in water and then spreading it over his face, so that he could not breathe, and he died. Thus a dreadful crime was done to gratify a wicked desire.

When the air gets into the lungs, of what use is it then? I will tell you. It is of use to your blood. The blood requires air to make it red and healthy, pure and good. You know the difference between pure and impure water. When you are thirsty, how nice it is to drink a glass of pure water; but you must be almost dying with thirst before you could drink muddy, impure water—and besides, it would be very unwholesome.

It is as necessary to health that you should breathe good fresh air, as that you should drink pure water when you are thirsty. Part of the air which you take into your lungs passes through the thin skin of the cells of which the lungs are made. It goes into the blood and makes it red and healthy. When we see a

healthy child who runs about in the fresh air, its cheeks are rosy and its lips are red, because the good air has passed from the lungs into the blood and coloured it so brightly.

But we will tell you more about this in our next Number of the "Child's Companion."

QUESTIONS ON THE GOSPEL HARMONY.

In compiling these questions, it is intended, generally, to avoid such as might be answered by a single word, or by the text itself, and to lead the young student to a wider compass of thought. The plan is, to carry the questions through the entire life of the Redeemer, as recorded by the four evangelists—blending the whole of the four narratives so as to present, in one view, a complete history. The arrangement is according to "Robinson's Harmony of the Gospels." Heads of families and others, who superintend the instruction of the young, will do well to provide themselves with this useful work.* A Bible, with marginal references, is also desirable.

LESSON I.—LUKE'S PREFACE.

Luke i. 1—4.

1. What is the meaning of the term Gospel?—Who was Luke P†—Who had written Gospels before him?—By whom were the things contained in them believed?—What were those things to which Luke refers?—The first four verses are a preface—what does this mean?

* Published by the Religious Tract Society, price 3s. cloth boards.

† There are various opinions on this question. Calmet seeks to prove that Luke was one of the two disciples who went to Emmaus on the evening after the crucifixion, and that he was an eye-witness of the principal events which he relates.

14 QUESTIONS ON THE GOSPEL HARMONY.

2. How were those facts made known to Luke?—Who were the eye-witnesses spoken of?—From what time did their ministry begin? Luke ix. 1—10.—How did they differ from other narrators? John xiv. 26.

3. Why did Luke compose his Gospel?—To whom did Luke address his Gospel?—Why did Luke address him by title? Rom. xiii. 7.—In what order has Luke written his Gospel?—What proof is there that Luke's Gospel was inspired?—Why did Luke address his Gospel to Theophilus?*

4. In what things had Theophilus been instructed?—How was he now to be benefited?—What other book is addressed to Theophilus?—What kind of books were then used?

LESSON II.—AN ANGEL APPEARS TO ZACHARIAS.

Luke i. 5—23.

5. Was Herod a Jew or a Gentile?—What was his character?—Of what religion was Zacharias a priest?—What is meant by the *course of Abia*? 1 Chron. xxiv. 10.

6. What were the ordinances of the Lord?—What is it to be "righteous?"

8. Where did he officiate as priest?—What is meant by *the order of his course*?—What were the priest's duties?

9. What is incense? Ex. xxx. 34, and xxxvii. 29.—What temple was this?—Where and on what was the incense burnt? Ex. xxx. 1, 6.

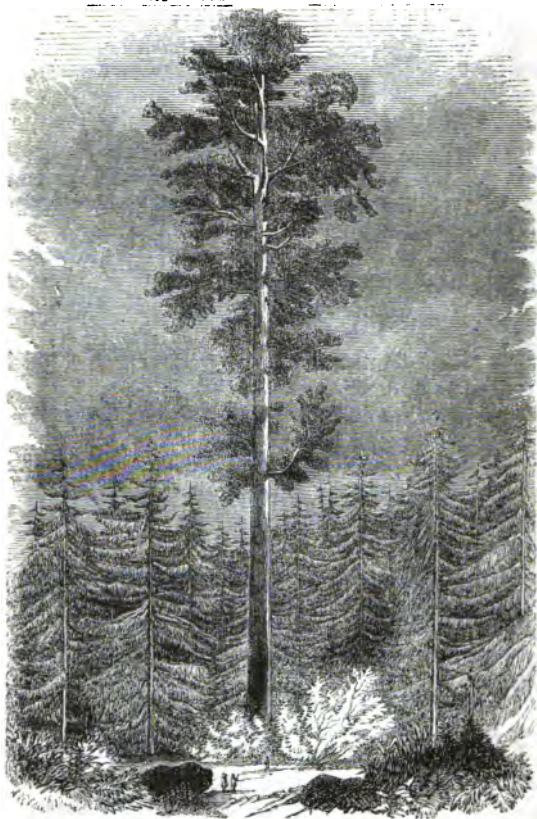
10. Where were the people praying?—What encouragement have we to pray?

* "Theophilus" means "a friend of God."

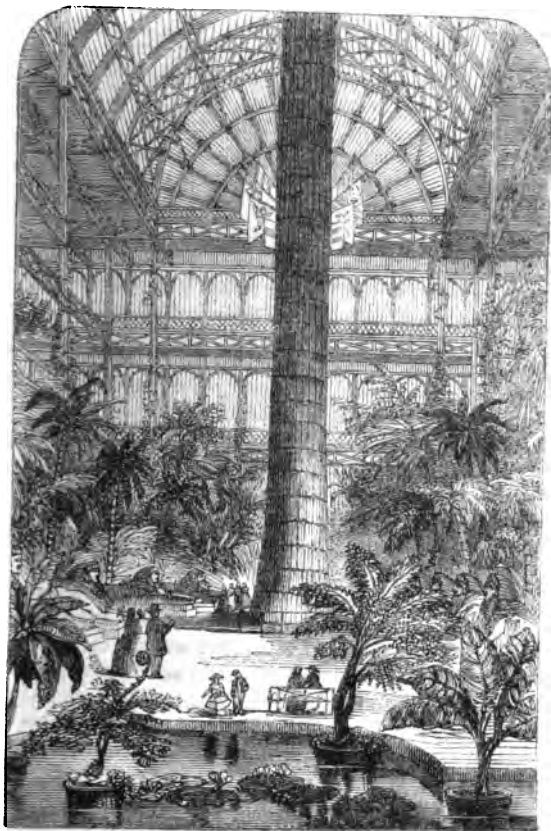
11. What is an angel of the Lord ?*
12. Why was Zacharias troubled ?
13. To what prayer did the angel refer ? Verse 68, and chap. ii. 25, 38.
14. Why would many rejoice in his birth ?
15. How was he to be great in the sight of God ?—What is it to be filled with the Holy Spirit ?
16. Who were the children of Israel ?—How had they been turned away from God ?
17. Who was Elias ? Mal. iv. 5.†—When was this promise fulfilled ? Matt. iii. 5, 6.
18. What was the fault of this question ?—Matt. xxi. 21.
19. How did the angel answer him ?—Who was Gabriel ? Dan. viii. 16, and ix. 21.
20. Why was Zacharias struck dumb ? Verse 18.
21. What people were these ?
22. What is a vision ?—What did he say by signs ?
23. What were the *days of his ministration* ?—How long did one course of priests minister at one time ?—2 Chron. xxiii. 4—8.

* There is no account of any prophetic or angelic communication from God to the Jewish people, for about 400 years prior to this time.

† Elijah is the Hebrew, and Elias the Greek name of the prophet.



THE MOTHER OF THE FOREST - AT HOME.



THE MOTHER OF THE FOREST—AT SYDENHAM.

THE MOTHER OF THE FOREST.

CALIFORNIA, in America, is a vast, but little known country. It is famous as a land where gold is to be found; but as a land of giant-like trees we will now speak of it. In one spot, high up the sides of some mountains, about ninety trees form a sort of forest. Many persons have visited the place, that they may behold these wonders of the vegetable creation.

To a group of these trees the name of "the three sisters" has been given. A single tree standing by itself is called "the old bachelor." And another is "the old maid." One is known as "the hermit;" and two others are "the mother and her son." The mother stands three hundred and twenty-five feet high, and her son is rather a big boy, for he at present reaches to three hundred feet. Then there are "the twins," "the bride of the forest," "the beauty of the grove," besides others, with fancy names which have been given to these mighty trees by the early settlers of the land.

The tree of which we give two pictures is called "*The mother of the forest.*" The first picture shows the tree as it was first seen. To the great height of one hundred and forty feet it rises without throwing out from its trunk a single branch, and then upward it still springs until it reaches to three hundred and sixty-three feet; that is, it overtops St. Paul's Cathedral in London by twenty-three feet, measured from the ground.

Do you ask how old is this tree? We then answer, it is calculated that it is between three thousand and four

thousand years old. So that it was in its early youth when Isaac was born; was yet a stripling when David kept his father's flock in Bethlehem; and it had not reached to its vigour when the gospel was first preached by the apostles. Even now it seems in its full health and strength.

Our second picture shows a part of the bark of "the mother of the forest," as it is now to be seen at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. A part of the bark, a foot and a half thick, was stripped from the trunk to the height of more than a hundred feet. Four months were occupied in its removal: every piece, as it was cut down, was carefully numbered, and it has been put up exactly as it originally grew.

The inside of this bark is fitted up as a room, with table and chairs; and as you look up the inside or the outside, and think that the portion of the tree that you gaze upon is only one quarter of the whole height, you may form some idea of what this great tree is, as it still stands in its own native forest. Surely all the works of God praise him, and show forth his mighty power.



AMY'S NEW HOME.

CHAPTER I.

THE cottage window was thrown wide open to let in the cooling breeze, for the day had been very hot, and Amy's mother wanted all the fresh air she could get. She sat, propped up by pillows, in a large arm-chair. Her face was very white and thin; but there was a bright colour in her cheeks, which made her look

better than she really was. She had been ill for many weeks, and the doctor said that she would never be well again. She knew this—knew that she was dying; but she was not afraid, for she had long trusted in Jesus, and served him, and now she could say, in the sweet words of the twenty-third Psalm, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

Amy stood by the side of her mother, looking out into the garden. She had finished the needlework she had to do, and was watching the sparrows pick up the few crumbs which she had thrown in the pathway for their supper. Her mother wanted her to run about in the garden, but Amy said she would rather stay where she was; she felt, although she hardly knew why, that she did not like to leave her mother. Yet she had not the least idea that her mother was dangerously ill.

"Mother," she said presently, "how full our pear-tree is this year! What a many we shall have if they all ripen! Will you give me a little basketful for myself, when you gather them?"

Her mother sighed, and hesitated. Amy looked round for her answer. "I shall not gather the pears this autumn, dear," she said gently.

"Why not?" asked Amy in a tone of surprise.

"Because I shall not be here then, Amy."

"Not here, mother! Are we going away, then?"

"I am going away, Amy, going to a better home than this, darling. I wanted to tell you so before, but I knew it would trouble you to hear it."

Amy did not at first understand her mother's meaning; but when the sad truth rushed all at once into her mind, it was almost more than she could bear. Her heart beat very fast, the crimson flush rose in her cheeks, and her eyes filled with tears. "Oh, mother, do not talk so!" she exclaimed; "it is not true, I am sure it is not! You are a great deal better than you were; you eat more than you did last week, and you are not nearly so pale; you will get stronger when the weather is not so warm; Mrs. Roberts says you will, mother."

"Amy, dear, it would be wrong and unkind to deceive you; the shock would only be the greater if it came upon you quite unexpectedly. Dr. Martin says that he does not think I can last many weeks longer, and I feel that he is right. It is only for your sake that I mind it. I would gladly have lived till you were a little older, if it had pleased God; but his will be done."

Amy burst into tears. She flung herself on a stool at her mother's feet, and, burying her face in her mother's lap, sobbed out, "Oh, mother, what shall I do without you? You must not leave me, oh, you must not leave me!"

Her mother tried, in vain, to soothe her. Amy had naturally very strong feelings, but she had early been taught to control them, and was generally able to keep them within bounds. But she could not now; indeed, she made no attempt to do so; her distress was so great that it seemed as if she must give way to it, and it was not until her mother said that she should not get any sleep that night, if Amy

kept on crying so, that she lifted up her head again, and tried to wipe away her tears.

Then her mother put her arm round her, and kissed her tenderly, and talked to her of that loving Saviour who would always be with her, to take care of her, and to bless her; and in whose kind ear she might pour out all her little troubles, and feel certain that he would help her out of them. She spoke, too, of those beautiful mansions to which she was going, where there would not be any more sorrow or sin, but where everybody was quite holy, and quite happy; and she bade Amy look forward to the joyful meeting they should have when, if she followed Jesus, he would call her to the same bright home, and they should live together there for ever.

Amy did not take in the full comfort of these words at the time; still, she grew calmer as she listened to them, and they came into her mind afterwards, when she much needed them, and when she had no one to tell her of such things.

She got up now, with a less sorrowful look, to prepare the gruel for her mother's supper, and each tried to be as cheerful as they could, that they might not add to the other's grief. Poor Amy! when she was alone in her little room, her tears burst forth afresh; but she knelt down, and asked God to pity her and to make her dear mother well again; and she rose up with a lighter heart. In a few minutes she was fast asleep.

Amy Burton was an only child. She had been carefully brought up by her pious mother, who had sought, with God's help, to train her child for another

world, as well as for this. Mrs. Burton's husband also feared God, but, being a seaman, he was generally away from home, so that Amy saw very little of her father, and learned but little from him. About a year before our story begins, he set out on a voyage which he said should be his last one; for that, if he were spared to return to his native land, he would remain at home with his wife and child, and get his living in a more quiet and comfortable way. But, alas! he did *not* return. Tidings at length came that the vessel in which he sailed was lost in a storm at sea, and that all on board had perished. It was a terrible blow to Amy's mother. She never recovered from it. Her health failed from that time; and within the last few weeks she had been so much worse, that she had given up all hope of ever being well again.

The thought of going to her Saviour was a glad thought to her, but it was hard work to part from her dear little girl; to leave her an orphan in the wide, wide world, not knowing how she would be cared for, and watched over. But Amy's mother was a Christian, and she was enabled, after a little struggle, to trust her child into God's hands, and to believe that she would be safe in his keeping. This promise was very sweet to her in that moment: "Leave thy fatherless children, *I* will preserve them alive."

Amy had an uncle, her father's eldest brother, who lived in a large manufacturing town, many miles distant from the village in which she had been born and brought up. The morning after Amy's sad conversation with her mother, a letter came from this

uncle, in answer to one which Mrs. Burton had written to him about her own illness, and about Amy. It was short, but kind. He offered to take charge of his little niece when her mother died, and to provide for her as he would for one of his own children. Mrs. Burton folded up the letter with a thankful heart. It was a great relief to her to feel that, whenever it might please God to call her away, there was a suitable home ready for Amy. Had she known more about that home, she would have been less satisfied with it. But she had not seen her brother-in-law for some years, and she had never heard, for there was no one to tell her how much he had altered for the worse since they last met. Instead of being sober and industrious, as he then was, as well as regular in his attendance at the house of God, he had grown careless and unsteady, and had become the companion of those who "make a mock at sin," and who refuse to heed the warnings of their Maker. It was well for Amy's mother that she was ignorant of this sad change, for she had no other relations with whom she could leave her child, and it would have grieved her very much, in her last hours, to think that Amy's new home was to be one in which the fear of God was never thought of, and his holy word was unread and uncared for. She was mercifully spared this trial.

Some weeks passed away, and Amy's mother got weaker and weaker. She could no longer sit up in the arm-chair and look out into the pleasant garden, but was obliged to lie in bed, and to be waited upon night and day. Amy was generally with her ; for the

child could not bear to be out of her mother's sight when she could possibly help it, and she was so quiet and thoughtful that she was never in any one's way. Kind friends and neighbours did everything for Mrs. Burton that she wanted, and she was very grateful for their services ; but still, she never fancied anything so well as when Amy brought it to her, or seemed so easy and comfortable as when Amy sat beside her. It was natural that the mother and child should cling so closely to each other, for they loved each other dearly, and had never been once separated.

The hours spent in that sick-room were very precious to Amy. Her mother, while she had strength, conversed with her about many things more freely than she had ever done before, and gave her much loving advice about the future. Above all, she often talked to her about Jesus, that good Shepherd, who gathers the lambs with his arms, and carries them in his bosom, and who never forsakes those who trust in him, but brings them safely at last to his better fold above.

It was not long before his gentle voice called Amy's mother to her rest. She calmly fell asleep in Jesus. Her cares and sorrows were for ever ended. But Amy's were only just beginning. She had lost her beloved mother, and she must leave her old home, for a new one, amongst strangers. Poor little Amy !

ACTING LIES.

"JANE, go into the store-room closet, and fetch me the large blue jar," said a mother to her little girl. Jane put down her books, for she was going to school, and ran to the closet, where the first thing she saw was a basket of large red apples. "I should like one of these to carry to school," she thought, but she did not know whether her mother would think it best for her to have one; so, instead of asking, she slipped the biggest she saw into her pocket, and covered her pocket over with her shawl, lest her mother should see it. This was an *acted* lie. Jane then took the jar to her mother, and went to school with the apple, which proved to be a hard winter apple, unfit to be eaten.

By and by Jane's class in history was called up to recite, and Jane was quite particular about getting her seat behind the stove, rather out of the way of the teacher's eye. Jane had her history in her hand, with her pencil between the pages of the lesson, and every now and then, watching her chance, she peeped into the book; but when the teacher glanced that way, she looked up as innocently as could be.

School was dismissed a little earlier than usual, and Helen Brewster went home with her, to get a book which Jane promised to lend her; but she did not want to let her mother know that school was done, lest her mother might want her to play with baby, or to help her in some way. So she opened the door very softly, and crept up stairs on tiptoe. A call came from the sitting-room: "Jane, is that you?" It was

her mother's voice, but Jane made believe she did not hear. She crept down, and out again, and did not get back for some time. "I thought I heard you come in some time ago," said her mother; "I wish it had been you, for I have needed you very much. Willie has been very sick." Jane said nothing, and how she felt you can perhaps imagine.

We have followed Jane through a part of a day, and seen her just as she was, not as she *seemed* to be, to her mother and teacher; and what do you think of her? There are many children like Jane, and perhaps they will see themselves in her. Jane, you see, was not a *truthful* child. "But she did not *tell* any lie," some one will say. No, but she *acted* lies, and you see in how many things she deceived in half a day's time. "Little things," perhaps you will say. But it is little things which show what we really are, and which make up the character. There is no habit more dangerous than a habit of deceiving in little things, because so easily fallen into. Let every child who reads this examine her conduct, and see if she is in danger of *sliding* into it. All deceit is displeasing to God. He desires "truth in the *inward parts*." He is a "God of truth, and without iniquity." The "*paths* of the Lord are mercy and truth;" and his paths should be our paths, for he has told us to follow him. Let your prayer be the prayer of good David: "Remove from me the way of lying. I have chosen the way of truth: I have stuck unto thy testimonies. O Lord, put me not to shame."

FOUR THINGS LITTLE, BUT VERY WISE.**PROVERBS xxx. 25—28.**

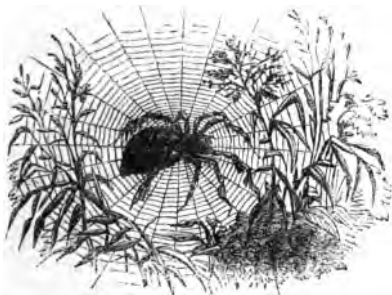
**“The ants are a people not strong,
Yet they prepare their meat in the summer.”**



**“The conies are but a feeble folk,
Yet make they their houses in the rocks.”**



**"The locusts have no king,
Yet go they forth all of them by bands."**



**"The spider taketh hold with her hands,
And is in king's palaces."**

In all these examples of "things little upon the earth," we see that wisdom makes up for want of strength.

30 FOUR THINGS LITTLE, BUT VERY WISE.

They teach to us, by their example, to show forethought, care, and thrift; and they tell us to go for wisdom to God, who gives to all creatures as he sees best.

So small, yet so exceeding wise,
By faultless instinct led,
Theirs is the wisdom of the skies,
Pure from the fountain-head.

These miniatures of wisdom show
Their authorship Divine;
But why, O God, on mites bestow
Such forecast and design?

For thy sake, man: go, ponder o'er
The lesson they supply;
The ant says, Toil, toil on, and store
Thy treasures in the sky.

See how the startled conies flock
In sheltering cliffs to hide;
Haste thou, and seek to Christ, the Rock,
And in his love confide.

The locusts, without king or queen,
In bands right onward move;
So, Christians, to your King unseen
As true and faithful prove.

The spider still with patient care
Renews her broken twine;
Like her, the thread of life repair,
And upward cast the line.

Go, learn from all, that grace within
Is wisdom's highest prize ;
And he who seeks that grace to win,
Is wisest of the wise.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW YEAR.

CHILDREN, the old year hath fled :
It is numbered with the dead ;
Yet, the works which it hath wrought
Cannot die as things of nought.

Let us, then, a moment look
At the Lord's remembrance book,
And a few short lessons learn,
Ere we to the future turn.

Every sin that saw the sun,—
All the good that we have done,—
Every duty failed to do,—
Standeth in that record true.

Children, join your heart-felt praise,
Upward high your voices raise :
There is cause that you should sing
Praises to the heavenly King.

You no heathen mother gave
To the Ganges' sacred wave,
Seeking for her sin t'atone,
With a life so near her own !

No : the blessed gospel light
Shines upon you day and night ;
And how guilty will you be,
If you slight its mercy free .

Think upon the year that's past,
How your lot in love was cast,
How kind teachers, kindly given
Sought to guide your feet to heaven.

Think of all your blessings now,
Then before your Maker bow,
And in humble faith entreat,
He would guide your wayward feet.

If his Spirit guard your way,
Then you never more will stray,
Till in Zion each appears—
Far beyond this vale of tears.

Now, here comes the new-born year,
Opening joyous, bright, and clear :
We would like to play bo-peep
With Time's shadows ere they creep ;

But the future, dark or bright,
Ne'er unfolds to mortal sight ;
So we, kindly wishing well,
Leave the rest for time to tell.



AMY'S NEW HOME.

CHAPTER II.

AMY grieved deeply for the death of her mother. She did not say much to any one, but she would get by herself, and think about her mother, and cry as if her little heart would break. Everybody pitied her, and was kind to her; and Mrs. Roberts took her home to her own house until the funeral was over,

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and did all she could to comfort her. But Amy still looked sorrowful and unhappy.

One day she went out by herself, and wandered through the green shady lanes, till she was quite tired, and sat down under a large tree to rest. From this spot she could see the roof and chimneys of her mother's cottage, and as her eye fell upon them, her tears burst forth afresh at the thought of her home. She sobbed out, "Oh mother, mother! why didn't you take me with you?"

"Because God knew that it was better for you to stay here a little longer, Amy."

Amy looked up through her tears. It was the good clergyman who was speaking to her. He was passing that way, and happened to hear what she had said. Amy knew him very well, for he had visited her mother in her illness, and he had often spoken to Amy when she was in the room with her; so that when he now sat down beside Amy, and began to talk to her, she did not feel at all afraid of him, but ventured to ask him *why* it was better for her to stay here.

"It is God's will that you should, Amy; and if we trust in his wisdom and goodness, that is reason enough for us. But he sees that you are not ready for heaven yet, Amy. Heaven, you know, is a prepared place for a prepared people. We must be fitted for it, as well as allowed, for the sake of Jesus, to enter it. And God sends us trials, Amy, on purpose to make us holier. He wants us to get rid of our wrong desires, and wrong tempers, and to grow Christ-like. And that is why he keeps us in this

world. He waits till the fruit is ripe, before he gathers it. Do you understand me, Amy?"

"Yes, sir," said Amy, thoughtfully.

"And then, Amy, Jesus Christ has some work for us to do here, and we cannot go home till our work is done. Do you love Jesus, Amy?"

Amy's face brightened at this question, and she said, "Yes, sir, I think I do."

"Well then, Amy, I am sure you will like to do all the work you can for him."

"But what work can *I* do, sir?"

"I do not know yet, Amy, neither do you; but you will soon find out. You are going to a new home, and you will have new duties there, and those new duties will be some of the work you will have to do; and the rest will come as you can manage it. Will you try, Amy, when you are there, and when you feel dull and lonely—as I know you will sometimes feel—will you try and think that you are just where Jesus, your dear Saviour, has put you, and that you are his little servant, doing his work?"

It was with such simple words as these that the kind minister strove to comfort and teach Amy. And he did Amy a great deal of good. She became more cheerful and hopeful. Her grief for the loss of her mother was softer, and less passionate; and she was able to think of her new home without the strong dislike which she had felt at first towards it.

Amy's uncle was written to immediately, and he came to the funeral. He was a rough, good-tempered man, and behaved, in his way, very kindly to his little niece. He told her not to fret so, but to cheer up and

be a good girl, and she should go home with him and play with her cousins, and see all the wonderful sights of the town. Amy tried to smile and look pleasant, but she felt sorry, rather than glad, to think of leaving the village, and the cottage, where she had always lived; and she shrank from her uncle's loud tones and hasty manner, and wondered whether her aunt would be like him.

Some of the furniture which belonged to Amy's mother was sold, and the remainder was packed up and sent to Amy's new home. Amy's clothes, with her books and playthings, and other little trifles, were put carefully into a box by Mrs. Roberts—a new box, which Mr. Roberts, who was a carpenter, made himself for Amy—and it went with her and her uncle by the train. Amy had never been on a railway before, and she was a little frightened at first by the noise and the speed, but she enjoyed the ride after she got used to it. The novelty of the scene around her helped to make her forget the past; and her uncle's bustling ways, and constant talking, did not allow her any time for thought about the future. All that reminded her of home, just then, was a large bunch of flowers which she carried in her hand, and which had been gathered, before she came away, out of the garden in which she had spent so many happy hours of her life.

It was nearly tea-time when Amy reached her new home. Her uncle carried her box, and she followed him through the busy and dusty streets, with rather a bewildered air, until he turned down a quiet, but gloomy-looking one, about the middle of which was

his own dwelling. The houses in that street were not very small, but they were very dingy outside, and the painting and papering inside was very faded and discoloured. The only signs of anything like the country, were a few sickly and stunted plants in pots, that stood in some of the windows.

Amy's uncle pushed open the door, and bade her come in. She stepped timidly inside, and the next minute found herself in a large and somewhat disorderly kitchen.

"Here's father, and here's our new cousin!" shouted a noisy, rough-headed boy, as he sprang forward to meet them; "why, she isn't as big as our Esther."

"Hold your tongue, sir," said his mother, coming towards them with a child in her arms, and giving the boy a push at the same time; "we didn't expect you yet, John, or I would have sent George to meet you." She kissed Amy, and cleared a chair for her to sit down. "You are tired, I dare say," she said, kindly, "but you will feel better when you have had a cup of tea. Dear! how like your father you are! Don't stand staring there, Esther," she added, turning round to the eldest girl, who, with eyes and mouth wide open, was looking at Amy from top to toe; "make haste, and set the table; you ought to have done it before now; and you, go and fetch some wood, George, to make the kettle boil; look sharp, now, both of you."

Amy managed, while the tea was getting ready, to take a few quiet glances at her new relations. Her aunt wore an old black silk gown, and had large flowers in her cap; but her face looked care-worn

and fretful, and she was always finding fault with something, or somebody. George, we have already described; Esther was a pert, forward sort of girl, with long curls, and shoes down at heel; Johnny, the next, was lame, and could not move about without crutches; and little Alice, who generally sat on the floor, was a spoiled child, who cried when she wanted anything, and generally had what she cried for.

Oh, what a scene of confusion the tea-table was! The different things were placed on it without any attempt at order; and if each of the children did not help themselves, they tried to do so.

"Mother, I wish you would speak to George!" exclaimed Esther, angrily; "he has taken a lot more butter to his bread, and I put plenty on at first."

Before the mother had time to scold George, "I won't have my tea in this blue mug," pouted Johnny; "give me the green one, George."

"No, I shan't."

"Give it him, there's a good boy, George, or there won't be a bit of peace, and you may have my cup and saucer if you like."

While this dispute was being settled, Alice was digging her little hand into the sugar-basin, and then wiping her sticky fingers on her clean pinafore. "Let that sugar alone, Alice!" said her mother, moving the basin to the other end of the table. Alice began to cry, or at least to make a noise like crying, for no tears came, and her mother, in order to quiet her, took some of the sugar and spread it thickly over a slice of bread and butter for her.

In this way the uncomfortable meal was got through.

And when it was ended, and Esther was washing up the tea-things, Amy's uncle put on his hat and went out, and Amy's aunt came and sat down beside her, and asked her several questions about herself and her old home, partly from curiosity, and partly from the desire to make the little girl feel less of a stranger with them. But Amy did not get on very well with her answers, for her cousins confused her very much by their noisy shouts and movements; and her low, soft tones were scarcely heard amongst their loud voices.

"I do wish you would be still for a little while," said their mother: she might just as well have spoken to the chairs and tables—"I am sure I never saw such a set of children, in all my life, as you are; I don't know what your cousin will think of you."

As if they cared what their pale, shy little cousin thought of them!

There was not much quietness until Johnny and Alice went to bed, and then Amy seemed so tired and sleepy, that her aunt asked her whether she would not like to go also. Amy said she should, and gladly followed her aunt up stairs, into a very little room that just held two or three boxes and a small bed, which she was to share with Esther. It did not look half so clean and inviting as her own little bed at home; but Amy was too weary to notice anything much, or to care about it if she had. She was worn out with the fatigue and excitement of the day, and soon fell asleep.



PICTURES OF THE MONTH.

FEBRUARY.

THE work of the woodman begins with the winter, and mostly ends in the month of February, about which time the sap of the trees rises, and buds appear on the branches. We may now still see him with his axe, felling one of the mighty trees of the forest, which, as timber, will help in building a house for us to live in, or a ship to carry us to distant lands.

February is often a month of clouds, and mists, and heavy rain; though at times a fine day invites us to

a walk in a country lane, where a few early flowers may be found. The blossoms of the elder and hazel, in favourable weather, begin to open, and even a butterfly may flit across our path. The sounds of the thrush and the chaffinch may be heard, as also the sweet notes of the blackbird.

The farmer is busy in his fields, getting ready for the spring, and the gardener begins to turn over his ground and plant for an early show of flowers.

Let us, then, as we walk abroad, behold the things that claim our notice, and learn to trace God in all the proofs of wisdom and goodness which appear around us.

EVERY-DAY WONDERS ;

OR, FACTS ABOUT OURSELVES.

PART II.—ON THE GASES WHICH FORM THE AIR.

THERE are several light substances mixed together to make the air. These light substances are called gases. Did you ever observe a lamp-lighter lighting the gas-lamps in the street ? He turns a screw or cock, and gas comes out. This gas can be got out of coals by burning them. The coals are burned ; the gas which comes out of them, and which burns so brightly in the gas-lamp, runs into pipes which are placed under ground, (to be out of the way,) and the pipes are continued up the lamp-posts. When the lamp-lighter turns the cock, some of this gas comes out ; though it is so thin that it cannot be seen, (any more than the air we breathe,) yet, the moment a light is put to it, it

becomes a flame, and the flame burns on until the cock is again turned, and the gas can no more come out.

There are several gases. The air we breathe is chiefly made of two gases, but there is in it a very small mixture of a third gas. One of these gases is necessary to our life ; the other, (though it would kill us if we breathed it alone,) is necessary to mix with the other gas which is good for life. The gas which keeps us alive is too strong alone ; just as some medicines which are very useful when taken mixed with water, would kill us if taken unmixed. The gas necessary for life is called *oxygen* gas. The gas put with it, which makes it weaker, is called *nitrogen* gas. There is only a very small quantity of the third gas, called *carbonic acid* gas, and this third gas would kill us if we breathed it alone.

Now we will show you by a picture how much of the three gases are put together to make the air. Here is the picture of a bottle. It is divided into five parts by little ridges on the outside.



If wine were poured in to fill the lowest division, and the rest of the bottle were filled up with water, the wine would represent the quantity of oxygen gas, and the water the quantity of nitrogen gas. If one drop of milk were now put into the bottle, that drop would represent the quantity of carbonic

acid gas.

Carbonic acid gas is a deadly poison. If all the air were made of it we should die. There is an opening in the side of some rocks in Italy, called

the Grotto of the Dogs. The gas called carbonic acid gas comes out of the ground in that grotto. And, as this gas is heavier than the air, it lies like a layer all over the floor of the grotto, with the air above it, just as water will lie under oil if water and oil be put into a vessel together, because water is heavier than oil.

To show how poisonous that gas is, the people who live near it sometimes put a dog into it for a few minutes. When they take the poor animal out he looks as if he were dead; if they left him there long he would die. But as they do not wish to kill him, they dash water over him, and let him again breathe the fresh air, and he recovers. This shows how very poisonous the carbonic acid gas is.

As the gas lies over the floor of the grotto under the good air, you can see how a person standing upright would not be harmed, while a dog would be killed. People sometimes set an open furnace, with charcoal burning in it, in a close room to warm it, or perhaps to heat flat-irons. This is very dangerous; and many have been injured, and some killed in this way. The same poisonous gas that is in the grotto in Italy, comes from the charcoal, and rises higher and higher as the charcoal burns. A woman was once ironing in a close room with one of these furnaces, and her little child was playing about the room. As the coal burned, the gas on the floor of the room increased, and rose higher and higher; and as soon as there was enough to reach as high as the child's mouth, it grew giddy, and soon fell down almost lifeless. The mother stooped down to take up the child, and because she got her mouth down into the poisonous gas she became giddy

too, and fell down. But she had life enough to knock hard on the floor, and some one came that understood the matter, and opened the door and the windows, and let in the fresh air, and thus relieved both the mother and child, and saved their lives.

You have now learned the names of those light substances called gases, which make the air we breathe. Can you repeat their names and the quantities? You shall now hear how these gases are used when we breathe them. At every breath we take in the three gases, but only one of them is used to support our life. This is the *oxygen* gas; it passes into the blood. The blood does not remain still in our body; it is in motion everywhere, running through tubes and vessels which we will speak of at another time. When it comes to the lungs it is of a dark colour, and this dark colour is occasioned by the same kind of gas which comes out of the earth in the grotto of which you have read. This dark blood is not fit to nourish the body, and would act like poison if it should be sent to any part of the body without being altered. If, for instance, it should be sent into your brain, instead of the bright red blood that goes there, you would fall down and know nothing, and, unless relieved, you would soon die.

Now, how is the dark blood altered so as to become, instead of a poison, a good nourishing blood? It is done in the lungs. The oxygen gas, which is in the air that we breathe into the lungs, goes through the thin skin of the air-cells of the lungs into the blood, and changes the colour of it to a bright red, and makes it fit to nourish the body.

At the same time the carbonic acid gas, which had made the blood so dark, leaves the blood and gets into the air-cells, and we breathe it out again into the air of the room. You see, then, that we take into our lungs oxygen gas, nitrogen gas, and the very least portion of carbonic acid gas. And we pass out of our lungs, every time we breathe, just the same quantity of nitrogen gas as we took in, but a less quantity of oxygen gas; and, what I want you to notice particularly, we pass out much more of the poisonous carbonic acid gas than we breathed in.

It is very useful and necessary to know this, because a great many people may be sitting together in a room, and while they are thinking nothing about it, they may be injuring themselves and one another, and that without knowing that they are doing any harm at all. Every person in the room is using up some of the oxygen gas, (and remember, only one-fifth part is oxygen gas,) and every person is also breathing out the carbonic acid gas, which destroys life. It is a very happy thing for us all, that air can get through little crevices; for, even if we shut our doors and windows, we still cannot quite keep out all the fresh air from our rooms. If we could entirely shut out the fresh air while many were in one room together, they would soon die. The weakest would die first; but whether weak or strong, all would die in no very long time.

Not a great while since, a ship, with a great number of passengers on board, set sail from the western coast of Ireland to go to America. As they sailed along, the wind rose higher and higher. The captain had taken more passengers than he ought to have done.

The sea beat over the deck of the vessel. The crew, who understood how to obey the captain's orders in managing the sails and rigging, could not do their duty while frightened men and women and children crowded the deck.

The captain then ordered all the passengers to go below; they went into their cabin, and were very much crowded together in it. There was, however, a hole in the deck, through which air came to them, but with the air the sea water dashed down this hole in large quantities. The captain ordered that a tarpaulin (a cloth through which neither water nor air can pass) should be nailed over this opening. The sea and winds roared so loudly, that the voices of the people below could not be heard. They were panting for want of fresh air. The poisonous carbonic acid gas increased in quantity every time they breathed, and none of the pure air which was fit for life could get in to them. After a very long time one man forced a hole through the tarpaulin: he told the captain that the people below were dying for want of air. The tarpaulin was pulled up, and the captain found the poor creatures lying on one another in heaps. Many were dead and many dying, and only the strongest among them breathed the fresh air in time to save their lives.

This is a sad instance of the bad effects of carbonic acid gas. And though people are not often killed in such a manner, a very large number have their health injured, and shorten their lives, because they do not know how needful it is to let the carbonic acid gas escape from their rooms, and to allow the oxygen gas to come into them.

DO YOU LOVE THE LORD JESUS CHRIST ?

A MISSIONARY had been sent for to visit a dying man. He had a long way to go, but he mounted a horse and rode fast. He had to pass through a gate; it was closed, but at last a man came and opened it for him. "Thank you, my friend. And now, tell me, do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?" The man stared, but, making no reply, the missionary rode off. Many years afterwards he was holding a meeting, and after it was over, a gentleman begged to speak with him; and what was the surprise of the missionary when he said, "I am greatly in your debt, sir." "In my debt! I do not understand you. I do not remember ever seeing you before." "Sir, I am in your debt more than I can ever repay you, for through your words I have been brought to a knowledge of Christ. Do you remember riding quickly through a gate, and saying to the man who held it, 'Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?' I am that man; but then, I had never heard of Christ. Your words sunk into my heart, and I asked every one I met with if they could tell me who Jesus Christ was, and why I should love him. At last I found a pious negro woman, and she told me all you had taught her. And now I am a Christian." Thus did God bless the missionary's words.

"Speak wisely—who can tell
The power of a word?
A sinner it may save from hell,
And turn him to the Lord."



TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

MORE WONDERFUL THAN THE TELEGRAPH.

You have heard people talk about the telegraph ; perhaps you have seen the wires, as they run across the country, stretched on high poles by the side of the railroad.



What can be more wonderful than the fact, that a piece of intelligence can be sent from the city of London, in one and the same instant, to the most distant part of our country ? Hundreds of people have said, " When will wonders cease ? " " Surely, this is the wonder of all wonders."

George and Mary Bates had often wished to visit the telegraph office. They had heard of the strange doings of the wonderful machine there.

One day, Mary asked George how it could be that on those wires unseen messages were passing to and fro?

"I do not know how it is," replied George; "father says it is by means of electricity; and lightning is electricity, and that is the reason news travels so quickly by the telegraph."

One day, after school, these children went into their father's office, and asked him if he would be so kind as to take them to the railway station to see the way in which messages were sent along the wires.

Their father was always glad to gratify his children, and to add to their stock of information; so he took them each by the hand, and the next moment they were by the side of the clerk, looking at the performance of the little instrument that noted down intelligence like a living thing.

They entreated their father to send a message to their uncle in York. This he agreed to do; but the little machine was so busy that the clerk could not just then gratify them.

Tic, tic, tic, dot, dot, click, click, click, went the little pointer. By and by it stopped for an instant, but it soon began again.

"That is B for Bradford," said the clerk; "we must wait till this message is finished." As soon as that sentence was written, there was a W for Wakefield, and then an L for Leeds; and George and Mary were almost out of patience, as young people are apt to be when their wishes are not at once gratified.

After a while their turn came. The clerk hurried to put in a Y for York, and "Ay, ay," was the reply, to let him know that his wish was attended to; and then the message was sent.

The children took the book which the clerk handed them, and looked over the telegraphic alphabet, and George said he was sure it must be a great deal more difficult to remember than the alphabet of A B C.

They thought they should like to spend a day in watching the motions of the telegraph; but after they had been there for some time, their father told them they must return home.

In the evening the children could talk of nothing but the wonders of the telegraph. "Is it not the most wonderful thing you ever heard of, father?" said Mary.

"No," replied her father; "I have heard of things more wonderful."

"But, father," said George, "you never heard of any message being sent so quickly as by this means, have you?"

"Yes, I have, my son."

"And receiving an answer as quickly?" added George.

"Yes, much sooner," replied his father.

"Are you in earnest, father?" said Mary, looking eagerly in his face. "Is it possible you know of a more wonderful way of sending messages than by telegraph?"

"I never was more in earnest than I am when I say 'yes' to your question."

"Well, father," said George, "do tell me what it is, and in what respect it is better than the telegraph."

"In the first place," said his father, "you do not have to wait to send your message while others are attended to; for your message can go with thousands of others, without any interruption or hindrance."

"Yes, *that is* an improvement," said George; "for we had to wait for some time, you know."

"And in the next place," continued his father, "there is no need of wires, or electricity, or any machinery. And what is more wonderful than all is the fact, that you need not always even *express* in words the nature of your message; though it is quite necessary that you truly and sincerely desire a favourable reply to your request.

"Besides all this, the mode of which I speak is better than all others, from the fact that you need not go to any particular place to send your request. In the lonely desert, on the wide sea, in the crowded city, on the mountain-top, by night or by day, in sickness and health, in trouble and affliction, the way is open to all. And the applicants can never be so numerous that the simplest desire of the feeblest child, properly presented, shall not meet with attention."

"Is there any account published of this wonderful manner?" asked George.

"Yes, there is, my son; and I hope your interest will not be diminished when I tell you it is to be found in *the Bible*."

"*In the Bible*, father!" cried both the children.

"Certainly; and if you will both get your Bibles, I will tell you where to find the passages confirming what I have said."

The children opened their Bibles, and found, as their

father directed them, the twenty-fourth verse of the sixty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, which Mary read, as follows: "And it shall come to pass, that *before they call, I WILL ANSWER*; and *while they are yet speaking, I WILL HEAR.*"

Next, George found and read the ninth verse of the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah: "Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am."

"Now turn," said their father, "to Daniel, ninth chapter, twentieth, twenty-first, second, and third verses."

"And whiles I was speaking, and praying, and confessing my sin and the sin of my people Israel, and presenting my supplication before the Lord my God;—yea, *whiles I was speaking in prayer*, even the man Gabriel,—being caused to fly swiftly, touched me about the time of the evening oblation. And he informed me, and talked with me, and said, O Daniel, I am now come forth to give thee skill and understanding. At the *beginning of thy supplications* the commandment came forth, and *I am come* to show thee," etc.

"I see, father, from these passages," said Mary, "that you mean prayer."

"Yes," said Mr. Bates; "and I am sure you will both agree with me, that this mode of communication with heaven is more wonderful than any other; for, by this means, if we call upon God, with faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, we shall receive an answer."



WHAT A GOOD LITTLE GIRL IS.

WOULD you like to know what a good little girl is ? She is her mother's *ROSE*. Did you ever see a rose in the garden just washed by the shower ? It is a sweet thing. But the sweetest rose in the garden, just washed by the shower, is not half so sweet as a good little girl who loves her mother, and obeys her mother, and makes her mother happy. And what is a bad little girl ? She is her mother's *thorn*. Now, child, which is the prettiest, the rose or the thorn ? You say the rose. Very well, you are right. Remember, then, if you are a little girl, you are to be your mother's rose. I asked a little girl once, "My little dear, are you your mother's rose ?" And she just dropped her head and said, "I was not my mother's rose this morning, sir." She was very sorry that she had grieved her mother, and had been her mother's thorn that morning. But she had made up her mind that she would be her mother's thorn no more, but her dear mother's sweet rose.

WHAT A GOOD LITTLE BOY IS.

BUT what is a good little *boy* ? He is his father's *JEWEL*. Yes, the little boy that loves his father, and obeys his father, and makes his father happy, is his father's jewel and joy. But, the bad boy—what is he ? Oh, he is his father's *shame* and *sorrow* ! I asked a little boy once, "My little boy, are you your father's jewel and joy, or your father's shame and sorrow ? And he said, "I cannot tell a story ; I am my father's sorrow, sir." Well, if he did not obey his father as he ought, there was one good thing about him—he could

not tell a lie. Oh, no! It is very wicked to lie; and those who tell lies are not in the way to heaven, Children should always tell the truth. Well, then, if you are a girl, you must be your mother's rose; and if you are a boy, you must be your father's jewel. When? and how long? Every day in the week. Yes, and in the spring, and in the summer, and in the autumn, and in the winter—all the week round, and all the year round. That you may be so, ask God to give you his Holy Spirit that you may have a new heart, and may love Jesus Christ.

THE PLAIN OF BETHLEHEM.

LISTEN! across the star-lit plain
Where the flocks sleeping lie,
Comes floating, soft and sweet, a strain
Of heavenly melody.

Listen! with wonder and with fear,
The startled shepherds gaze:
And, lo! bright angels hovering near,
Their song of gladness raise.

Listen! "All glory be to God,
His mission we fulfil;
Peace o'er the earth be spread abroad,
Peace, and to men good-will."

Listen! how sweet the accents are;
How lingeringly they cease:
To God be thanks that they declare,
Christ comes, the Prince of Peace!
By permission, from "Sunday Sunshine."



ONLY THIS ONCE.*

THE pond and the mill-stream were frozen over ; the little brook and the broad river were coated with ice. The spring in the valley was fast bound, and the waterfall on the hill was stopped in its flow. Long icicles hung from cottage roofs and from branches of trees. There was ice in the country village, and ice in the town : there was ice everywhere.

* From a new set of Short Stories just published by the Religious Tract Society.

It was a fine time for the skaters. Men and boys had been seen all the week long busy at their sport. But Sunday came round, and the bells in the church tower called the people to prepare for the worship of God.

Robert Miles, the blacksmith's apprentice, was getting ready for the Sunday school. He had been in the Bible class for two years, and his teacher had a hope that his heart had been brought to feel the power of the truth. Tears were often seen in his eyes, when he was closely and kindly spoken to; and it was thought that he was really in earnest about the salvation of his soul.

In the course of the day before, Robert Miles had been asked by some young men of the village to join in a skating party on the Sunday. He at once told them that he would not go with them, for that he wished to be with his class. On hearing this, they mocked him, and cried out that they supposed he was going to be a saint all at once, and better than his neighbours.

On the Sunday morning, Robert felt that he ought to take one course, while an evil heart strove to draw him into another. There was a struggle in his mind. At one moment he thought of his teacher's good advice, and the happy hours he had spent in the class; and then there came before his mind pictures of a troop of merry skaters, gliding swiftly to and fro on the frozen river, making the ice ring with their skates.

"To which place shall I go?" said Robert to himself—"to school or to the river?" A secret voice

within seemed to say, "Seek now the salvation of your soul ; for now is the accepted time. God would have you go to Jesus and to heaven." And then a wicked heart replied, "There is time enough yet for religion : go to the river ; it is *only this once*."

Robert stood alone at the back gate of his master's shop. The sky was clear, and all around the snow shone like heaps of diamonds in the rays of the morning sun. Within the kitchen doors there were to be seen his skates hung against the wall, and on a table lay ready to his hand a Bible and hymn book. As he stood at the gate he could see the school, and some of the children on their way to it. "Go, Robert, without delay, to the Sunday school." Was it a voice he heard ? No : doubtless it was the Holy Spirit speaking to his conscience.

Just then the noisy cry of the skaters was heard as they came up the village street. It sounded nearer and nearer ; the young men were coming for Robert. "We see you are waiting for us," said they ; "come along, for we have no time to lose ; we mean to make a long morning of it."

In a moment he turned round, grasped his skates from the kitchen wall, and joined the sabbath-breakers. He tried to quiet his mind by saying, "It is only for once ; the ice will be gone in another week, and then, next Sunday, I shall go as usual to my class."

When on the ice, all thoughts of the school were driven from his mind, and his laugh was the loudest of all the band. Hour after hour passed away, and still he dashed onward and onward at a great rate.

"A race ! a race !" shouted the men and boys ; and

the whole party strove to follow Robert, as he darted along at the top of his speed.

On they went, Robert Miles still the foremost, till they came to a bend of the river, where the ice was thin and yielding. He was now far in advance, when the warning cries of the rest were heard. The bold boy mistook the meaning of their shouts, and tried still to increase the distance between himself and them.

And now suddenly the ice cracked under his feet : it bent, and parted. As he raised a wild shriek of alarm, he was plunged into the cold waters below. One fearful thought of his sins and of death, and he sank in the stream ; but, rising to the surface, he gasped for breath, and tried to save himself by clinging to the rough and brittle edges of the ice around him.

For one moment he held fast, and saw in the distance his companions running about wildly, and calling aloud for help. But none came nigh enough to aid poor Robert. Must he sink in the river beneath the ice ? Oh ! the thought was dreadful. As the ice broke from his weight, he caught again and again, with the eager grasp of one drowning, on other pieces, only to find them give way, leaving him to struggle with the waters.

A loud cry was now heard : " Save him ! save him ! " The next moment a rope was thrown into the river, one end being held tightly by a brave young man on the bank. " Catch hold of it, Robert ! take fast hold with both hands, and I will draw you to the shore." Robert had just power left to grasp the rope, and

then slowly and safely he was drawn towards the land.

It was the arm of his kind teacher that had saved him from death. The school hours and service were over, and, Robert being absent, the teacher on inquiry learned that his scholar had been seen, along with some young men, on his way to the river. He at once set out to seek the wanderer, and arrived just in the hour of his utmost danger. A rope happily had been left by some workpeople in a field; with this and a strong arm the drowning boy had been saved from death.

Robert had to spend two or three weeks in bed, for the shock, and fright, and cold, brought on a long fit of illness. Again and again his teacher went and sat by him, while the unhappy youth freely owned the temptation, and that it was while he stood halting that the foolish and wicked excuse, "It is only for once," overcame him.

His teacher faithfully pointed out to him the greatness of his sin, and then spoke of the mercy of God, which had been seen in the hour of danger, saving his body from a watery grave, and, as he hoped it would be found, his soul from eternal death. He also spoke very seriously about the judgment day, and the sad end of those sinners who have not fled to Jesus Christ for refuge. He told him that it was only through Jesus, and for his sake, that sinners could be forgiven. "It is only those," said he, "who are cleansed from their sins through faith in the blood of the Son of God, and made holy by his grace, that are prepared to die." Then he showed how he ought to seek for

the gift of the Holy Spirit, that, our hearts being changed, we might truly repent of our sins, and live to the glory of God all our days.

"Oh think, Robert," continued he, "what would have become of your soul if you had been cut off in your sins. There have been many who, like you, have said, 'Only this once,' that have been left to their own ways. They have put off the care of their souls, and have put it off for ever. 'It is only for once,' as they said, that they would break the sabbath—'only for once' they would keep away from the Sunday school, or the house of God; but they have not had another sabbath to spend on earth. Of how many souls has this vain excuse proved the ruin! They have gone on after the desires of their own hearts, and have died in their sins."

When Robert got well he went again to his school; and we are glad to be able to tell that he was spared, for many years, to live a pious and useful life.

Young reader, should you be tempted to commit any sin, or to neglect the salvation of your soul, under the plea that it is "only for this once," think of the story of Robert Miles, the blacksmith's boy.

Oh, while the path of youth is trod,
May we commit our way to God;
Nor ever form, throughout the way,
One hope for which we dare not pray.

QUESTIONS ON THE GOSPEL HARMONY.

LESSON III.—AN ANGEL APPEARS TO MARY.

Luke i. 26—38.

26. In what part of Palestine was Galilee?—How far north of Jerusalem was Nazareth?

27. What was *the house of David*?—Which of them belonged to it?

28. In what respect was she highly favoured?—Explain the words, *the Lord is with thee*.*

29. Why was Mary troubled?

30. What is it to find favour with God?—Why ought this to allay our fears?

31. What prophecy would this event fulfil? Is. vii. 14. What is the import of the name *Jesus*? Matt. i. 21.

32. What is meant by *the Son of the Highest*? Verse 35.—What throne does the angel mean?—How was David the father of Jesus? How is Jesus, then, the root of David?

33. Over what people was he to reign?—What kind of kingdom is intended? Dan. vii. 13, 14, 27. What is the prophecy as to the peaceful nature of his reign?—Isa. xi. 1—9.

35. What is the title here given to Jesus? Prove the Deity of the Holy Spirit. Acts v. 3, 4, 9.

* The expression, *the Lord is with thee*, might be translated *the Lord be with thee*; a common salutation among the Hebrews. See Ruth ii. 4; Ps. cxxix. 8; 2 Thess. iii. 16; 2 Tim. iv. 22.

36. How were Mary and Elizabeth related? *—To what tribes did they respectively belong?

37. What doctrine is here declared?—And on whose authority in this case? Mark x. 27.—Cite other texts to confirm it.

38. What is intended by *the handmaid of the Lord*?

LESSON IV.—MARY VISITS ELIZABETH.

Luke i. 39—56.

39. In what part of Judea was the hill country?—What city is probably meant? Josh. xxi. 11.—How far was it from Nazareth?

40. What was a Jewish salutation? Josh. x. 5, xxiv. 36.

41. When are persons filled with the Holy Spirit? Acts ii. 4; iv. 8; vi. 3; ix. 17; xiii. 52; Eph. v. 18.

42. What expression accords with the angel's? Verse 28.

43. Whom does she call *my Lord*?

44. Who is the speaker in this verse?

45. Who is here called *blessed*?—Why is she so called? John x. 29, and 2 Cor. v. 7.—By whom were those things told her? Verse 30.

46. Of which person in the Trinity does she speak?—Is reverence, adoration, or gratitude expressed?

47. What is meant by *spirit* in this place?—Who was Mary's Saviour?

48. What is meant by *her low estate*?—Who had regarded it?—Explain the last clause.

* *Kinswoman* is the expression of the Greek, and it may be a cousin, or some other relative.

49. From whom does she acknowledge favour?—
What attributes does she ascribe to him?

50. What kind of fear is here spoken of?—What
is that fear which the wicked feel?

51. Wherein had God showed strength with his
arm?—How had he scattered the proud?

52. What mighty ones had he put down?—Whom
had he exalted?

53. Who are meant by the hungry? Matt. v. 6.—
Who are here called the rich? Rev. iii. 17.

54. Who are meant by *his servant Israel*?—What
mercy had God remembered? Gen. xv. 18; xvii. 19;
xxii. 18.

55. What were the promises to Abraham?—Who
are Abraham's seed? Gal. iii. 29.

56. With whom did Mary abide?

CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

O God, I see the morning light,
And thou hast kept me through the night;
I thank thee for thy love and care,
And beg thee hear my morning prayer.

Keep me, O God, again to-day,
And take my naughty heart away;
Oh, make me gentle, good, and mild,
Just like the Saviour when a child.

And when to-night I fall asleep,
Oh, come again the watch to keep:
So let my life all pass away,
With God my Keeper night and day



**ELSIE GREY'S QUESTION ;
OR, THE RICH POOR.**

IN a very narrow street of an old town lived little Elsie Grey. The house in which she resided was an old building. The windows, with their many small panes of glass, were pushed out beyond the front wall, so as to give more space in the rooms, but seemed intended to let in as little light or air as possible, and the street was so darkened by the tall houses on each side, that the poor children whose home was there generally grew up pale and sad, for want of the cheerful sunbeams.

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But every one in that narrow street was not sad, though there seemed enough to make one so. It is not the house we live in that makes us happy, but the heart that lives in us. A merry heart makes a cheerful face, and Elsie Grey had both.

A quiet, contented little face was Elsie's as she came home from school late one afternoon, picking her steps along the paved foot-path, that those well patched shoes might not take up much of the mud of that winter day. Her frock was made of black stuff; but you might guess that this colour was chosen for convenience, and not for mourning, as her little pink calico bonnet contrasted pleasantly with it, and threw a rosy tint on her cheeks.

About the middle of the street a flight of stone steps led to a hall-door, which lay open as if to invite passers by to enter; and the reason was explained by a board nailed to the front of the house. The weather-beaten face of this board was ornamented by a very smart shoe and boot, the name of its owner, and the following lines :—

“ Here lives a man who won't refuse
To mend all sorts of boots and shoes.”

Up these steps Elsie ran, for John Grey, the cobbler, was her father. What had been in other times a parlour, was now a shop; and before there was time for anything else to be done, the little girl had her arms round the neck of that poor man, as, with leather apron on, he sat upon a low stool, in the midst of scraps of leather of all sizes. This was not to be wondered at, for Elsie Grey had every reason to love her father very dearly. He worked all day long, and often late at

night too, in order that he might have what he called "an honest bit" to give his children and their sickly-looking mother. Though there seemed little outward comfort in that dingy room, with its small counter, empty grate, and littered floor, where tools and threads, and pegs and patches, formed the only carpet, still there was happiness in that humble abode. You might hear it in the very tap, tap of the cobbler's hammer, or read it in the look of that calm brow, where trust in God and contentment were plainly to be seen. The secret of all was, there was peace within.

"Well, Elsie, my child, home again!" said her father, as he stopped a moment to stroke back her dark hair and kiss her forehead. "Yes, father, and I want to ask you about something." "I shall be glad to hear all by and by, dear; but run now to see if you can help mother: she is sadly worn out, I fear, for Jessie is so ill to-day."

"But, father, please let me talk to you before I go."

"Duty now, my Elsie."

Away the little girl ran, and the noise of the hammer went on again. Elsie found that her mother was indeed sadly worn out, for she had only recovered from a long illness, and was not yet strong. Poor little Jessie had never been well from her birth; she had never learned to walk, or even to sit up straight. Some disease in her back obliged her to lie on her bed all day long; and though she was not much younger than Elsie, she was treated by every one as a baby. In general she was quiet and patient, but sometimes when the pain was very bad she grew restless and fretful.

On such days she wished to be moved very often from place to place, and longed to be carried in arms up and down the room. There was one strong pair of arms which often bore the little invalid, and they belonged to Jem her brother, the errand-boy at Mr. Johnson's grocery.

Jem got an hour every day for dinner, and was always careful to be back at his post before two o'clock struck. But a small dinner does not take a hungry boy an hour to finish ; and when the day was fine, he often ate a bit of bread and cheese without even sitting down to rest, and, wrapping up little Jessie in an old shawl, set out with her for a walk. How Jessie loved those walks ; for though she had never gone so far as to see a green field, she saw the sunshine and felt the pleasant breeze. How tender and firm was the grasp that held the sick child. A brother's arm is a strong and steady support, and a brother's loving heart a warm pillow. Nobly, too, that kind boy bore the taunts of ill-natured boys as they laughed and pointed at him, calling him, "Nurse Grey," and other rude names. Perhaps his step did become a little quicker, and his eye sometimes flash with anger, at these cold-hearted remarks ; but love suffers long, and is not easily provoked.

But Jessie had not been out this day. She had cried with pain, and after having tired both her mother and herself, had at last fallen asleep on a queer little couch Jem had settled for her at dinner-time, by drawing a stool near an old arm-chair and putting a pillow on it. The change was pleasant to the child, and here she slept with a cloak thrown over her. The tears

stood in Elsie's eyes as she looked at her little sister. Noiselessly she stepped across the floor to where her mother sat, pale and weary-looking, at some fine sewing, trying to catch the last ray of light.

"I must put it away after all," said the poor woman with a sigh; "I did hope to have this shirt finished before dark, but could not do a stitch to-day with poor Jessie. It is the last of the set, and we want the money so much."

"Oh, mother, I wish I could help you," said Elsie in a whisper; "every day at school I try to learn to sew well, but still my stitching and button-holes look frightful by the side of yours."

"You do help me in many ways; 'tis time enough for you to begin your troubles when you are older."

"But, mother, you look so tired; do let me make a cup of tea for you—just one little cup." And Elsie drew together a few coals that lay at the bottom of a large grate, filled a small kettle with water, and placed it on the fire, which she coaxed into a flame by repeated efforts. She then took, from a cupboard in the corner, a cracked brown ware teapot, and placed it ready for use on the table. "Now, mother; see, the water is boiling: let me wet the tea for you."

"No, child, you cannot, for there is none in the house."

"Then, may I ask father for sixpence and run for some?"

"There is no use, Elsie, father has no money to give; all we had saved was spent in my illness, and what father and Jem earn is little enough for bread, without buying tea. I must do without it, though it is hard

enough to think that even work, work from morning till night will scarcely get one a bit to eat. People are in a great hurry to get their jobs done, but in no hurry at all about paying. But the poor must always be miserable, I suppose."

"Miserable, mother! sure we are not miserable. I learned the contrary in the Bible to-day; the girls in my class had a great talk among themselves about happy people. Mary Baker said she was quite sure all the rich people were very happy, for they had fine houses, and smart dresses, and beautiful carriages. Then Susan Smith told us her mother worked for a rich lady, who was so unhappy that she cried all day long. I said some poor people were happy, at least that we were, but some of the girls pointed at my old black frock and laughed. This made me feel rather bad, and I was going to ask father all about it when he sent me up stairs to you."

"What was my Elsie going to ask her father about?" said a kind voice at the door.

"Oh, father, I am so glad you are come up; do just sit down by the fire for a minute. We want to talk to you."

"Well, I am not altogether against that either," said her father, "for my fingers are so cold they almost refuse to put a stitch in the leather; and as the little shop is now shut I may as well work here as there." So Mr. Grey sat on a low stool by the fire, while his wife lighted an end of candle and placed it near him; and soon the gentle tap of the shoemaker's tools began again, but so softly that there was no fear of Jessie being wakened by the noise.

"Father, I wanted to ask you the meaning of our verse at school to-day, 'Blessed be ye poor.' Are the poor really happy?"

"Christ's poor are, my child," replied the pious man, and he bent silently over his work again.

"But who are Christ's poor, father?"

"Oh, Christ's poor are rich people," answered her father, as if he wished to puzzle the little girl. But Elsie knew that her father had sometimes a strange way of telling great truths, so she waited a moment and then he continued: "They are rich in faith, my child; all things are theirs if they believe in Jesus. They can trust his love, and be quite sure he shall give them all they really want, and only keep away those things which would harm them."

Elsie could not help wondering if they belonged to those happy people, (she felt sure her father did,) and if so, why there was no tea for poor mother, and no money to buy it. "Well, I take it," said Mrs. Grey, "we might be happier if we had a little more of the good things which many worse folks have: it is so pleasant to have something to spend."

"But, wife, if we cannot spend cheerfully, sure we can want cheerfully; and see how many really good things we have. We have a roof to shelter us, and some food to eat; work to do, and some wages for doing it. Is not Jem the best of sons, and have we not one little daughter to make our home here bright, and another to lead us to look up to the better home above, to which she seems fast hastening?" And the cobbler's hand was hastily drawn across his eyes as he glanced at Jessie's wasted little form. Elsie saw this, and gently

kissed her father's brow and stroked his cheek, still wet with the falling tear, whispering at the same time, "Yes, dear father, we are happy; and then I have mother and you."

"But, Elsie, the best of all is yet to be told," and the good man's face lit up with joy; "we have a precious Saviour, just the one for poor people like us. If we put away all thoughts of our own goodness, and cling by faith to Him who died on the cross, we shall be pardoned for the sake of his merit, made holy by his Spirit, and made happy in his love."

Thus the evening wore away. Mrs. Grey often glanced anxiously at the window, and at length expressed her fears that something must be wrong, or Jem would not be so late; he was generally home to supper an hour before this time. The humble meal had long been spread, but was still untouched, when a loud knock at the street door made every one start, and woke up poor Jessie from her uneasy sleep. Elsie ran and opened. A boy was there with a large basket on his back; but though he asked in a very rough voice, "Does Mr. Grey live here?" Elsie knew in a moment that it was only her brother Jem; and the light of the gas-lamp falling on his merry face made her quite sure that he was unusually well pleased that evening.

Jem and the basket were soon up stairs, and Elsie followed close after. When Jem had loosened his red comforter, and whispered something to little Jessie, which made her smile, he proceeded very slowly to unpack the basket. First, a large loaf was laid on the table, and next a brown paper parcel with a smaller blue one tied to it. Last of all, a paper of candles was

produced ; and, as if to show that the basket was now really empty, Jem turned it upside down and took a seat by the fire, while his father and mother both looked at him, to account for this unexpected plenty. A few words made all plain. Jem had been obliged to carry a large quantity of goods, which had just been ordered at his master's shop, to a late train. When he was about to leave the platform, after having seen his boxes safely into the van, he saw something fall from a gentleman who was hurrying to take his place in one of the carriages. It was a pocket-book. Jem picked it up and handed it to the owner. "You have saved me twenty pounds, my lad," said the gentleman, thanking him ; "how much do I owe you ?"

"Nothing, sir," was Jem's honest reply, "I have only done my duty."

A five-shilling piece was slipped into Jem's hand, and the rapid train sped on its way. The errand-boy hastened to tell his master the whole story. The silver piece was soon exchanged by the happy boy, for those little comforts he knew were most wanted at home. Three pounds of sugar filled the brown paper parcel, and half a pound of tea the blue. The candles were the kind gift of his employer, and the loaf was bought on his way home, in the baker's shop at the corner. One shilling still remained, which he placed in his mother's hand. How joyfully the little party sat around the table to partake of their evening meal ; even Jessie forgot her pain, and Mrs. Grey her unfinished sewing, when the father lifted his hands in thanksgiving to Him who has said, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

THE LOST FOUND.

ONCE there was a boy in Liverpool, who went into the water to bathe, and he was carried out by the tide. Though he struggled long and hard, he was not able to swim against the ebbing tide, and he was taken far out to sea. He was picked up by a boat belonging to a vessel bound for Dublin. The poor little boy was almost lost. The sailors were all very kind to him, when he was taken into the vessel. One gave him a cap, another a jacket, another a pair of shoes, and so he was dressed in a strange way in their clothes.

But that evening a gentleman, who was walking near the place where the little boy had gone into the water, found his clothes lying on the shore. He searched and made inquiries; but no tidings were to be heard of the poor little boy. He found a piece of paper in the pocket of the boy's coat, by which he discovered who it was to whom the clothes belonged. The kind man went with a sad and heavy heart to break the news to the parents. He said to the father, "I am very sorry to tell you that I found these clothes on the shore, and could not find the lad to whom they belonged; I almost fear he has been drowned." The father could hardly speak for grief; the mother was wild with sorrow. They caused every inquiry to be made, but no account was to be had of their dear boy. The house was sad; the little children missed their playfellow; mourning was ordered; the mother spent her time crying; and the father's heart was heavy. He said little, but he felt much.

The lad was taken back in a vessel bound for Liverpool, and arrived on the day the mourning was to be

brought home. As soon as he reached Liverpool, he set off towards his father's house. He did not like to be seen in the strange cap and jacket and shoes which he had on ; so he went by the lanes, where he would not meet those who knew him. At last he came to the hall door. He knocked. When the servant opened it, and saw who it was, she screamed with joy, and said, "Here is Master Thomas!" His father rushed out, and bursting into tears embraced him. His mother fainted. "There was no more spirit in her." What a happy evening they all, parents and children, spent! They did not want the mourning. The father could say, with Jacob, "It is enough; my son is yet alive."

But what do you think will be the rejoicing in heaven, when those who were in danger of being lost for ever, arrive safely on that happy shore? How will the angels rejoice, and the family of heaven be glad! Will not your pious fathers and mothers, or pious brothers and sisters, welcome you and say, "We rejoice to see you safe. Welcome! welcome!" You will not go there like the boy with a cap and clothes of which he was ashamed, but in garments of salvation, white as snow. And what must you become to be ready to enter heaven when you die? You must believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, that the guilt and power of your sins may be taken away. You must seek the grace of the Holy Spirit to renew your hearts, and to enable you to live a holy and useful life.

But remember the great multitude of heathen children, who have never heard a word about heaven, and who do not know that there is any Saviour for

lost men. Suppose you had seen that Liverpool boy carried out to sea by the tide. How would you have pitied him! Then suppose you had seen the water full of boys, all drifting out beyond the reach of human help. How would your spirit have died within you! When you should have turned away, and gone home, how sad you would have felt! No "pleasant bread" could you have eaten that night. But all the children in heathen lands are drifting onward, without hope, to an eternal world.

PICTURES OF THE MONTH.

MARCH.

MARCH is one of the busiest months of the year. The farmer is now active in ploughing and sowing, for at this time the soil is dry, and easy to plough, and the seeds will be in the ground ready for the April showers to soften them, and cause them to spring forth in stems and leaves. Teams of horses dragging the plough along the fields may be seen on every side.

The gardener, too, must sow and plant, dig the ground, dress the beds, and prune his fruit trees. The flowers—as the crocus and "golden star," the primrose and violet—may be seen in the garden, or on the green banks of sheltered lanes.

March, it is said, "comes in like a lion, and goes out like a lamb;" by which is meant that the weather is stormy and rough at the beginning of the month, but at the end is soft and mild. Our English forefathers called this the "rugged month," on account of the storms of wind that often sweep over the country at this season.

Let us go forth, and with open eyes and loving hearts look on the hedges and the fields, the newly



covered earth around us, and the bright sky above us, and as we behold so much that is beautiful, let us raise a song of praise to the Father of all our mercies.



QUESTIONS ON THE GOSPEL HARMONY.

LESSON V.—JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Luke i. 57—66.

57. By whom was John's appearance foretold?
Is. xl. 3.

78 QUESTIONS ON THE GOSPEL HARMONY.

58. How had God shown mercy to Elizabeth? Verse 25.—Why should we rejoice with others? Rom. xii. 15.

59. When was the rite of circumcision instituted? Gen. xvii.—Who intended to call the child Zacharias?

60. Why did his mother object to the name? Verse 13.—What is the import of the name *John*?

61. What is the force of their objection to *John*?

62. Why did they make signs to Zacharias?

63. In what manner did he ask for a table?—Why did he write that his name was *John*?—At what did they marvel?

64. When was speech restored to Zacharias?—What was the reason of his being dumb? Verse 20.—Who restores the power of speech?—How did Zacharias use his tongue?

65. What kind of fear was this? Acts ii. 43.—What sayings are here referred to?—Why should we tell of God's mercy to us? Mark v. 19.

66. What is meant by *hands* in this place?—How was the hand of the Lord with John?

LESSON VI.—PROPHECY OF ZACHARIAS.

Luke i. 67–80.

67. What is it to prophesy?—How is *prophesied* here to be understood?*

68. What emotion did Zacharias manifest?—Why

* The terms *prophet* and *prophecy* are employed in different senses in the Scriptures. Sometimes to foretell what is to come, is meant; at other times to be inspired to speak from God. See Ex. vii. 1. Explaining Scripture is called prophesying. 1 Cor. xi. 4, 5, and xiv. 1. The precise import of these terms, wherever they occur, must therefore be determined by the context.

were the Israelites called the people of God?—What is this redemption? Ex. xiii. 13; Eph. i. 7.—With what has God redeemed his people?

69. Explain the term *horn of salvation*. 2 Sam. xxii. 3.—What is meant by the house of David?—Is Christ a Saviour to any others but the Jews?

70. Name some of these prophets. Jer. xxiii. 5, 6; Dan. ix. 24.

71. What enemies were these? Jer. xxx. 10, 11; Matt. i. 21.—By whom was the Israelitish nation hated?

72. Who was to perform the promised mercy?—What was the mercy promised? Gen. xxviii. 14.—What covenant was this? Gen. xxi. 16—18.

73. What oath is mentioned?—What is the oath of God? Heb. vi. 16—18.

74. Were these blessings absolute or conditional?—What was the condition? Lev. xxvi. 14—42.

75. What is holiness, and what is righteousness?

76. What child is here spoken of?—By whom was he called a prophet? Mark xi. 32.—How was he to prepare the way of the Lord? Matt. iii. 1, 2.

77. Who was to give this knowledge?—How did the Jews mistake it before? Rom. ix. 32.—What is meant by remission of sins?

78. How does the mercy of God appear in it? Rom. v. 8.—What is the dayspring here spoken of? Rev. xxi. 16.

79. Who were they that sat in darkness?—What light were they to receive?—Which is the way of peace?

80. What is meant by waxing strong in spirit?—What deserts were these?—Compare with Luke ii. 32.



JAPANESE LADY AND GIRL.

THE country called Japan consists of three large islands, lying nearly opposite the coast of China. These islands were a year or two since visited, and some pleasing accounts have been given of their mountains and valleys, villages and cities, people and customs. We give a picture of a lady and a girl, natives of Japan. They are said to be very well behaved, kind, and industrious. Their dresses appear to be very strange to us, but not more so than ours do to them. You will notice that the little girl's head is adorned with flowers—flowers are prized by all people in every land—and in one of her hands is a fan. We fear her heavy wooden shoes would not quite suit our young readers.

AMY'S NEW HOME.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Amy awoke the next morning, she could not at first tell where she was. She rubbed her eyes, and tried to think how she came there. Then she recollected that she was in her new home; and if she wanted any proof of this fact, she found it the next minute, in the sight of Esther kneeling on the floor, and coolly examining the contents of Amy's box! Amy raised herself in bed, and looked, as she felt, rather astonished; but her looks were lost upon Esther, for she was too busy to observe them.

"Oh, you are awake, are you?" she said, as she lifted her head; "I thought you were going to sleep

all day ; but mother said I was not to call you this morning."

"Have you had your breakfast, then ?" asked Amy.

"No, father has not come in yet, and George is just going for some bread, so you will have plenty of time to dress yourself, if you make haste. But I say, Amy, are these all the frocks you have got ?"

"Yes," said Amy.

"Why, here are only four, besides what you are going to put on, and they are half worn out already. It does not signify, though, because they will be too short for you, when you leave off your black, and I dare say mother will cut them up for Alice. But you might have had your Sunday one made a little smarter, I think ; it is such a fright ; I would not wear it. Plain, tight sleeves, and no trimming, nor flounces ! And is this your best bonnet ?"

"To be sure it is," said Amy.

"Well, it is big enough for mother, I'm sure, and it is made of such poor silk. What old-fashioned notions country folks have."

Esther went on talking, and tumbling over Amy's things at the same time. She pulled everything out of the box, making her remarks as she did so with great freedom and rudeness. Amy hardly knew whether to be vexed or amused. She did not certainly like to see her workbox and two or three little keepsakes so roughly handled, nor her books turned over with so little care, but she supposed that she must not say anything about it.

Just as Esther had reached the bottom of the box, her mother called to know where she was, and what

she was doing, and why she had not fried the bacon for her father's breakfast. Esther ran quickly out of the room, and, as she did not shut the door, Amy heard her aunt say to her, "You should not have let Amy hinder you so long."

Esther did not answer; she allowed her mother to believe that it was her cousin's fault she had staid so long upstairs; and Amy felt hurt at the blame being unjustly cast upon her. Besides, it was really Esther who had hindered her, not she who had hindered Esther; for the floor was strewn with the things which Esther had carelessly scattered about, and Amy was obliged to fold them up and put them back again before she could leave the room, or, indeed, finish dressing herself.

When Amy went into the kitchen there were only Johnny and Alice there, for George had not returned from the baker's, and Esther and her mother were hanging some clothes out in the yard to dry. Alice was seated on a low stool by the window, eating a piece of bread and treacle; and Johnny was standing at the side-table, leaning on one of his crutches, and destroying Amy's flowers as fast as he could. These flowers had been placed in a jug of water the night before, and Amy meant to untie and arrange them in the morning; she thought, of course that they were quite safe where she left them. But there was Johnny, picking the very best of them out of the nosegay, and then tearing them, leaf by leaf, to pieces. Even if they had not been her own, Amy would have been sorry to see him doing so, for she was so fond of flowers, that she could not bear to have them injured.

Forgetting her shyness, she rushed towards her cousin, and seizing hold of his arm, "Oh, you naughty boy!" she said, "you must not touch these flowers; they are not yours."

"I don't care," said the little fellow, "I shall have them if I like; mother said I might." He snatched a large white rose out of the bunch, and then there came a struggle between the children; for Amy prized that flower more than any of the others, and determined to save it. It had grown on her mother's favourite rose-tree, and was the only one that had bloomed that summer. Amy tried hard to get it from Johnny, but he kept firm hold of it; he pushed and she pushed, and, not being aware how very lame he was, Amy accidentally knocked aside his crutch, and Johnny tumbled down. He was not at all hurt, but he screamed loudly from passion, and refused to let Amy help him up again; and at that minute both his father and mother came in.

"Why, Johnny, my boy, what is the matter?" said his father.

"Amy pushed me down, father; she is so cross."

His father lifted him on his knee, and said, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Amy, to behave so to a poor little cripple like him."

"I did not mean him to fall, uncle; I did not know he was so lame, or I would not have touched him; but he would not give me my flower."

"Well, and why need you quarrel about a flower?" said her aunt; "there are plenty of them, and surely he may have one to play with."

"But this is a rose, a white rose," said Amy;

"may I have it now, aunt? I will give him another for it."

"Don't be tiresome, child; you have made mischief enough already; sit down and get your breakfast."

Amy burst into tears: she could not help it; everything seemed to go wrong with her.

"Dear me," said her aunt, "who would have thought you had such a temper? Now, you must either be quiet or go up stairs out of the way."

Amy dried her tears, and took her seat at the table. But her heart was very heavy, and it was as much as she could do to eat her breakfast without showing any more of her sorrow about the flower. What a bad beginning she had made in her new home. Was this the way in which she was to get on with her cousins? Amy wished herself back again in her mother's peaceful little cottage; wished that she had never come to live with her uncle and aunt; wished that she could run away from the troubles that seemed gathering around her. These were natural wishes, but they were selfish and useless ones, and Amy lived to own this, and to find out that God's will is better than our will.

As she was moving her chair after breakfast, she picked up her rose from under the table, where Johnny, not really caring for it, had dropped it, as soon as he had gained his point. Some leaves were gone, and it was a good deal shaken; but, not having been fully opened, it had borne its rough treatment pretty well, and was a nice-looking flower yet. Amy carried it carefully up-stairs and put it, with some water, into an old broken bottle which she had seen

in the bedroom, and which her aunt said she might have; and she thought that no flower ever smelt so sweetly as that did.

The rest of the day passed much more pleasantly with the little girl. It was a very busy day, for it was Saturday, and there was house-cleaning and ironing, and mending to do, and a pie and some cakes to make for to-morrow. But Amy was a busy little girl, and she had been used to work when she was at home, so she did not mind it. Her mother always said that it was very wrong to allow girls to be idle while they were young, because it got them into bad habits, which would be very hard to overcome, even if they tried to do so; and that, when they went out to service, they would be ill fitted for it. She therefore brought up Amy to be active and tidy; teaching her, as she was able to learn, whatever would be useful for her to know in after life. But it was done so quietly, and so gradually, that Amy found it a pleasure rather than a trouble, and never thought it a hardship to have her hands and her time well occupied.

It was a good thing for Amy that she had had such a wise mother; for, now that she was placed with others, and would early have to work for her own living, she would be spared many little trials, through her mother's careful training. The very first day in her new home showed this; for Amy was so handy, and moved about so quickly, and was so willing to do whatever was wanted, that her aunt praised her more than once, and said, that if she kept on as she had begun, she would be a nice help to her in the house.

How pleased Amy felt when she heard this. It

seemed to make up for the little trials of the morning. It was like a bright ray of sunshine sending away a dark cloud. Amy went to bed in good spirits, and thought that perhaps after all she might be very happy in her new home.

EVERY-DAY WONDERS ;

OR, FACTS ABOUT OURSELVES.

PART III.—ON THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

I TOLD you that your blood did not remain still in your body. Put your finger on your wrist and you will feel something beating. Do you feel it? That gentle beating is made by the blood travelling through a little pipe. It never stops in its journey. Whenever you put your finger there you may feel the same beating. It might be felt in other parts of your body as well. That is not the only pipe in your body. Look at the back of your hand; there you can plainly see other pipes, called veins. There are two sets of pipes in the body. They have two different names, and are for two different purposes. One set of pipes is for carrying the good healthy blood into every part of the body. You have heard that the blood is purified by oxygen gas, which comes to it through the thin skin of the cells of the lungs. The pipes which carry the healthy blood about the body are called arteries. They branch out into a net-work of the very narrowest pipes, so narrow that they are called



capillaries, from *capilla*, a hair. The good blood passes through the arteries and capillaries, and then gets into the second set of pipes. The second set of pipes are called veins. When the blood gets into the veins it has to be carried back to the lungs, that it may again be purified. Now, remember that the pipes called arteries carry good blood to every part of the body, and that the pipes called veins carry back again to the lungs the blood which has become impure.

And in this way God has so wonderfully contrived that the good and the bad blood shall not be mixed.

To understand how it is that the blood becomes impure, you must know that the whole body is in a constant state of change. New particles are always being added to every part of our bodies, while old particles are carried away. The arterial blood carries the new particles into the capillaries. As it flows through the capillaries it leaves these new particles for the repair and growth of every part. The blood thus loses its purity and strength. And besides this, as it flows on into the veins it carries with it the old particles which are of no more service to the body.

You see then that in every part of your body there is a continual change going on. Old particles that are no longer of any use are taken up and carried off in the dark blood that flows in your veins, and new particles are brought in the good red blood in the arteries, and put in the places of these old ones. There is probably not a single particle in your body now that was there some years ago. It is a very common notion that the whole body changes about once in seven years; but this is not correct. As long as any particle is

useful in its place, it is left there, but when it becomes useless it is taken up and carried off. The change is more rapid at some times than it is at others. You know how very fast sick people sometimes become thin, and then how fast they fill out when they begin to revive again. In such cases a very large portion of the body is entirely changed in a short time. The change in young children is sometimes very great. They become so poor in a little time that the skin hangs on their limbs like loose clothes; and then, when the disease is gone and the appetite comes back, the little limbs soon become plump again. Now, the changes which you see so plainly in such cases, are going on all the time slowly and silently in your body.

It is to effect these constant changes in the growth and repair of the body, that your blood is all the while moving about in all the great and little tubes which are everywhere to be found. If these changes were not going on, there would be little need of the blood moving about. Now, it is a very curious and interesting fact that in some animals these changes are very nearly stopped in cold weather, and the blood therefore stops moving in all the tubes and vessels. Great multitudes of such animals, as bats, get into nooks and corners in the autumn, to have a good long sleep through the winter. Their bodies remain without change all this time, alive, but as still as death. There is no waste, and so there is no need of blood being carried about the body to repair it, and there is no need of having air go into the lungs to change dark blood into red.

But when the warm weather comes, the animal wakes up out of this torpor. The blood begins to move again, and he breathes, so that the air can go into the lungs and change the blood. He begins to eat too, so that some new blood can be made.

I suppose you will want to know what is done with the old useless particles, after they get into the dark blood in the veins. This waste matter must be disposed of. There are various ways of carrying it off. It is composed chiefly of one substance, called carbon. This substance, when combined with oxygen gas, makes carbonic acid gas. At every breath, some part of the waste matter of our bodies is thrown off by the lungs in the form of carbonic acid gas. Other particles of the waste matter are removed by the liver, others by the kidneys, and others by the skin.

The waste matter is all sent off by these different organs, each doing its share, and in its own way. Now this is very wonderful. Remember that this waste matter is in the blood. See now how it is removed from the blood and from the body. The blood goes to these different organs, the lungs, the skin, the liver, the kidneys, and each organ does its duty in cleansing the blood. And in doing this these organs almost seem to have the power of choosing between the good and the bad, just as a thinking being would; and no mistake is ever made. The good particles are left in the blood, while the bad ones alone are taken up and thrown away. But we know that these organs have no thought nor knowledge, and therefore cannot choose. And the perfect way in which they do their duty is a mystery which cannot be understood by any one but

the all-wise Creator, who made the body and knows all about it.

You have seen in this chapter *why* it is necessary that the blood should be moving about in the body all the time. In the next chapter I will show you *how* the blood is made to move about in this way.

THE TRAVELLER'S TREE.

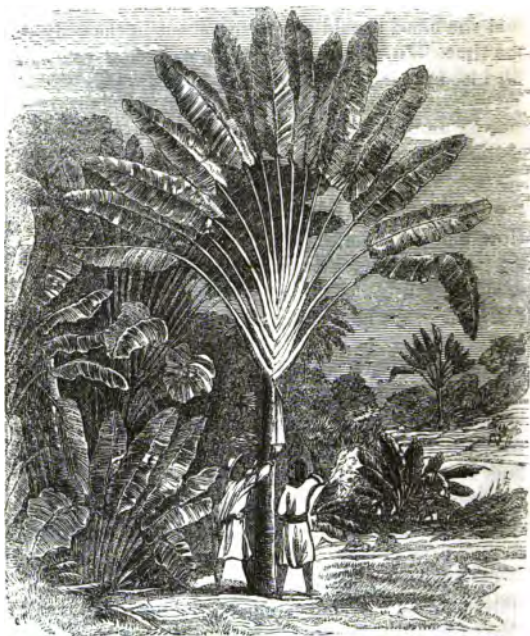
How many wonderful and useful trees are there in the world! We will give you an account of one, called the "traveller's tree," as described by Mr. Ellis, a missionary who has lately visited the island of Madagascar.

This tree rises from the ground with a thick stem, from the middle of which long broad leaves rise on high, and look like a great open fan. Many of these trees are thirty feet from the ground to the lowest leaf. "I often," says Mr. Ellis, "counted twenty-four leaves on a tree, the stalk of each being six or eight feet long, and the broad leaf itself four or six feet more."

The whole of these twenty-four large bright green leaves, spread out like a fan at the top of a trunk thirty feet high, presented a sight rare and beautiful.

In the fan-like head of the traveller's tree, there are three or four branches of seed-pods. When the pods, or seed-vessels, of which there were forty or fifty on each bunch, are ripe, they burst open, and each pod is seen to inclose more than thirty seeds, in

shape like a small bean, but inclosed in a fine silky covering of the most brilliant blue or purple colour.



THE TRAVELLER'S TREE.

Copied, by kind permission of the publisher, from Ellis' Madagascar.

But this tree has been most celebrated for containing, even during the driest season, a large quantity of pure fresh water, supplying to the *traveller* the place

of wells in the desert. So abundant and pure is the water, that when the men are at work near the trees, they do not take the trouble to go to a stream for water, but draw off and drink the water from the tree. "One morning I stopped near a clump of the trees. One of my bearers struck a spear four or five inches deep into the thick, firm end of the stalk of the leaf, and on drawing it back, a stream of pure, clear water gushed out, about a quart of which we caught in a pitcher, and all drank of it on the spot. It was cool, clear, and quite sweet."

In Madagascar this tree may, with propriety, be also called the *builder's tree*, as well as the "traveller's tree." Its leaves form the thatch of all the houses on the eastern side of the island. The stems of its leaves are made into partitions, and often sides of the houses; and the hard outside bark is stripped from the inner and soft part, and having been beaten out flat, is laid for flooring. The leaf, when green, is used as a wrapper for packages, and it well keeps out the rain. Large quantities are also sold every morning in the markets, as it serves the purpose of tablecloth, dishes, and plates at meals: and, folded into certain forms, is used instead of spoons and drinking vessels.

We see, then, how useful this tree must be to the people of the island of Madagascar. May the soon know about the great Creator, from whom all their gifts flow; and not only of his power, and wisdom, and goodness, as seen in the works of his hands, but also of his great love in sending his Son Christ Jesus into this world, to save men from sin and from the wrath to come.

THE FARMER'S BOY BECOMES A BISHOP.

A CLOUDY morning often ushers in a fine day, and disappointments in early years are often followed by a life of happiness and prosperity.

About two hundred and sixty years ago, a poor lad of seventeen was seen travelling on foot in England. He carried over his shoulder, at the end of a stick, all the clothing he had in the world, and had in his pocket an old leather purse, with a few pieces of money given him by his mother, when, with a throbbing, prayerful heart, she took her leave of him on the road, a short distance from their own cottage.

And who was John? for that was his name. He was the son of poor, but honest and pious parents, small farmers in a village called Ugborough. John had six brothers and five sisters, all of whom had to labour hard on the farm for a living. He was a pious lad, and at fourteen used to assist the parish clerk in singing at Divine worship. When the old clerk died, John hoped to fill his place; but, being disappointed in this, with the consent of his parents he set out to get a living elsewhere.

At the city of Exeter, where he first went, he met with no success; but, as he looked on the beautiful cathedral and in the booksellers' windows, a strong desire sprung up in his mind to become a scholar; and at once he set off for the University of Oxford, a distance of some two hundred miles, walking the whole weary way. At night he sometimes slept in barns, or on the sheltered side of a haystack. He lived chiefly on bread and water, with a draught of milk now and then.

Arrived in the splendid city of Oxford, his clothing nearly worn out, his feet sore, and his spirits depressed, he knew not what to do. He had heard of Exeter college in Oxford, and thither he went; and, to his great delight, was engaged by the cook as a "scullion;" that is, to carry coals into the kitchen, to clean pans and kettles, and do that kind of work.

One might have seen him here scouring his pans, and at the same time reading a book. His habits of study soon attracted the attention of the learned doctors, who admitted him into the college as a "poor scholar," providing for all his wants. He studied hard and was soon at the head of his class. He rose to great honour as a scholar, was very useful as a minister of Christ; and many years before his death, which took place when he was seventy-two, he visited his father and mother, who were delighted to see their son not only a "great scholar," but a good bishop. Such was the history of Dr. John Prideaux, who used to say, "If I had been parish clerk of Ugborough, I should never have been Bishop of Worcester."

THE OLD DISCIPLE.

AN aged woman lay on her deathbed. She had been a disciple of Christ for fifty years. When speaking to a friend she said, "Tell all the children that an old woman, who is near to death, is very much grieved that she did not begin to love the Saviour when she was a little child. Tell them, youth is the time to serve the Lord."

THE WORD OF GOD.

Isa. viii. 20.—Heb. iv. 12.—2 Tim. iii. 16, 17.—Rev. xxi. 13

THE very word of God alone
Is our sufficient guide,
To make each path of duty known,
And every doubt decide.

For rules of life so wise, so pure,
Elsewhere in vain we look ;
Nor ground for faith is found so sure,
As in this holy book.

Divinely perfect, ever true,
It suffers no decay :
And none may add one word thereto,
Or take one word away.

From God it comes, to God it leads,
And, by its searching light,
Reproves our errors and misdeeds,
And guides our steps aright.

The word of man may lead astray ;
This never can mislead :
It points to Christ, the living way,
And he that runs may read.

Lord God of truth ! our surest guide,
Thy sacred word we own :
That word shall in our hearts abide,
And reign supreme, alone.



AMY'S NEW HOME.

CHAPTER IV.

THE glad sunshine had peeped in at the little bed-room window for some hours the next morning, before Amy opened her eyes. The light was so strong, that she was afraid it was very late ; but as Esther was asleep beside her, and nobody had called them, Amy concluded that it must be earlier than usual. She began to get

up, however, for she was wide awake ; and she thought she would go down as soon as she was ready, without disturbing Esther, and light the fire and put on the kettle. She had always done this at home since her mother began to be ill, and she wished to be as useful now. After she had knelt down in prayer, she crept softly down stairs, and opened the shutters without any noise. No one in the house was moving, and as she went into the kitchen she looked up at the old clock in the corner. To her great surprise the old clock told her that it only wanted five minutes to nine. It was very strange that nobody was up ; but there was all the more need, Amy thought, for her to bestir herself, and it was not long before the fire was burning cheerfully in the grate, and the hearth was tidily swept up. Amy was spreading the table-cloth when her aunt appeared. "What, Amy," she said, "up first ; that is a good child, for your uncle is coming, and he will be glad of his breakfast."

"It is very late, aunt, isn't it ?" said Amy, glancing at the clock.

"I suppose you would call it late in the country, Amy, but we never hurry ourselves here on a Sunday. We are thankful to get all the rest we can, after a week's hard work ; and the day is quite long enough for what we have to do in it."

Amy thought that if this was one of the "town ways," the country ones were much better. She had alway risen early at home, that she might have plenty of time to get to her Sunday school, for they lived nearly a mile from it ; but of course no one at her uncle's went to a Sunday school, or they would not be

in bed until nine o'clock. She was afraid that her aunt and uncle felt very differently about such things, to what her mother had done, for she had not noticed a Bible anywhere in the house, except a large one, covered with dust, at the top of a cupboard, and there had not been a word said about Sunday, which could have led any one to suppose that it was a day to be kept holy unto the Lord.

The breakfast was longer about than usual, for Amy's uncle had no work to do, and could sit as long as he chose with his family; and the children either ate more, because there was toasted bread, or else they did not eat so fast. Amy grew very fidgetty on account of the time, and at length she slipped away and ran up-stairs. She made the bed, and laid out her Sunday things upon it. The others had only just left the table when she returned. Her uncle was filling his pipe, and her aunt was nursing Alice, and bidding Esther wash the cups and saucers instead of teasing George.

"Shall I help her, aunt?" asked Amy, "because it is almost time to get ready for worship."

"For worship!" cried Esther.

Amy coloured, and said "yes." She could not tell why Esther should seem so surprised at her question.

"You went to church in the country, I dare say, Amy," said her aunt; "but then you had so much time there, and there was only your mother and yourself to do for. It is very different in a town, especially with a family like ours; for your uncle must have a bit of hot dinner on a Sunday, when he has cold all the week; and then, when we do go out, we are glad to take a walk and get some fresh air, after

being shut up in this close street from Monday morning to Saturday night."

Amy was more puzzled than convinced by her aunt's words. If want of time was one excuse for not going, why did they lie so late in bed? and even if they must have a hot dinner, were all obliged to help to cook it?

"Could not *I* go, aunt?" she said.

"Well, no, Amy, not very well, for Esther wants to run in and see Lucy Sparkes; and there are the gooseberries to pick for the pudding, and the peas to shell for dinner, and ever so many other things to do; and Alice is so poorly and fretful that she is quite one person's work. You shall go when you can be spared, if you wish to."

The tears stood in Amy's eyes, but no one saw them, for no one troubled themselves to look, and she brushed them silently away, for she knew, poor child, that it was useless to say any more then. The church bells rang out their joyous peal, but they only made Amy feel sad, because she could not obey their call. She had not one quiet five minutes all the morning; for when she was not running about to fetch things for her aunt, she had to baste the meat, and mind the potatoes, or to play with the troublesome little Alice. Her uncle went out with one or two of his fellow-workmen, and he was not in a good temper when he came back, and grumbled very much because the meat was rather overdone. There was a plentiful dinner; but Amy did not enjoy it half so well as her mother's more scanty meal. As soon as it was finished and cleared away, she went timidly up to her aunt, and

asked, almost in a whisper, whether she might go to church that afternoon. Her aunt did not seem pleased, and said hastily, "Yes, go if you like, child; but you don't know your way about yet."

"Oh, I can find it, aunt," answered Amy; "there is a church not far from here, Esther says."

"You might show your cousin, George," said his mother. But George was busy cutting an apple in pieces with his knife, and was not inclined to move, and Amy was too glad to have leave given her, to mind about his company. She quickly tied on her bonnet and cape, and set off. She turned first to the right, and then to the left, and then down a narrow court, as Esther had directed her, but she could not find the church, and the chimes having ceased, there was not the sound of the bell to guide her. She grew hot and flurried, for she was not used to a large town, and was afraid of losing herself. Nor did she like to go back, for they would all laugh at her so; besides, she should lose the service. Just as she was ready to give up the search in despair, a few steps more led her right, and she hastened into the church, and sat down in the aisle.

It was not at all like the pretty village church to which she had been accustomed to go; the walls looked damp, the hangings were faded, and the windows did not let in much light; but it was the house of God, and Amy felt happy, and at home there, directly. The prayers and the singing calmed her ruffled spirit, and the sermon, she thought, seemed to be meant for *her*. So it was. God never forgets any who seek him, and he sends kind messages, and "words in season," to

children, as well as to grown-up people. The sermon was about God appearing to Jacob in a dream, as he was travelling to his uncle's, and promising to be with him, and to keep him, and to bless him; and Amy, with no father nor mother to watch over her, and forced to leave her early home, and go amongst strangers, felt almost as lonely as the youthful Jacob, and heard with gladness that God was willing to be the same friend and Father to her, that he was to him. The little orphan went away comforted that afternoon, if no one else did.

She needed the comfort, for very unkind and taunting remarks were made by George when she got home; he called her a saint, and other names.

"It is very wrong to say such things, George; you know it is."

"Come, come, no quarrelling," said Amy's aunt, as she poured out the tea; "if that is all the good you get by going to church, Amy, I think you would be as well at home."

George and Esther gave a mocking look; Amy was troubled and silent. Was it her fault, or theirs, that they so often disagreed? Had she really given any occasion for this reproof? Why were they all so ready to blame her? She tried to suit her cousins: how was it that she did not succeed? She could not tell. She hoped they would understand her better in time.

Poor Amy, she was beginning to learn that life has its trials, and that they are sometimes very difficult to bear.

After tea, Amy's aunt and uncle got ready for a long walk. The children were to go with them, if they

liked, but Johnny was obliged to remain at home, because he was too lame to walk so far, and his father could not draw him up the steep hill which they intended to climb, in the little chaise which they sometimes used for him. But he was not very willing to stay by himself. It was so dull, he said; there was nothing to be seen in the street; and Charlie Green could not come over and play with him, for he was away at his grandmother's.

"Well, Esther, you can stop in to-night, for you were out most of the morning, you know."

"No, I can't," said Esther, "I am tired of being indoors; and it is George's turn to stay."

"It is not," said George. "Yes, it is," repeated his sister.

"Well, I do not care if it is; I am not going to be shut up here this fine evening: it is all nonsense humouring Johnny so."

Amy gently interferred. "Aunt," she said, "might I be left with him? I do not want a walk, and I would much rather stay at home."

Her aunt paused for a minute, but soon agreed; and George muttered something which sounded very like "thank you," to his cousin. Johnny seemed disposed to be a little contrary, and to say that he would not have Amy instead of his brother; but Amy promised to show him some books and some pictures, which she had brought with her, and which he had not seen, and he was satisfied.

Amy was not sorry to have the opportunity of being alone with Johnny; for her little cousin had not been very good friends with her since the dispute about the

white rose, and she wished to show him that she did not cherish any feelings of ill-will towards him. So, when the rest were gone out, she did her best to amuse him. She fetched her pictures down, and described them to him. Several of them were Scripture scenes ; and when she found that he did not know anything about them, she told him, in simple language, the histories belonging to them. There was David the giant-killer, and Daniel in the lion's den, and Joseph with his bright-coloured coat, and others equally pretty. Johnny was very much interested. And when these were put aside, Amy sang some of her pretty little hymns to him, and talked to him about her own home, and of the happy way in which she used to spend her Sundays there.

The hours passed so quickly and pleasantly, that Johnny was surprised, when his father and mother returned, to hear how late it was. Nor had Amy enjoyed herself less than Johnny had ; for this saying of Jesus is always fulfilled to those who act upon it, "It is more blessed *to give* than to receive."

SABBATH MORNING.

AWAKE ! awake ! your bed forsake,
To God your praises pay ;
The morning sun is clear and bright,
With joy we hail his cheerful light :
In songs of love
Praise God above—
It is the Sabbath-day.



PICTURES OF THE MONTH.

APRIL.

CHILDREN are now in the garden, trimming their beds of flowers, and watching the tender leaves and sweet buds as they spring forth day by day. It is pleasant also for them to walk across the green meadows and enjoy the freshness of the new grass ; or to wander in a shady lane, and pluck a nosegay of wild flowers. If March has its share of violets, April may boast of them in abundance.

I have found violets. April hath come on,
And the cool winds feel softer, and the rain
Falls in the beaded drops of summer time.
You may hear birds at morning, and at eve
The tame dove lingers till the twilight falls,
Cooing upon the eaves, and drawing in
His beautiful bright neck; and from the hills
A murmur, like the hoarseness of the sea,
Tells the release of waters, and the earth
Sends up a pleasant smell; and then I hear
The dropping of the velvet foot of Spring.

Old Humphrey, a dear good friend of the young, has said:—"When walking abroad in the country, we should say to ourselves, 'Who spread out that clear blue sky, and lighted up the glittering sun? Who divided the year into the changing seasons of Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter? Who gave the singing birds their plumage and their song, the trees their fresh green leaves, and the flowers their beautiful colours? Who clothed the earth and the skies with beauty, and gave me the power I possess to enjoy them?' And then, when the only answer is given that can be given, when we reply that God did all these things, we learn to love him, and feel a desire to praise him. 'I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with all my heart, and I will glorify thy name for evermore.'"

ROBERT AND RACHEL.

ROBERT and Rachel were growing up quite tall, for the latter was between eight and nine years of age, and her brother a year older; they ought, therefore, to have

known better than to quarrel. A sad thing it is for young people to give way to a hasty temper.

How sweet it is in peace to live ;
Each other's failings to forgive—
Each other's burdens bear !
For love the darkest hour can bless,
Spread round us beams of happiness,
And drive away our care.

Rachel and Robert were at play together, under their father's study window, he with his humming-top, and she with her skipping-rope, when Robert, seeing a long straw on the ground, picked it up and began to balance it on his finger. This he did very cleverly for some time, till his sister, who was fond of a bit of mischief, gave him a push, when down fell the straw to the ground. Robert, instead of taking the act in a good-humoured way, rose up into a passion, and an angry quarrel took place.

"You are a provoking thing, Rachel ! I wanted to see how long I could balance the straw, and now you have prevented me. I have a great mind to break your skipping-rope, that I have."

"Break my skipping-rope, indeed, you passionate boy ! Do you think I am a child ?"

"Yes, I do think you are a child, and a very silly child too. You are always doing some ill-natured thing or other ; I would not be a meddlesome girl for the world."

"And I would not be a foolish, passionate boy on any account. You are always breaking out in your temper, and speaking against girls, and giving yourself airs ; but I will leave you to play by yourself."

In a very tossing manner Rachel walked away, and soon began to skip and to sing, as though she was happy. Robert, too, seemed to be altogether taken up with his humming-top, whistling louder than usual, that his sister might hear him.

You cannot keep up a fire long without fuel, and anger, like a fire, requires feeding to keep it burning. In spite of Rachel's singing and Robert's whistling, their hearts did not feel rightly. By degrees they came nearer together, and at last said Robert, "Why cannot you come and skip here, Rachel? there is plenty of room."

"So I would, Robert, if I should not be in the way of your humming-top."

"Oh, you would not be in the way at all, and if you were, I would move further off. I was foolish in talking about breaking your skipping-rope; I did not mean to break it."

"No, I do not think you did. It was wrong in me to call you names."

"And I also said many things I ought not to have spoken."

"It was all my fault for pushing you when you were balancing that straw; but if you will take it up again, I promise not to touch you at all."

"And I promise that if you do, I will not again be so foolish as to go out of temper about it: kiss me, Rachel, and let us be friends. You are a kind sister to me, and I ought to be a kind brother."

"And so you are a kind brother, Robert, only a little bit quick in your temper, and I am quicker still. But now pick up the straw, for I should like to see how long you can balance it without letting it fall."

Robert turned round to pick up the straw, and saw, to his surprise, his father coming into the garden. The truth flashed on the minds of both Robert and Rachel at once, that, though they had thought their father was out walking, he had been in his study all the while, and must have seen and heard all that had taken place; their faces were almost as red as the roses on the beds around them.

"And what has been the matter?" said their father; "for your faces tell me that all has not been right with you. What has been the matter?"

"I quarrelled with Rachel, father," said Robert, "but I was out of temper. I am very sorry that I went into such a passion."

"It was my fault, indeed, father," said Rachel; "for when Robert was balancing a straw, I gave him a push and made it fall: it was all my fault."

"My dear children," said their father, "I know all about the matter; and though I am glad to hear you own your faults, and try to excuse one another, yet I really did feel ashamed and grieved that my children should be angry and quarrel about a straw. It is not only weakness, but wickedness, to give way to bitterness. If you love one another, you should bear with one another. Though you are now friends, you cannot blot out from your memory the ill-natured words you have spoken, and the hard names you have called each other. Do be more watchful over yourselves; for 'He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down, and without walls,' Prov. xxv. 28. And do also be more earnest in your prayers to your heavenly Father, that a spirit of love may be given you."

110 QUESTIONS ON THE GOSPEL HARMONY.

Ask him to help you by his Holy Spirit, that you may be more and more like Jesus; and that, hoping for mercy through faith in his precious blood, you may learn how to forgive one another."

QUESTIONS ON THE GOSPEL HARMONY.

LESSON VII.—JESUS' BIRTH AND GENEALOGY.

Luke ii. 1—7.

1. Who was Augustus Cæsar?—What is meant by all the world?—Why did a Roman emperor tax the Jews?—What is it to be taxed? *

2. Who made Cyrenius governor of Syria?—Where was Syria situated?

3. What part of the people went to be enrolled?—What was *every one's own city*?

4. How far did Joseph go to be enrolled?—Why was Bethlehem called the city of David?—What is meant by *house and lineage*?

5. Why is Mary here called the *espoused* wife of Joseph?—How were they to be *taxed* at this time?—Did Cæsar intend, by taxing the people, to fulfil the prophecy?

6. Who foretold the birth of Christ at Bethlehem? Micah v. 2.

7. What is meant by *swaddling clothes*?—What kind of place was the manger? †—Why was there no room for them in the inn?—For what did Christ come into the world? 1 Tim. i. 15.—Whose genealogy is found in Matthew?—Whose is that contained in Luke?

* Instead of *taxed*, it may be *enrolled* or *registered*.

† The original word is a *stable*, or place for beasts.

LESSON VIII.—AN ANGEL APPEARS TO THE
SHEPHERDS.

Luke ii. 8—20.

8. What country was this?—Why were flocks tended during the night?

9. What is meant by *came upon them*?—What was the glory here spoken of? Acts ix. 3.

10. To whom were the good tidings sent?—To what nation did the shepherds belong?—Why should the tidings of the angel produce joy?

11. In what sense was the Saviour born to them?—Why did the angel call him *Christ*? John i. 41.—When do we find this title first given to him? Ps. ii. 2.—What is the meaning of the word *Christ*?

12. What was to be ascertained by the sign?

13. What is meant by *the heavenly host*? Ps. ciii. 20, 21.—In what manner did they praise God?

14. What awakened the praise of the angels?—How do you understand the phrase *in the highest*?

15. What did they expect to find at Bethlehem?—To whom did they ascribe their information?—When we hear of Jesus, why should we desire immediately to find him?

16. Why did they go with haste?

17. What saying did they publish abroad?

18. What emotions did the news excite?—Why do not people now wonder while reading of the same things?

19. Explain the first clause of the verse.—What is the import of the last clause?

20. Whither did the shepherds return?—What awakened their praise?



TOO LATE.

TOO LATE FOR SCHOOL.

It was a sunshiny afternoon at the end of April : there was not wind enough to stir the vine-leaves that grew over Dame Burton's cottage. Puss sat in her favourite place, on the door-step, with eyes half shut, and all was so still that little Betsey Drewett could be heard in the garden, as she stood reading her lesson at Dame Burton's knee. For school had begun nearly half an hour ago. Patty Wilson's knitting had been put right for her, and she was trying to count the rows, that she might not make another mistake ; while Johnnie Wood, having learned his six words of spelling, sat looking about him, with the open book in his hand, waiting for his turn to say his lesson. Having nothing else to do, Johnnie was using both eyes and ears with double diligence ; and presently he heard the sound of footsteps, stealing slowly to the door. Dame Burton did not look up ; and Johnnie was the first to see Tom Brown come in, with a guilty look, closely followed by his little brother Willie—half an hour too late for school !

Tom sidled in with a clumsy bow, keeping his left hand behind him while he went to the corner where they hung up their caps. Johnnie Wood's sharp eyes were watching him closely, and saw something hidden under Patty Wilson's shawl : but now Dame Burton had done with little Betsey, and was at leisure to inquire where Tom and Willie had been ever since the village clock struck two.

It was of no use to make excuses. Dame Burton had not kept school for more than twenty years with-

out knowing the look of a boy who has been playing truant, and Tom had a hard task given him to learn, whilst Willie was put to stand in the corner all the rest of the afternoon. Johnnie Wood could guess pretty well where they had been—looking for birds' nests in the thicket down by the mill; but whether Dame Burton had seen what Johnnie saw, no one knew; though it was the general opinion that there was no hiding anything from her, she had such wonderful ways of finding out all that was going on.

A hard task! and Tom Brown was slow with his learning at the best of times! How he wished that he had never gone near the thicket—never seen that black-bird flying to its nest! Poor Willie, too, stood sobbing in the corner, far less to blame, as Dame Burton truly said, than his brother, whose duty it was to set him a good example instead of leading him into mischief.

But the lesson was said, and school was over, and Tom Brown thought his troubles were at an end. He had given Willie his cap, and reached his own hat off the peg, after which he was quietly slipping his hand under Patty Wilson's shawl, as it lay upon the form in the corner. Just at that moment Dame Burton fixed her eyes upon him, and he felt his cheeks burn like fire.

But the dame did not look cross, and so Tom just drew away his hand for the present, hoping all was right. "I have a sad little story to tell you, my dears," said Dame Burton, "about something that I saw yesterday evening. You all know that thick row of lime trees down by Farmer Wingfield's garden—a nice shade they give, as you go into the village on a hot summer's day. What do you think I saw?—Joe Brent,

the farmer's man, lopping away at the branches, right and left, because he said the trees overhung the garden too much, and kept away the sun. But oh! in one of the tallest and thickest of the lime-trees, a pair of thrushes had built their nest, and Joe had no mercy, but cut away the branch, and there I saw the nest and the broken eggs lying upon the ground! It was a pitiful sight; but more pitiful still was the cry of the mother-bird, who was flying backwards and forwards, and round and round, over our heads. I asked Joe Brent how he could have had the heart to do such a thing, and he did seem sorry and ashamed. But only think, dear children, what must have been the grief of the parent-birds, when they came home to the pretty little nest it had cost them such pains to build, and found it lying all torn upon the ground, and the broken eggs beside it!"

Little Patty Wilson had a tender heart, and you might have seen the tears in her eyes. Johnnie Wood looked very grave, and Tom Brown would have given all he had in the world to be at his father's garden-gate.

"Of all things," said Dame Burton, "I cannot bear cruelty in man, woman, or child. And what can be more cruel than to rob a happy, loving little bird of its young? I can forgive a boy for loitering on his way to school, though it is very wrong to do so; but when he plays the truant that he may go bird's-nesting, I look upon such a boy as a kind of disgrace to my school. So now, Tom Brown, take up what you have got hidden under Patty Wilson's shawl, and let everybody see how you were spending your time when you ought to have been at your book this afternoon."

It was a long, thin, hazel-twigg, carefully trimmed, and threaded with four dark-blue speckled eggs from a blackbird's nest. As he slinked away, with all eyes fixed upon him, I do not envy Tom Brown his feelings—do you?

P. Q.

JENNIE LEE ;

OR, THE ANSWER TO PRAYER.

"I want to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek ;
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard him speak."

So sang a sweet childish voice one summer morning. It was the voice of Jennie Lee, and she was sitting in her neat little bed-room, gazing out of the window. Jennie had learned this sweet hymn at Sunday school, and she dearly loved to sing it ; whether she felt the meaning of the hymn or not, her daily life showed. To tell the truth, she was a vain child. Her little playmates did not love her much, because she was vain. She had other faults, too, but she did not know herself. She, with her three brothers and two sisters, lived with a kind maiden aunt, and there Jennie learned many a lesson of wisdom.

One day, her aunt's voice was heard calling Jennie.

"Oh dear !" she muttered, and a cloud passed over her face ; but she went down stairs to her aunt's sitting room.

"Come, Jennie, it is time for you to study. Just look at the clock, dear."

"Where are my books? Oh! aunt, just look at George ; cannot he give them to me?"

George handed Jennie the books.

"I cannot find the lesson, aunt : will you show me ?"

"No, Jennie. When I told you, yesterday, where the lesson would be, I told you to remember, for I will not tell you every day : it is only encouraging a bad habit in you. Now you must try and remember, for I told you twice."

"I cannot remember, and I think you ought to tell me," sobbed Jennie.

"Hush, child, you can remember if you look."

Jennie did look, and found the place ; so she dried her tears, and pretended to study ; but she was in an ill humour, so the lesson was not half learned.

"I will hear your lesson now, Jennie. Have you learned it ?"

"Yes, aunt, I know it."

But her aunt found that she did not know it ; so she made her sit down again and study. When her aunt again called her, Jennie went to her with her book.

"Do you know it now ?" asked aunt Mary.

"Yes, aunt."

"You have not studied it, Jennie ; I have been looking at you."

"Yes, aunt, I did study it," cried Jennie.

But again she could not repeat it ; so her aunt told the other children that they might go out and play ; and when they had gone, she said kindly to Jennie—

"What hymn were you singing awhile ago, my dear ?"

"I want to be like Jesus."

"Are you like Jesus now ?"

"No, aunt."

"Have you been lowly and meek this morning?"

"No, aunt."

"No, you have not; but how can you be like Jesus?"

"If I pray, God will answer my prayer."

"Yes, he will, dear; have you any other faults to correct?"

"A great many, I suppose," answered the little girl.

"Yes; are you vain, dear?"

"I do not know, I'm sure."

"Do you suppose God likes vain children, or that Jesus was ever so?"

"No, aunt."

"Your greatest faults, my dear niece, are vanity and giving way to ill temper. You can overcome these by prayer. If you succeed, how much more every one will love you, and how much more you will be like Jesus. Think of it, my dear, and try to subdue these faults. Sing the last verse, dear."

Jennie sang again, but with a trembling voice,

"Alas! I'm not like Jesus."

and, when she had finished the verse, her aunt said—

"But you can grow more like him. Pray often for the Holy Spirit to renew your heart, and, aided by his grace, watch against every evil thought and desire. Seek to be kind and gentle, my dear. There, you may go up-stairs now."

So Jennie went and prayed. God answered her prayers, too, for she grew more meek and gentle every day."

DOES IT TELL ABOUT JESUS?

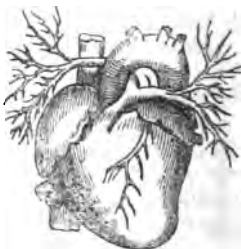
MR. BLISS, an agent of the American Bible Society, wrote from Turkey :—"A book-hawker, whose work is mostly among the Turks, spends an hour or two every day at a stand near the Seraskier's Tower, at Constantinople. Not long since, while offering his books from this stand to the crowd passing by, a Turkish lady timidly approached, and, taking up a Bible, asked in regard to its teachings. Not quite satisfied with the answer, she asked that she might take it to a Turk, sitting at a little distance, that he might read it, and tell her about its contents. She was allowed to do so. The Turk took the Bible, and, looking at it for a few minutes, said: 'This is no book for you. It is not one of our books. It is one of the infidel books.' For the Turks call everything *infidel* that belongs to the Christians. 'But,' replied the woman, 'what does it tell about?' 'That is no concern of yours; it is an infidel book,' said the Turk. 'But does it tell about Jesus Christ?' asked the woman. The Turk again opened the Bible, and read various portions without making any reply. The woman again asked, 'Does it tell of Jesus Christ?' The Turk said, 'Yes; but why do you wish to know?' She replied, 'If it is the book that tells about Jesus Christ, I wish to buy it.' 'Can you read?' asked the Turk. 'No; but I can get some one to read it to me.' She then took the Bible, and returned to the bookseller, purchased it, and bore it away as a most precious treasure to her home."

**EVERY-DAY WONDERS ,
OR, FACTS ABOUT OURSELVES.**

PART IV.—THE HEART.

THE chief means of keeping the blood in motion is the heart. This organ is in your chest, between the two lungs.

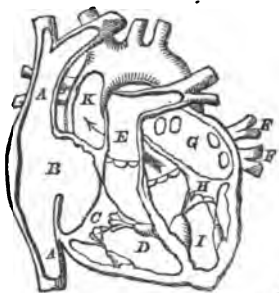
Put your hand on your heart. You feel a stronger beating there than at the wrist. Here is the picture of a heart. All the small pipes called arteries are filled from one large pipe, which goes direct from the heart, called the aorta. You will be able to trace in the next picture the contrivances by which the two kinds of blood are kept distinct.



The impure blood has gone as far as those two veins marked **AA**. It then flows into a hole or chamber in the heart, called the right auricle (**B**), and fills that chamber. The right auricle has a door (**C**), which only opens one way. When the right auricle is full of blood it pushes the door open. The door leads to another chamber, called the right ventricle (**D**). The ventricle, when filled with blood, contracts and forces the dark impure blood through an artery (**E**) into the lungs. The blood then flows all round and about the cells of the lungs, in the capillaries or hair-like vessels, and when it has been

reddened and purified, it comes back to the left side of the heart by the two left veins (FF). The blood flows from these veins into the left auricle (G) and fills that chamber.

The left auricle has a door (H), which only opens one way. When the left auricle is full the blood pushes the door open. The door leads to the other chamber, called the left ventricle (I). This ventricle, when filled, con-



THE HEART AND BLOOD-VESSELS.

tracts, and forces the pure blood into the pipe called the aorta (K), and from the aorta into all the arteries of the body. It passes from thence into the capillaries; from them into the veins, and so back to the heart again.

The pushing open of the valves, doors, or flood-gates, first on one side and then on the other side of the heart, and the contraction or shortening of both the ventricles, make a kind of pumping, which may be heard, and a beating which may be felt. This movement of the blood through the body is called the circulation of the blood. It goes on very quickly. The flood-gates of the heart are opened and shut at least seventy times every minute.

What a wonderful machine the heart is! How perfectly is it arranged, and how well and how long it does its work in a long life! Man makes very won-

derful machines. Every time that we go into a factory, or examine the engine in a steam-boat, that makes it plough through the water, or see an engine carrying a long train of carriages so swiftly over a railroad, we are amazed at the skill of man. But there is no machine that man ever made that can at all compare with that little machine working in your chest, and keeping the blood in motion in every part of your body, from day to day, all your life long. It is built there by the great God, who shows the same skill in making a world and in making the tiny heart that beats in your bosom.

Observe that the heart is really two hearts put together. That is, there is a left and a right side, entirely separated from each other, so that the blood in one side has nothing to do with the blood in the other. In the right half the blood is dark, and in the left half it is bright red. You see, too, the reason of this. After the blood has been used in all parts of the body, in the *capillaries*, you know it becomes dark and is poisonous. Now this dark blood comes back by the veins to the *right* side of the heart, and this right side sends it to the lungs, to have it purified and made good blood. When this is done it comes back again to the heart. But observe now that it comes to the other side of the heart, the *left*, instead of the right. This left side sends it (good red blood) through the *aorta* into all the arteries, and through them into all the capillaries all over the body, to build it and repair it.

The business, then, of the right side of the heart is to receive the dark blood from all parts of the body, and send it to the lungs to be made red blood. The

business of the left side is to receive this red blood from the lungs, and then send it all over the body.

But you see that each half of the heart has two rooms or chambers in it, so that there are *four* chambers in the heart. Now, each of these chambers is all the time, at one moment, contracting, (that is, growing smaller,) and at the next moment dilating, (that is, swelling out,) so that there are really *four* machines at work there. And yet, so well do they work together that it seems to you, if you put your ear to some one's chest, that it is only one machine, going *tick-tack* all the while.

See how much work the heart does ! It works all the time. It works while you are at rest and asleep, as well as when you are awake and active. In a grown person it beats about seventy times every minute. It beats, then, over one hundred thousand times in a day and a night—or twenty-four hours. If you will calculate it, you will find that it beats nearly forty millions of times in a year, or over a million of times in every ten days. In children it beats much faster than this.

There is one thing about the circulation of the blood, that is so wonderful I must mention it again. The dark blood, you know, is sent to the lungs to be purified by the air. But the air goes into the lungs by different tubes from those which hold the blood. Now, how the blood and the air can be brought so close together that the air can purify the blood, and yet the blood be kept separate in its vessels, and the air in its vessels, is a great mystery. But this is done. The blood never breaks loose and gets mixed up with the

air, except when the lungs become diseased. No one coughs up blood when he is well.

How awkwardly would a man go to work if he wanted to purify blood by mixing it with air. He would have to shake them together in a bottle, and then let them stand and settle. Even then, the air could not all be got out. But our infinitely wise Creator has done this perfectly, in the beautiful net-work of air-vessels and blood-vessels in the lungs. The blood, as it runs along, gets thoroughly aired, and yet never mingles with the air, but always keeps its place.



CHILDREN WHO LOVED THEIR SCHOOL.

ONE sabbath evening a missionary was walking up and down in the porch before his house, in one of the South Sea Islands. The sun was setting behind the waves of the ocean, and the labours of the day were over. In that cool, quiet hour, the missionary was lifting up his heart to God, and asking a blessing on his people, his schools, and himself. All was peaceful and still, except a little rustling in the leaves of a tree called a mimosa tree. He thought a breeze was springing up, and continued his walk. Again he heard the rustling of the leaves, and then again. He now felt sure that it could not be the wind; so he pushed aside the long leafy branches of the tree, and passed beneath. And what did he find there? Three little boys! Two were fast asleep in each other's arms, but the third was awake. "What are you doing here, my children?" asked the missionary. "We

have come to sleep here, teacher," said the boy. "And why do you sleep here? have you no home?" "Oh yes; but if we sleep here, we are sure to be quite ready when the first school bell rings in the morning." "Do your parents know about it?" "Mine do; but these little boys have no parents, they are orphans."

Now the nights in the South Sea Islands are not cold and damp like ours; but as the kind missionary thought a heavy rain would fall in the night, he roused the sleeping orphans, and led the three little ones into the large porch of his house, where they might rest in safety. His heart was now full of joy to find that there were some of his scholars who loved their teacher and their school. Suppose these little islanders could look from their distant homes into some of our sabbath schools, what would they think of the many late comers, who walk carelessly into their places an hour or more after the school has begun? Let us show by our conduct that we may sometimes learn even from the children of the heathen.

CHINESE SAYINGS.

THE Chinese are very different from the inhabitants of most other heathen countries. Among the points for which they are remarkable, is the number of their books, with the mixture of wisdom and folly with which they are filled. As specimens, we shall now give our readers a few of their proverbs. These will

show that, while there is much darkness in their hearts, there is some light also.

"1. Prosperity is a blessing to the good, but a curse to the evil.

"2. Better be upright with poverty, than wicked with plenty.

"3. If you love your son, give him plenty of the cudgel; if you hate him, cram him with dainties.

"4. A word once spoken, a coach with four horses cannot overtake it and bring it back.

"5. They who respect themselves will be honoured; but they who do not care about their character will be despised.

"6. Hear one side, and you will be in the dark; hear both sides, and all will be clear.

"7. It is foolish to borrow trouble from to-morrow.

"8. When doing what is right, the heart is easy and becomes better every day; but when practising deceit, the mind labours and every day gets worse.

"9. Those who touch vermilion become red, and those who touch ink become black; so people take their character from their companions.

"10. A gem uncut is of no use; so a man untaught is stupid.

"11. He who labours with the mind governs others; he who labours with the body is governed by others."

Our readers will not fail to see how nearly some of the proverbs now quoted agree with Scripture truth. Some of these, we have no doubt, have been preserved from very ancient times, and were derived from the sacred writings of the Jews.

When the Chinese want to describe a person who

pretends to be very brave, and makes a great parade in order to show his courage, they say that "he is cutting off a hen's head with a battle-axe."

A coward who boasts of his courage they call a "paper tiger."

They compare a person who pretends to be what he is not, to a fox who tries to look as noble and strong as a tiger.

If a person is ignorant of books, they will say, "Turn him upside down, but not a drop of ink will come out of him."

It is a common saying with them, that "a greedy man is a serpent who wants to swallow an elephant."

He who chatters much to no purpose, "climbs a tree to catch fish."

We hope the time will soon come when the Chinese will receive "the true sayings of God," when they shall not only be wise for this world, but be wise unto salvation through faith in Christ Jesus.



THE ICICLE AND THE SNOWDROP ;

OR, PRIDE WILL HAVE A FALL.

AN icicle, so runs my tale,

Hung from a cottage wall ;

Below, there lived a snowdrop pale,

Sheltering her petals small.

The icicle all solid seemed,

And hour by hour he grew ;

Rightly the passers by, he deemed,

Turned round his form to view.

He chanced to look upon the ground,
And there the snowdrop spied,
Just peeping through a snowy mound,
And thus spake he in pride :—

“ Look up, small thing, a wondrous sight
Is hanging o’er your head ;
See *me* in growing splendour bright,
While *thou* art nearly dead.”

Such talk he held, when lo ! a breeze
From southern quarters came ;
And soon the air had ceased to freeze,
All moist he felt his frame.

Drops from him fell upon the flower,
While sunshine came in gleams ;
Refreshed, as by a gentle shower,
She sprang to meet the beams.

But fears within his bosom woke,
He trembled to his fall,
Till with a sudden bound he broke,
And dashed against the wall ;

And rolled into the kennel soon,
All wet with mud and mire ;
No form was left to him by noon—
I saw him there expire.

But first he groaned out, “ Look on me,
(I speak to one and all) ;
Great was my pride : now learn from me
That pride will have a fall.”



AMY'S NEW HOME.

CHAPTER V.

AMY soon found that there was plenty for her to do in her new home. Her aunt was not very strong; the house was seldom tidy and clean, except on a Sunday; and yet Amy saw that her aunt never seemed to have time to rest or to enjoy herself. Amy had been used to such a different kind of life, and had been trained

to such different habits in her mother's quiet cottage, that she felt the present change more than most children would. But she did not talk about it, nor did she set herself the task of trying to put everything to rights. She was too young to undertake this, or indeed to think of it. All she attempted was to give all the help she could, and to give it in the best way she could. She knew that since her uncle and aunt were kind enough to provide for her, it was her duty to make herself useful to them in return. And she had not many idle moments; for her aunt, finding her so handy and busy, kept her pretty well employed from morning till night. It was constantly, "Amy, do this;" "Amy, fetch that;" "Amy, run there;" everybody, from her uncle down to little Alice, applied to her if they wanted any help, and seemed to take it as a matter of course that she should attend to them. Amy was often very tired, and longed to have a little quiet time to herself; but when the house-work was finished, there was a never-ending quantity of needle-work to do; and besides that, there was always Alice to be amused, or to be carried out-of-doors.

Amy would not have minded the hard work, if it had always had kind words along with it. But her aunt was often hard to please in little things; and her cousins were very trying at times. And Amy's temper was by no means perfect. She could not always return good for evil, nor bear in mind that "a soft answer turneth away wrath." She got angry, and made matters worse by her efforts at self-defence. And then afterwards she was very unhappy.

Still, these little daily troubles did Amy good. They

taught her that she was weak and sinful. She would never have learned what were her besetting faults, if such trials had not brought them out clearly to view. Nor would she otherwise have known what a precious Saviour Jesus is. But now, when she was vexed and sorrowful, she told him what distressed her, and asked him to forgive and help her; and she did not ask in vain. He comforted her by the sweet promises of his love, and he sent his Holy Spirit to strengthen her, when she was tempted to do wrong, and to make her gentle, and meek, and forbearing. And he lightened the work that Amy sometimes grew weary of, by reminding her that it was work to be done for him.

One day, Amy, quite worn out with the fault-finding of her aunt, and with Esther's ill-natured speeches, ran away into her bedroom, and, sitting down on her box, began to cry. She felt very miserable. "Esther did not have to work so hard, why should she? Besides, take what trouble she would, she could not please her aunt. It was a shame she should have to slave so." Then she thought of her mother's soft tones and loving manner, and of the encouraging words she had so often heard from her lips in days gone by: oh, how different all would have been had her mother lived! How gladly would Amy have toiled for *her*.

Just then, Amy remembered what the kind minister had said to her about her new duties, in her new home; how she was to think of them as the work which she was to do for Jesus. "But I have not looked at them in that way," said Amy, in a tone of half-surprise to herself; "I have quite forgotten it till

now. I will try and recollect that the Lord has put me here, and given me the work I have to do; and that he knows just how hard it is, and sees the pains that I take with it. I think I shall get on better now. It is so nice to feel that he cares for a poor child like me; and that he is pleased with me when I strive to act rightly, and to do what aunt wishes me."

From that time, Amy went to work more cheerfully. She was influenced by a new and better motive now, and it helped her on greatly. While her mother lived, Amy's love for her was so strong, that it led her to oblige and obey her mother as often as she could. But since her mother died, Amy had worked from duty, not from love, and it was not half so pleasant to her. Now, all her little daily duties were to be done from love to Jesus. Oh, how that thought sweetened each! How much easier Amy found them when she met them in this spirit! Are you surprised at this, dear young reader? Then I am sure you have never tried the plan yourself. You have not yet learned, as Amy had, to say, with an old poet—

"Teach me, my God and King,

In all things thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee.

All may of thee partake;
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with this tincture, "*for thy sake,*"
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine."

"Sweeping a room" is a servant's act; but if it be done from love to Christ, from the desire to please him by being faithful in little things, he does not despise nor overlook it. Amy believed this, and it often made her happy. Her aunt might find fault with her unjustly, or might forget to notice how diligently she worked; but her Saviour's gracious eye was always upon her, and he marked her humblest effort to serve him.

Not many months had passed after Amy came to live with her uncle and aunt, before there was some improvement to be seen in the house, and in the ways of the family. You may wonder how a gentle little girl like Amy could have begun it, or have helped it forwards. But it was because she was so gentle that Amy was so useful. She did not make much noise, and she said very little; but she quietly did what wanted doing, and she did it well.

Amy kept her own bed-room neat and tidy. It was well aired and well dusted. The small window used to be so clouded that she could hardly see through it, but a little rubbing soon made it bright and clear. The old table with its three legs looked none the worse for having a white cover to it; and a sheet almanack, and two or three Scripture prints in frames, gave a cheerful look to the white-washed walls. Esther laughed at Amy for being so particular about a room which nobody but themselves saw; but she soon began herself to try and make the other rooms tidier also. If one front window was cleaned, it was necessary to clean the other, in order that they might both look alike outside; and as Amy was willing to

do all the roughest parts of the work, Esther could hardly help taking the lighter parts.

It was the same down-stairs. Amy managed, after a time, to get the meals in a more orderly fashion. She generally laid the cloth and set out the table, and she did it as carefully as if it had been in a lady's parlour. Why should not she? Why should poor people have things "anyhow," because they are poor? If the cups were common blue and white ware, they were quite clean; if the old teapot was common metal, it was bright as silver; if the knives were much worn, they were well polished, and each article was put in its proper place. At first, some remarks were made about "Amy's fidgetty ways;" but as she took all the trouble upon herself, and did not ask any one to help her, no one could very well find fault: and when they were used to the tidiness, they liked it better than the former confusion. It was so all through the house. Amy never complained, never said that things ought to be done better; but she did all she could herself, according to the nice methods which her mother had taught her; and her aunt and cousins, almost without knowing it, fell into the same plans. I think the great secret of Amy's success was her quiet, humble spirit.

Amy's new home, merely in outward comfort, was certainly all the better for her living in it. Now, you may not think it signifies very much whether people are tidy or untidy, orderly or disorderly. But it does. Such habits have a great deal to do with their tempers and happiness. An uncomfortable home often destroys peace in-doors, and drives boys into the

streets. Will the little girls who are reading this story, try to remember this?

But Amy did even more good in her new home by her gentle and loving temper, than by her industry. Being an only child, and living alone with her mother, she had not mixed much with other children, and when she first came to her aunt's she did not quite fit in with her cousins. She had not found her right place among them. But when she got more used to them and their ways, and above all, when she had found grace to be kind, and meek, and forgiving towards them, Amy seldom disagreed with them. She tried to suit them, and was ready, in general, to give up her will to theirs.

George and Esther went to school; Amy was to have her turn when the spring came; but Johnny and Alice were always at home, and Amy soon became their best friend. She had quite won Johnny's affections, by staying at home with him and showing him her best pictures that Sunday evening, and she took good care not to lose them. The poor little fellow had been very much indulged, on account of his lameness; but he was a thoughtful child, and minded, more than either of the others, what Amy said to him. A look from her, or a half-whispered word, when he was going to be disobedient, checked him better than all her aunt's scolding. Amy helped him to be more patient and cheerful, not only by telling him about the meek and lowly Jesus, but also by finding nice little employments for him. He could not run about like other little boys, and he often got cross for want of something else to do. Amy showed him how to draw

little pictures, and lent him her own paint-box to colour them; and she taught him how to write copies and to do easy sums on his slate; and how to make a cabbage-net with some twine that his father gave him. And when he was not in the humour to do these sort of things, she would draw his thoughts away from himself, by asking him to mind Alice for a little while, while her aunt and she were busy, and thus make him feel that, lame and feeble as he was, he was really of some service to others. Everybody likes to feel that, and it is a right sort of feeling too. So Johnny was much happier than he used to be, and it was all through "Cousin Amy."

Amy's new home had certainly wanted her in it.

BIRDS IN JAPAN.

BIRDS are treated very kindly in Japan. They are never killed for sport; and little troughs are scooped out in the tombstones, which priests fill every morning with fresh water for their drink. During the stay of some American ships, a number of officers started one day to go shooting. As soon as the Japanese saw the cruel death of their birds, they went to the captain and begged him to put a stop to such conduct. There was no more bird-shooting in Japan by American officers after that; and, when the treaty between the two countries was concluded, one condition of it was that the birds should always be protected.



PICTURES OF THE MONTH.

MAY.

THE village children are now away gathering hawthorn flowers, and their merry voices are heard through the woods. Hour after hour they spend, when not at school, chasing one another among the mazy paths, and then homeward they run, each carrying a good long bough, rudely torn from a tree, or with a bunch of may in their hands. As the month advances birds sing in every hedge, and trees and flowers come out in their greenness and beauty. Cowslips abound in the mea-

dows, the lily of the valley is found in the moist lane, and the honeysuckle climbs around the cottage window. Bees then begin to hive, and the latest of our summer birds arrive. "The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle (dove) is heard in the land."

A MAY DAY SONG.

The flowers are blooming everywhere,
On every hill and dell;
And oh! how beautiful they are,
How sweetly, too, they smell!

The young lambs bleat and frisk about,
The bees hum round their hive;
The butterflies are coming out:
'Tis good to be alive.

See, yonder bird spreads out his wings,
And mounts the clear blue skies;
And hark! how merrily he sings,
As far away he flies.

Go forth, my child, and laugh and play,
And let your cheerful voice
With birds and brooks, and merry May,
Cry out, Rejoice, rejoice!

I would not check your bounding mirth,
My happy little boy;
For He who made this blooming earth
Smiles on an infant's joy.



WHICH GAVE THE MOST ?

MANY years ago, on the borders of Scotland, lived Rosa Montague, the only daughter of her parents. Rosa was very much petted and spoilt. It was her parents' greatest joy to see her happy; and they spared no pains to make her so. But, we regret to say, Rosa grew up proud and self-willed. She thought only of her own pleasure, and cared for no one but herself.

Far different was the life of Mary Browning, the gardener's eldest child. She had four younger brothers and sisters, and was obliged to be their nurse and playmate in turn. Instead of everybody giving way to her, as they did to Rosa, she had to give way to everybody, and to bear with all the tempers of her little brothers and sisters; and if ever she was cross to them she was often scolded, and told that "she ought to know better, a great girl of her age." One day, as Mary was walking in the road with the baby, Rosa passed by in her pony carriage; Mary stood on one side of the road to let the carriage pass; but, to her great surprise, Miss Rosa drew up her ponies, and turning to Mary said, "Mary, I wish you to pick me a bunch of white violets, and to bring them to our house to-night, and you shall have sixpence for them." Without another word, she lightly touched her ponies with the whip, and the carriage spun on again, much to the astonishment of Mary, who remained looking after it, to make sure her eyes did not deceive her. Sixpence to her seemed quite a fortune. She had never possessed so much in her life, and she at once

set to work to hunt for the violets, and in an hour had gathered a beautiful bunch : then Mary walked home as quickly as she could.

That evening Mary took the violets to the manor-house, and received the promised sixpence.

A hundred thoughts came into her mind as she walked home, about how she should spend it. Everything seemed too dear ; so she resolved to keep her sixpence till she could think of something she really wanted.

Perhaps Mary's first thought in the morning, and her last at night, was about her sixpence : it seemed to come between her and her little troubles ; there was hardly an hour that passed in the day, but she went to her work-box to see if her sixpence was quite safe, and to have another look at her treasure.

One Sunday morning there was a collection at church, to send Bibles and missionaries to foreign countries : Mary was there ; and, as she watched the plate pass round, she felt that she also ought to give something ; but she had only her sixpence, and how to part with it she did not know. However, when Mary was convinced that a thing was right, she seldom failed to do it ; and, as she really knew that she ought to give something, she made up her mind to do so. But when all the things that she had meant to buy came fresh into her mind, she felt it would be very hard to give them up ; so she prayed to God to help her to do what was right ; and when the plate came close to her, she put in the sixpence. And now, which do you think gave the most ? Miss Rosa, who, in the same church, put in a bright sovereign, that her papa

had given her for that purpose; or Mary, who gave her one only sixpence? Rosa gave of her abundance; but Mary had denied herself, that she might give her only piece of money. There was "a readiness to will:" so, also, there was a performance out of that which she had. May we all know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, "who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich."

EDITH.

THE NEW RICHES.

RICHES of all sorts are in great demand: but how they perish! Fire burns them, robbers steal them, waters sink them, and by a little change of the times they take wings and fly away. A man may go to bed thinking he is rich. The next morning all his property may be gone. Is there no better riches? We know there is. There is something which goes by the name of the "true riches."

Go with me in your thoughts to New Zealand. A few years ago four young men came to a place where a missionary was, and begged him in the name of their father, who was chief of a distant inland village, to come and tell them the "good news." The missionary went, and how gladly did they receive the good news of the Son of God coming to this world to save people from their sins! The chief and his sons cast off their idols, became Christians, and were baptized.

Five years after, in one of his long journeys, the missionary again visited this little village. As he came out of the dark wood through which the road ran, he

heard sounds of sorrow, and soon learned that the old chief was dead. The missionary sat down on the very spot where he parted from Karepa—for that was the chief's name. On one side was his grave, and on the other the little chapel he had built, and in which he had taught his people. Soon the villagers came forward; all were weeping; and each one, as he took the missionary's hand, pressed his forehead, and said, "Accept the dying love of Karepa." After this his son told the missionary of his sickness and death. When he found he could not get well, he called his family around him, and spoke a long time.

"You well know," said the dying chief, "that I have from time to time brought you much riches. I used to bring you muskets, hatchets, and blankets; but I afterwards heard of the *new riches*, called faith. I sought it. I went a long and dangerous journey to see some natives who had heard of it, but they could not satisfy me. I sought further, but in vain. I then heard of a white man called Hadfield, and that with him was the spring where I could fill my dry and empty calabash. I travelled to his place, but he was gone away sick. I came back to you, my children, dark-minded. Many days passed. The snows fell; they melted; the tree-buds opened, and the paths of our forests were again passable. We heard of another white man who was going about our mountains, and through forests and swamps, giving drink from his calabash to the poor natives, remnants of the tribes once mighty, but now dwelling by twos and threes among the roots of the trees, among the high reeds by the brooks in the valleys.

"I sent four of my children to meet him. They saw his face. Yes, you talked with him. You brought me a drop of water from his calabash. You told me he said he would come to this far-off spot to see me. I rejoiced. I disbelieved his coming, but I said, He may. I built the chapel; we waited, expecting. You slept at nights; I did not. He came; he came forth from the long forest. I saw him; I shook hands with him. Yes, I saw a missionary's face; I sat in his tent; I tasted his new food. My heart leaped within me. I listened; I ate his words. Yes, I listened, and he told me about God and his Son Jesus Christ, and of peace and mercy, and of a Father's home beyond the stars. And now I too drank from his calabash, and was refreshed. He gave me a book too, as well as words. I laid hold of the new riches for me and you, and we have it now.

"My children, I am old; I am going. The sun is sinking behind the great western hills; it will soon be night: but hear me. Hold fast the *new riches*, the *great riches*, the *true riches*. We have had plenty of sin and pain and death, and we have been troubled by many; but we have the true riches. Hold fast the true riches which Karepa has sought."

Here the old man became faint, and stopped talking. The next day he said, "My children, it is well; it is good. I shall go to the world of spirits. It is well. Hold fast the *true riches* when I am gone. God be merciful to me a sinner!"



THE SALE OF THE PET LAMB.

A LOW-ROOFED cottage stood on the sunny side of the hill. One or two large trees threw their friendly shade over it, and the rose-bush at the door had been so carefully trained, that in summer some of the roses hid their blossoms among the thatch, while others nodded to the honeysuckle which twined round its branches below. And the thrush that occupied the wicker-eage at the other side of the porch, sung aloud with all his might every morning before Farmer Giles and his family had opened their eyes. Not that the farmer was a late riser; he knew the value of time too well for that, and five o'clock seldom found him in bed.

"What's well begun is half done," was a favourite saying with Farmer Giles; so each day, when the early rays of the sun peeped in at the window, they saw the strong man on bended knee, asking the blessing of God on himself, his work, and his family. He then went cheerfully to his daily toil, along with his two elder boys, Bill and Jem. Where there is a will, a way soon is found; and so, while one of the boys worked with his father in the fields, the others led the cow to pasture, swept up the yard, gathered bundles of brushwood for firing, or drew water from the well. But, however busy they might be, they never forgot to visit the little white lamb their father had given them. Its mother had died, but the little orphan was well taken care of; there was not, indeed, a child in the farm, from Bill, who was nearly twelve years old, down to Betsy, who could not speak plainly, that

would not much sooner have gone without any breakfast than that Beauty, the snow-white lamb, should be hungry. And while Matty was helping her mother to dress the baby, or clean up the kitchen, or set the breakfast, Betsy often slipped away to the stream in the wood, where, having gathered a pinaforeful of flowers, she sat down to make a garland for Beauty's neck. The lamb, being duly adorned, was led by Betsy to meet their father as he came to his morning meal. The kind father patted his children's heads, and, lifting his little daughter on his shoulder, used to call her his lamb.

The breakfast of milk and coarse brown bread did not taste less sweetly because the farmer often talked of Jesus, the Shepherd who did more for his sheep than the children had done for their gentle pet; how this loving Shepherd not only gathered the lambs with his arm and carried them in his bosom, but had really died to save them. Jem and Matty were soon on their way to the village school, where Beauty would doubtless have followed them if the younger children had not coaxed it to remain at home, by getting a bowl of milk from their mother, who was sure by that time to be milking the cow. And as they knelt and held the warm milk to the lips of the lamb, those gentle eyes looked up to theirs in gratitude, so that Betsy, in the fulness of her love, could scarcely wait until the drink was finished, to throw her arms round its neck, and call it her "dear, dear Beauty." The lamb, too, had its own way of showing love; for sometimes of an evening, when the children sat at the cottage door, Beauty would steal up near them, touching them as if

to attract attention, while she uttered a plaintive little cry.

But, before long, a sad change came over that cheerful cottage. One morning, the farmer did not get up as usual to his work, and the boys were much alarmed by their mother stepping out into the kitchen to tell them no noise should be made, for that father was very ill—so ill, that Jem must run for the doctor. Fear and love lent speed to poor Jem's feet, and before half an hour, he stood breathless at the doctor's door—not now, as formerly, to gaze idly at the wonderful red and blue bottles which filled that shop window, but to deliver his sad message, and then hasten back to the farm. The visit of the doctor only made the children more uneasy, for he shook his head when Mrs. Giles asked him some question about her husband, and stroked Betsy's curls with a sigh, as he passed out.

Three long weeks passed, and still the fever raged. Every voice was softened to a whisper, and the little children felt as if it was almost wrong to be merry. Sometimes they turned away from the house, where every one was too busy or too sorrowful to talk much to them, and found a companion in their pet lamb.

Matty alone had learned where to look for true help. She remembered a verse she had been taught long ago: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." And God answered the prayers she put up for her dear father, though not in the way she expected. She asked life for him, but it was life with the Saviour in heaven her father was

going to enjoy. The minister visited the sick-room, and the listening little ones heard him pray for the dying man, and those who were so soon to be orphans.

A few days more, and all was sad and still, though there was no fear now of disturbing their father's sleep, for the neighbours had come to lay him to rest in the quiet graveyard.

Some months rolled by, but things did not get on so prosperously as when Farmer Giles lived. The rent day was very near, and the widow had only a light purse and a heavy heart to meet it. The money which had been laid up was all spent in the sickness and funeral of her husband; and even after everything which could be spared was disposed of, there were still several shillings to be made up. What was to be done? If Mr. Jervis, the agent, would wait a few weeks until harvest, all might be right. But there was no hope of such forbearance from him, for he only wished to find a pretence for turning widow Giles out, that he might give her farm to his brother. She glanced at the old silver watch which hung over the mantelpiece, and thought of selling it. No, no, that could not be parted with, for her husband had worn it ever since the first day she knew him. At length she thought of the pet lamb. It seemed very hard to part with her children's playfellow; however, she made up her mind to call her gentle Matty, with Bill, who had grown so steady and useful since his father's death, and consult them about the matter. Bill's cheek grew crimson, as he declared that Beauty should never be sold. "Never, while my name is

Bill Giles. Mother, I'll go to sea, and send you home plenty of money to pay the rent."

Matty, very much frightened by this threat, threw her arms round his neck, while the tears chased each other down her cheek. "Dear brother, do not say so; what would we all do without you? You must never go to sea, Bill, but stay and take care of us. How I wish I were old enough to be a servant at the great house, for then Beauty need not be sold." Matty's confidence in her brother's care was not without its effect on him, and he was at length persuaded to consent to the sale of the pet lamb, promising to keep the secret from the younger children, the only favour he asked being, not to be required to carry the message to the butcher whom they expected to buy it.

So widow Giles herself walked into the village, and next morning the butcher and his boy were seen at the farm. Bill, who had sobbed himself to sleep the night before, clasped the pretty creature with both arms, while Matty sadly raised an overflowing bowl to its mouth. The secret could no longer be kept from Jem, and Betsy soon learned all from him. "See that big boy with the cord in his hand," cried Jem, pulling his old straw-hat over his eyes to hide the blinding tears; "look, he is coming to bind Beauty." And, bending over his elder brother, he whispered in his ear, "Away, Bill; away with Beauty to yonder copse," pointing with his finger as he spoke, "and I'll engage I shall prevent the boy from following you." The butcher's boy came on unmoved, but little Jem rushed against him with all the force he could com-

mand, trying to drive him back. "Go, go, naughty butcher-boy; you shall not get our Beauty."

But what was the conversation which took place at the cottage-door, where widow Giles stood with the baby in her arms? Betsy heard it all, for there she was, her face half covered in her pinafore, while even that strange dog looked up in pity as she pulled hard at her mother's gown to prevent her taking the money just now placed in her hand. "Why, how is this, Mrs. Giles?" asked the butcher; "I never in my life saw such a fuss about an animal. To be sure 'tis uncommon fat, and I am not backward in giving a good price for it, as you see. The Squire will be glad of a quarter to-morrow."

This was too much for the widow; she told how tenderly her children loved the lamb, the gift of their father; how their very lives seemed bound up with it, until even the butcher's heart was touched; and, while he insisted that she should keep the money as a loan, refused to deprive them of Beauty. We need not speak of the joy in the farm that morning. The rent was paid in full, the harvest soon piled the barns with plenty, the butcher's timely assistance was paid back with the interest of many a blessing, and every month prospects have been brightening for the widow and her children, since the day fixed for the sale of the pet lamb.

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

THERE was once a little girl of three years old, who taught her servant to fear God. Her name was Mary,

and she lived in India. One day she was walking out in a grove with her heathen servant, and saw him stop at a small Hindoo temple, and bow down to the stone image before the door.

Mary now said, "Saamy, what for you do that?" "Oh, missy," said he, "that is my god." "Your god!" cried the child, "your god, Saamy! Why, your god cannot see, cannot hear, cannot walk; your god is stone. My God make you, make me, make everything." Yet Saamy still, whenever he passed the temple, bowed down to his idol, and still the child spoke to him of his folly. Though the old man would not mind, yet he loved his little teacher. Once, when he thought she was going to England, he said to her, "What will poor Saamy do when missy go to England? Saamy no father, no mother."

"Oh, Saamy," replied Mary, "if you love God, he will be to you as a father and mother."

The poor man promised, with tears in his eyes, that he would love God. "Then," said she, "you must learn my prayers;" and she began to teach him the Lord's Prayer. Soon afterwards, Mary's father was surprised to see him enter the room at the time of family prayers, and still more surprised to see him take off his turban or hat, kneel down, and repeat the Lord's Prayer after his master. The teachings of little Mary had brought the old man to God. Saamy did not only bow the knee, he worshipped in spirit and in truth, and became a real Christian.



THE STILT BIRD.

THIS bird is a native of the eastern parts of Russia, and is also found in other districts in Asia. Its home is among the salt lakes and on the borders of inland seas. Its bill is long, slender, and slight; its body is like that of the English plover. Its long stilt-like legs show its habit, which is to wade into the water of the marshes in search of food. Its feet are webbed like

a duck's, so that, should it be carried by a current out of its depth, it soon regains the shore. The wings are also of good service, for its flight is very rapid. The plumage is black and white.



EVERY-DAY WONDERS ;

OR, FACTS ABOUT OURSELVES.

PART V.—CIRCULATION AND RESPIRATION.

THERE are some more facts about the circulation of the blood and our respiration that we will speak of. The arteries, you remember, carry the blood from the heart, while the veins carry it back to the heart. Now if an artery be cut it will bleed much more freely than a vein, because the heart is pumping the blood into it. This, too, is the reason that it bleeds with a quick jerk, and not in a slow, steady stream, as a vein does. It is very dangerous, then, to wound an artery, and persons sometimes bleed to death if a very large artery be wounded.

Now, because there is so much danger in wounding arteries, the all-wise Creator has guarded them much more carefully than he has the veins, so that they are very seldom cut. Look about on your limbs, and you can see a great many veins ; but you cannot see any arteries. They lie deeper. They lie so deep that there is only here and there one that you can feel. You can feel one at the wrist, where the physician always feels the pulse, which is the beating of the artery. There are but few other places where you can find one. And

yet there are arteries in every part of the body, carrying the good red blood everywhere to nourish it.

Sometimes very special pains are taken to guard an artery. For instance, at the knee, the artery which goes down to supply the leg below, and the foot, does not lie in front, or at the side, where it would be apt to be wounded, but it goes down behind, and lies deep in the flesh. So also at the elbow, the artery does not go along on any of those bones that you feel so plainly there. It dips down deep in the bend of the arm in front, where it cannot be readily hurt.

It will, perhaps, be well for you to know what to do if you see a person that has had an artery wounded. For want of such knowledge, many a person has bled to death before a surgeon could get to him. Because people do not understand the circulation of the blood, they are very apt to wind cloths loosely around a limb that is bleeding. This does no good. It only catches the blood, but does not stop the bleeding. The way to stop it is to tie a handkerchief, or something like it, tight around the limb, over the wound; or, what is better, a little above it. Then, if the bleeding does not stop, put a stick into the handkerchief and twist it around until you see the blood stops running. Hold on now till the surgeon comes, and he will give you the praise of doing your part well, and then he will go on to do his. What his is, it is not necessary for you to know. You want to know only what your own duty is.

Now I wish to tell you something more about the respiration. The lungs are very different in different animals. The gills are the lungs of the fish. But

how, you will ask, does the fish get at the air while he lives in the water? It is done in this way. There is always some air in the water. Now, the fish lets the water run into his mouth, and then out through the feather-shaped gills; and the air in the water purifies the blood in the fine blood-vessels which spread all over the gills, just as the air acts on the blood in the little blood-vessels in our lungs. The fish, then, may be said to breathe air and water together. We could not do this, because our lungs are not fitted, like the lungs or gills of the fish, to separate the air from the water. We should be drowned if we should try to do it. And then, again, the fish dies when he is taken out of the water, because his lungs are not fitted, like ours, to the air alone; he must have his air mixed up with water, or it is of no use to him.

The lungs of winged insects are mere air-vessels in the sides of the body. You can see the holes leading to them. In the grasshopper there are twenty-four of these holes, in four rows.

The chief use of the respiration, as I have told you before, is to let the air into the blood to purify it. But the Creator almost always makes a thing useful in other ways besides the use for which it is particularly designed. Now see if you can think to what other use the breathing is applied besides the one which I have said so much about.

Could you talk if you could not breathe? No. Could you talk if you breathed water and air as the fishes do? No. They do not talk, nor make any noise like these noises that are made by animals living in

the air. Some animals can live both in the water and in the air. This is the case with the frog. If you watch the frog you will see that he makes no noise when under water, but he does all his croaking when he puts his head up into the air.

I suppose that you would like to have me explain in what way the breath is used in talking; that is, how the voice is made. I will tell you. You feel in the upper part of your neck, in front, a firm part, commonly called Adam's apple. That is your music-box; that is, it is the place where your voice is made whenever you speak or sing. And it is made in this way:—In that box are two flat cords stretching right across it. When you breathe out the air, the breath strikes on these cords, and a sound is made, just as, when you blow on a clarionet, the air striking on the reed makes the sound.

The lungs are the bellows to this little organ in your throat. They hold the air which is blown out through the windpipe, and then through the music-box, to make the voice.

But you do not make a sound in the music-box every time that you breathe out air. How is this? When the little cords in the box are loose, they do not make any sound. When you speak or sing, these cords are tightened. You know that in a violin the cords must be stretched tight or they will give no sound. And so it is with the cords in your throat.

When you whisper, these cords are loose, and the air goes quietly by them, and the noise is made by the mouth and lips. So when you whistle, the cords have nothing to do, and the air passes by them, and

the sound is produced by it as it passes out through the lips.

How wonderful it is that all the different sounds of the voice are made in that little box ! When you hear a person sing, just think that all those notes, from the highest to the lowest, are made on the little short cords that I have spoken of. Thus you will have some idea of the perfection of this musical instrument compared with any that man has ever made. Surely all the works of God show forth his praise. Let us praise him with our hearts and voice.

QUESTIONS ON THE GOSPEL HARMONY.

LESSON IX.—THE PRESENTATION OF THE CHILD IN THE TEMPLE.

Luke ii. 21—38.

21. By what name was he called ?—What is the signification of this name ?—Which of the angels is here mentioned ? Luke i. 26.

22. Who brought the child to Jerusalem ?

23. Why was this offering of the first-born required ? Ex. xiii. 15.

24. Who offered this sacrifice ? Lev. xii. 6. Why did not Mary bring a lamb ? Lev. xii. 8.

25. What is it to be just and devout ? What is meant by the consolation of Israel ?—How was Simeon waiting for it ?—What reason had he to expect his coming then ?

26. Explain the words “should not see death.”—How did God then reveal himself to his people ?

27. What brought Simeon to the temple?

28. Whom did Simeon take in his arms?

29. What did he mean by departing?—What is meant by the expression “according to thy word?”—What is it to depart in peace?—Who are they that have a peaceful end? Ps. xxxvii. 37.

30. What does he mean by salvation? Why is Jesus so called?

31. Who are invited to be saved?

32. How was Christ a light to the Gentiles? Acts xiv. 15.—Who are the Gentiles?—By what means is the light now spreading among the Gentiles?—In what sense was he the glory of Israel?

33. What is here meant by “marvelled?”

34. What is meant by Simeon’s blessing them?—How did Christ occasion the rise and fall of many?—Mention some passages of our Lord’s life, where he was made a sign to be spoken against? Matt. xi. 19; xxvi. 65, 67; xxvii. 40, 45.—How does this sign differ from that in verse 12? Ps. lxxiv. 4.

35. When did this prediction come to pass?—What was to reveal the thoughts of many?—Does the conduct of men towards Christ reveal the true state of their hearts?

36. What other prophetesses are spoken of in the Bible?

37. Which were the hours of prayer at the temple? Acts ii. 15, and iii. 1.—Will fasting and prayer atone for our sins?—What alone can wash away sins?

38. Of whom did Anna speak?—Who were they that looked for redemption in Jerusalem?—What is redemption?

LESSON I.—THE WISE MEN FROM THE EAST.

Matt. ii. 1—12.

1. Which of the Herods was this?—Over what people was he king?—In what part of Judea is Bethlehem?—Who were the wise men?—Why did they direct their steps to Jerusalem? Num. xxiv. 17.

2. Why did they make this inquiry?—In what direction had they seen the star?

3. Why did the intelligence trouble Herod?

4. Why did Herod refer to such a council?—What was his probable motive in doing it?—Who were the Scribes?

5. By what means was an answer prepared?—What prophecy do they quote. Micah v. 2.

6. What other Bethlehem was there in Palestine? Josh. xix. 15.

7. Why did Herod consult the wise men privately?—What was the object of this inquiry?

8. Was this order given in faith or fear, or both?—Did Herod assign a true or a false reason for it?

9. What was the star here spoken of?

10. How were the wise men affected when they saw the star?—What was the cause of this great joy?—Ought not you to rejoice in the clearer light which you have? Heb. ii. 3.

11. What was the age of Jesus at this time?—How did they worship him?—What are frankincense and myrrh?—Give an instance to prove that it was the custom among the eastern nations to carry valuable

* The Magi, here translated *wise men*, were a class of philosophers in the east.

presents, when they wished to honour any great person.

12. Why was their return to Herod prevented?—
What evidence is there that these were godly men?

LITTLE PREACHERS.

WE have no words with which to tell
The truths that others teach,
And scarcely one would hearken well
Unto our childish speech.

Yet day by day, if we should try
To do the things we know,
The wisest that would pass us by,
Might wiser, holier, grow.

Our Saviour, Christ, a lesson taught
From lilies in the grass ;
From little birds, that quick as thought
Amongst the branches pass.

A wise man, and a holy one,
God's blessed word should preach ;
But, if by us *his will* be done,
Some truth may children teach.

If when our neighbour does us wrong,
An answer kind we make,
And bear it patiently and long,
A lesson he may take.

And sinner thus from sinner learns,
Something that God has taught ;
And by a lamp that feebly burns,
To holier light is brought.



AMY'S NEW HOME.

CHAPTER VI.

WEEKS and months passed away, and Amy and her cousins got on nicely together. Johnny was Amy's firm friend, and, in any trifling dispute, was always ready to defend *her* side. Amy's example had by degrees made Esther ashamed of her own idle and untidy ways; and, although she was very far yet

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from being as neat and as busy as her cousin, it was pleasant to see that she had taken many steps towards it.

Nor was George out of the reach of Amy's gentle influence. He did not, it is true, seem to care much for her, and he often teased and vexed her; but underneath his rough ways there was a warm heart, and Amy had, somehow or other, contrived to gain his good opinion. She did not, however, know it for a long time, and I am not sure that he did; but it was true for all that, and the rough boy was the better for it. Little by little he left off his tormenting ways towards her; and while he pretended not to care for her sayings and habits, he often allowed himself to be guided by them. Amy's kind, unselfish conduct had a good effect upon him.

He ran into the kitchen one morning, where his mother was kneading the dough for the baker. "Here, Amy," he shouted, "sew this button on my sleeve, please; it has just come off."

Amy was not there. "Amy is gone out on an errand," said his mother; "but Esther will be down directly, and she will do it for you."

"Oh no," said George, "I shall not ask her; she will make such a favour of it, and scold me into the bargain for being so careless. I would rather wait for Amy, for she never grumbles at me."

Was not George's good word in Amy's favour worth something? She would have thought it was, if she had heard it.

One Sunday afternoon Amy got ready to go to the house of God, as usual. Since her first Sunday in her

new home, Amy had kept steadily to this practice. Her aunt neither hindered nor helped her in so doing; so long as Amy did all that she wanted in the morning, she left her to do as she pleased herself in the afternoon; but Amy's cousins had often teased her about it, and her uncle sometimes seemed annoyed; and once, when Amy, by mistake, left her Bible in the kitchen, he told her angrily to take it out of his way, and not let him see it there again. But Amy was not to be turned aside out of the right way. She knew that if she did not observe God's day, she could not expect his blessing to rest upon her. Besides, she loved his house and his service, and was never so happy as when she was meekly listening to his word.

Well, this afternoon she came softly down stairs, intending to slip out, as she always did, without making any noise, when George met her in the passage with his best jacket and cap on. "Amy," he said, in his blunt way, "I shall go with you this afternoon; I want to see how I like it." What a pleasant surprise this was for Amy! She did not say much; she only said, "Oh, George, I am so glad!" but her bright looks plainly showed what were her feelings.

George behaved very well at Divine worship, and told Amy afterwards that he was not at all tired, except a little towards the end. When the heart is not really interested in religion, there is not much delight taken in the study of God's word. The day did come, although not for a long time, when George could say for himself, "Oh how love I thy law: it is my medi-

tation all the day. How sweet are thy words unto my taste: yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth." At present, the only reason why he went to God's house was to please Amy, and to do as she did. Still, it was a good thing to get him there at all; and Amy was very thankful when the next Sunday came, to have him again for her companion; and after that he went with her regularly. Amy was afraid that her uncle would be displeased, and order George to stay at home; but he did not seem to trouble himself about it. All the notice he took of it was, to say to his wife, "It is only a fancy of George's, and it will not last long; he will soon be tired of it; let him do as he likes." Perhaps George's father knew that his boy was safer than if he were rambling in the streets with idle lads.

Have you ever seen a tiny stream flowing softly along from day to day, a quiet blessing to all within its reach? Have you peeped at the modest violet, half-hidden from sight, that sheds such a sweet perfume around? Such was our little Amy's life in her new home. She was happy herself, and she was helping to make others happy. Had not she any troubles, then? Oh yes. The little stream, you know, has to push its way over large stones and tangled weeds; and the lowly violet has to bear the rough wind and the smart shower: but what then? The stream gathers strength, and the flower gains in sweetness. So Amy's troubles, as we have already seen, did her good, and made her more useful. Her aunt often said that she did not know what she should do without her. And her cousins loved her dearly. Amy's

mother little thought, when she parted from her child, how much good Amy would be the means of doing in her new home.

The winter was gone away, and the spring had come. And spring brought with it sickness and sorrow. Amy's uncle was very ill. A neglected cold brought on a severe disease; and the doctor, after he had been to visit him two or three times, shook his head, and looked very grave. The next day that he came, he spoke more plainly to Amy's aunt, and said that he could not hold out the least hope of her husband's recovery. It was a sad and trying time. It reminded Amy of her mother's illness and death; but oh! there was this difference—"Was her uncle prepared?" she thought. "Is he a Christian? What hope has he to rest upon now?"

Amy wept, and prayed earnestly that her uncle might repent of his past life, and find refuge in Jesus, the Saviour of sinners. Another day and night passed; and in the afternoon, Amy went to stay in her uncle's room for an hour, while her aunt tried to get a little sleep, which she much needed after being up all night. Amy was struck to see how much worse her uncle looked. She sat down sorrowfully beside him, and longed to speak to him of that peace which Jesus alone can give in a dying hour; but she did not know how to begin.

Presently her uncle opened his eyes, and spoke to her. "Amy," he said, faintly, "what did the doctor tell your aunt about me this morning?"

Amy's heart beat quickly; she was afraid to answer, and yet she dared not keep her uncle waiting.

So she replied, in as steady a tone as she could, "He said that you were very ill, uncle."

"Yes, yes, I know that; but did he say that I was dying, Amy? Tell me the truth, Amy: the doctor does not think I shall get better, does he?"

Amy's sad whisper, "No, uncle," was uttered without her knowing it. She felt frightened when she had said it. But her uncle seemed to have expected it.

"It is just as I thought," he said, mournfully. "But, Amy, I am not fit to die; oh! I cannot die yet." He turned away from her, and moaned.

"Would you like to have a minister sent for, uncle?" she asked, timidly.

"No, no, I don't want anybody to come; nobody can do me any good; I must die as I have lived; there is no hope for me now."

"Yes, dear uncle," said Amy, eagerly, "the Bible says there is hope even for the chief of sinners. 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'"

"Not from mine," said her uncle, "it cannot do that. I have despised the Saviour, and rejected his love, and I am beyond the reach of his mercy."

"Oh, no," said Amy, "that is not true, uncle. Jesus prayed for his very murderers when he was on the cross."

Her uncle was silent. But Amy's reply sank deep into his heart, and he often thought of it afterwards. She fetched her Testament, not feeling quite sure whether he would allow her to read to him; but he made no objection to her doing so, and she chose the third chapter of John, and went slowly through it.

He thanked her when she had finished it, but did not say anything more to her, and seemed disposed to sleep.

Amy sat by him, with a full and thankful heart, until her aunt returned. From that afternoon she was often with her uncle, reading the Scriptures to him, and trying in her own simple way to soothe his fears, and tell him of Jesus. He listened eagerly to her, for he longed to find peace.

In his healthful days, Amy's uncle had looked on Christian people as those who were "righteous overmuch;" although, even then, Amy's simple piety and upright conduct had made some impression on his mind. But when death seemed to come near, his spirit sank within him. He felt that the Bible was true, and without a Saviour he must perish for ever.

Happy are those who have found Jesus before sickness comes, for it is hard work seeking him on a dying bed. Remember that, dear young reader. Ill and feverish, Amy's uncle was often unable to think calmly, and sometimes he was quite insensible; and all that Amy could do was to pray for him.

But Amy's uncle did not die then. The doctor's fears were removed. He got slowly better, and was able before many weeks were over, to come down stairs again. He was a different man ever afterwards. His vows did not fade away, as such too often do. He was humble, thoughtful, and prayerful. He could say with David, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes," Ps. cxix. 71; and, in God's strength, he said, as Joshua did, "As for me, and my house, we will serve the Lord," Jos. xxiv. 15.

We may say "good-bye" to Amy now, with a light heart, for we are sure that her new home will be a happy home. And as we bid her farewell, let us learn from her early history this sweet lesson, that even children may help to make happier the homes in which they dwell.

THE SHEEP-FOLD.

DR. Thomson, who has been a missionary in Syria for more than twenty years, gives a pleasing account of eastern sheep-folds, sheep, and shepherds. We will give a few passages from a book, lately written by him:—

The country above us has ever been a favourite range for sheep and goats. Those low, flat buildings out on the sheltered side of the valley are sheep-folds. When the nights are cold, the flocks are shut up in them, but in ordinary weather they are merely kept within the yard. This, you observe, is defended by a wide stone wall, crowned all around with sharp thorns, which the prowling wolf will rarely attempt to scale. The leopard and panther of this country, when pressed with hunger, will overleap this thorny hedge, and with one bound land among the frightened fold. Then is the time to try the nerve and heart of the faithful shepherd. These humble types of Him who leadeth Joseph like a flock,* never leave their helpless charge alone, but accompany them by day, and abide with them at night. Nothing can be more Biblical than

* Psalm lxxx. 1.

this shepherd life, far away among the solitudes of "goodly Lebanon." See, the flocks are returning home as the evening draws on; and how pretty the black and spotted goats look, with their large liquid eyes, and long ears. If some sharp-witted Jacob



EASTERN SHEEP-FOLD.

should take all the spotted, ring-streaked, and speckled of these flocks, he would certainly get the largest share. The shepherd walks before them, and they follow after, while the dogs, that Job speaks of, bring up the rear.*

* Job xxx. 1.

These shepherd dogs, by the way, are not like those in other lands; the friend and companion of their masters, and fit to figure in poetry. This would not suit Job's disparaging comparison. They are a mean, ill-conditioned race, kept at a distance, kicked about and half-starved, with nothing noble or attractive about them.

Our Saviour says that the good shepherd, when he putteth forth his own sheep, goeth before them and they follow.* This is true to the letter. They are so tame and so trained, that they are sure to *follow* their keeper. He leads them forth from the fold, or from their houses in the villages, just where he pleases. It is his business to find pasture for them. It is necessary, therefore, that they should be taught to follow, and not to stray away into the unfenced fields of corn, which lie so temptingly on either side. Any one that thus wanders is sure to get into trouble. The shepherd calls sharply from time to time, to remind them of his presence. They know his voice, and follow on; but if a stranger call, they stop short, lift up their heads in alarm, and, if it is repeated, they turn and flee, because they know not the voice of a stranger. This is not the fanciful part of a parable; it is simple fact. I have often made the trial. The shepherd goes before, not merely to point out the way, but to see that it is safe. He is armed, in order to defend his charge, and in this he is very bold. Many conflicts with wild beasts occur, not unlike that given by David,† and in these very mountains; for, though there are

* John x. 4.

† 1 Sam. xvii. 34—36.

now no lions here, there are many wolves; and leopards and panthers, very fierce, prowl about these wild valleys. And when the thief and the robber come, (and come they do,) the faithful shepherd has often to put his life in his hand to defend his flock. I have known more than one case, in which he had to lay it down in the contest.

Each sheep has a name, to which it answers joyfully, and the kind shepherd is ever distributing choice portions, which he gathers for that purpose, to his favourites. These are the contented and happy ones; they are in no danger of getting lost or into mischief, nor do wild beasts or thieves come near them.

Isaiah has a beautiful reference to the Good Shepherd: "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young."* Generally, the shepherd does not *feed* his flock, except by leading them and guiding them where they may gather for themselves; but there are times when it is otherwise. Late in autumn, when the pastures are dried up, and in winter, in places covered with snow, he must furnish them with food or they die.

The prophet Micah, perhaps, had noticed the flocks feeding in the wilderness. He says: "Feed thy people with thy rod, the flock of thine heritage, which dwell solitarily in the wood, in the midst of Carmel: let them feed in Bashan and Gilead, as in the days of old."† The word "rod" signifies both to feed and to rule, and both ideas are natural. The shepherd always

* Is. xl. 11.

† Micah vii. 14.

carries a staff or rod with him when he goes forth to feed his flock. It is often bent or hooked at one end. With this staff he rules, and guides the flock to their green pastures, and defends them from their enemies. With it, also, he corrects them when disobedient, and brings them back when wandering. David, in the fourth verse of the 23rd Psalm, has reference to the shepherd and his kind offices, and among them he speaks of this rod: "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me"—the very way in which these are employed by the good shepherd in the discharge of his office.

Thus do we see that the office and duties of a shepherd in the east, in the present day, serve to confirm and illustrate the accounts given to us in the Holy Bible of the shepherd's life in former ages. May the blessed Saviour be our Shepherd.



QUESTIONS ON THE GOSPEL HARMONY.

LESSON XI.—FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.—HEROD'S CRUELTY.

Matt. ii. 13—23. Luke ii. 39.

13. Where were Joseph and Mary at this time?—How far distant was Egypt?—In what direction is Egypt from Bethlehem?

14. Why did Joseph depart by night?—What probably enabled him to bear the cost of the journey?

15. How long did they remain in Egypt?—What passage in the prophets is meant?*

* Hosca xi. 1, is usually cited as the passage meant.

16. How was Herod *mocked* by the wise men?—Why did Herod limit the age of the victims?

17. Which of the prophets is here referred to?—What passage in his prophecy was verified?

18. Where was Ramah situated?—To what event does the prophet refer? Jeremiah xxxi. 15.

19. How did Joseph know that Herod was dead?—What angel was this? Verse 13.

20. Which was the land of Israel?—Who, besides Herod, were dead?

21. In what manner, probably, did they travel?

22. Who was Archelaus?—In what part of his father's kingdom did he reign?—Why was Joseph afraid of him?—In what part of the land of Israel is Galilee?

23. Who governed Galilee at this time?—When had Joseph dwelt at Nazareth before?—To what prophecies did Matthew refer?—Did Herod, with all his care, bring his designs to pass?

LESSON XII.—JESUS GOES TO THE PASSOVER, BEING
TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.

Luke ii. 40—52.

40. In what sense did Jesus wax strong in spirit?—What kind of wisdom is here spoken of? Isaiah xi.

2.—What is meant by grace, in this passage?

41. When was the Passover instituted? Exod. xii.

* The general tenor of the prophecies seems to be the point intended in this reference. The term *Nazarene* signified the same when Matthew wrote, and hence, probably, he used it in the present case. John i. 46; Acts xxiv. 5.

—Why was it called the Passover?—By what other name was it known? Luke xxii. 1.—At what time was it celebrated? Lev. xxiii. 5.—Of whose blood was the blood of the lamb a sign?—What happened to those families on whose houses the blood of the lamb was not sprinkled?—What will become of sinners, if they are not washed in the blood of Christ?

42. How often did the males attend the Passover? Ex. xxxiv. 18—23.—Is it not the duty of parents to take their children to the house of God?

43. How long was the Passover held? Ex. xii. 18.—To what place were they returning?

44. What company was this?—How do you account for this mistake?

45. How do parents feel when their children are lost?

46. What was the Temple?—Who built the first Temple?—What became of that Temple? 2 Chron. xxxvi. 14—21?—Who began to build the Temple that stood when Jesus was on earth? Ezra i. 2, 3, 5.—What doctors were these?

47. Why was the company astonished?—Did they know who he was?

48. Does Mary express concern or complaint?—Why does she mention their sorrow?

49. What fault or error does this answer imply?—To what Father does Jesus allude?

50. Why did they not comprehend his answer?

51. How did Jesus regard their parental authority?—Whose sayings are here spoken of?

52. What does his increase in wisdom and stature prove?

THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

I HAVE a little book at home, it has been mine for years ;
 There's many, many a leaf within that's blotted with
 my tears :

The covers are defaced, and e'en the gilding worn with
 age,
 And pencil-marks are scattered round on nearly every
 page.

My father gave this book to me, oh, many years ago,
 When little of its real worth or import I could know :
 It pleased my fancy and my pride ; I felt extremely
 grand ;

That I had such a pretty book to carry in my hand.

But when the first great sorrow came—my loving
 father died,
 And broken-hearted, how I longed to lay down by his
 side—

Within this book I found that God would comfort and
 would bless,
 And be a heavenly Father to the poor and fatherless.

When I am saddened or perplexed, with trials sore
 distressed,
 I read that He will surely " give the heavy-laden rest :"
 In every trouble of my life unto this Rock I flee,
 And sweet refreshing streams of love seem gushing out
 to me.



SUNDAY IN A HOP-GARDEN.

SUNDAY IN A HOP-GARDEN.

THE next day being Saturday, Ellen set off to the nearest town, and bought several packets of tracts and children's books, intending to distribute them on the following day. Accordingly, on the Sunday afternoon, after service, she made her appearance in the hopper's yard, with her books in a little bag on her arm. Most of the hoppers were outside the sheds, standing or sitting about in groups, and the generality of them were behaving in a very orderly manner. She went up to one after another and offered them tracts, which they all received civilly, many of them gladly; some of those who could read offering to read them to those who could not. She found that her children's books were of but little use, as scarcely one of all the little ones assembled there knew a single letter. In front of the oast-house she saw between twenty and thirty at play; they left off as she approached. "Can any of you read?" said Ellen.

Not one answered; but there was a look of disappointment plainly visible on many faces, as she held up the little gay-covered books.

"Poor children," said she, "I am so sorry. Well, you must try to learn by next year, and then you shall have my books." She said a little more to them; then, turning round to go away, a sudden thought struck her, and she turned back.

"Do any of you like stories?" said she. "Would you like me to read one of these little books to you?"

"Yes, yes," shouted several voices; others, more polite, said, "If you please, ma'am;" while one boy ran

into a shed, and brought out a three-legged stool for her to sit down on.

It was a glorious autumn afternoon ; the old house, the beech trees, the stack in the stack-yard, the cows in the fields, the adjoining hop-gardens, were all bathed in one glowing flood of crimson light, shed on them by the departing sun.

Ellen took out a little book, and, in the midst of all, sat down on the three-legged stool. No doubt the novelty of the thing in a great measure chained the attention of the children, but it was wonderful how still they were ; not a word was spoken, scarcely a breath was heard. The book which she had chosen was the history of Joseph, written in language suited to the capacities even of the most ignorant. It took her about a quarter of an hour to read, or perhaps twenty minutes, for every now and then she paused to say a few words to them upon any particularly striking part. All eyes were riveted upon her as she read ; and when she had finished, one boy, rather better trained than the rest, said, " Thank you, ma'am, it's very fine indeed ;" and then, " Thank you, ma'am, thank you," came from every mouth.

" I am glad you like it," said she ; " you have been good children to listen so attentively ; perhaps I may come again another day, and then I shall ask you to tell me what it was that I read about to-day."

This was Ellen Matthew's first attempt at missionary work ; it was only a humble one : but I cannot tell you how happy it made her feel as she walked home along Wild Rose Lane. Oh, surely there is no happiness so sweet and enduring as that which we ex-

perience in trying to do good to others ; compared to it, all the happiness arising from mere worldly pleasure is but a shadow, a vapour which soon passes away and is gone.—*From "The Young Hop-pickers," by the late Miss Fry.*

EVERY-DAY WONDERS ;

OR, FACTS ABOUT OURSELVES.

PART VI.—THE BLOOD, FOOD, AND DIGESTION.

WHEN you prick your finger, and the blood comes out, it looks to you like a red fluid ; but it is not so really. The blood is a white fluid, very much like water, with very small red cells floating in it. The cells are hollow and flat. We cannot see them with our naked eye, but they may be seen in a microscope, because the glasses of a microscope enlarge what we look at through them. The flat hollow cells which float about in the watery fluid are not always bright red. They are only bright red when they contain much oxygen-gas. Here is a picture of the cells in the blood. These little cells carry the oxygen gas along the pipes called arteries.



The arteries may be compared to trees, supposing all the branches were hollow. The trunk is the aorta, —that large pipe which I showed you that opened from the heart. From this trunk there are branches, and from the main branches very much smaller branches, like the twigs of a tree, and from the pipes resembling twigs a fine net-work of hair-like pipes,

formed like the frame of a leaf. Have you ever seen a skeleton leaf—a leaf from which insects have eaten away all but the fibres? Those fibres that are left



are like the net-work of the arteries and capillaries. All the hair-like pipes, or capillaries, are hollow; and the watery fluid with the little flat hollow cells floats through them. As the little cells float along from the aorta to the capillary vessels, they gradually part with their cargo of

oxygen gas, and take in another gas instead. The greater part of the materials of our body consists of carbon. Now, when oxygen gas meets with carbon, it combines with it, and forms carbonic acid gas. Much of the old particles of our bodies being made of carbon, the throwing off this gas by our lungs when we breathe, removes a large portion of waste matter. You have already read, in a previous number, about this gas, and you will remember that it is a poisonous gas, not good for life.

Oxygen gas and carbon then unite in the body, and a new gas is made. When two substances are combined to make a new gas, and while the change goes on, warmth is produced. The comfortable feeling of warmth which we have in our body, is from the making of carbonic acid gas in it. So you see that though the carbonic acid gas is poisonous, there is great use in having it made all over us. The body is warmer and more healthy when the gas-making goes on quickly in it, and when the blood is pumped

actively. Exercise is therefore useful; we are warmer after walking than when we have not walked. Jumping and running make us warmer still. This is because the floating cells are carried along the pipes more quickly when the body is exercised, and the new gas is made more rapidly. When the cells are filled with the new gas, which is made in the body, they are no longer bright red: the blood then does not look scarlet. It changes to a dark purple colour. Look at the veins in the back of your hands. Those veins, which carry back the little cells loaded with their new cargo, look blue from the altered colour of the cells. The cells, loaded with carbonic acid gas, get to the lungs in the manner described in the last paper, and the carbonic acid gas they have in them comes out of our mouths every time we breathe. In the Bible the blood is called "the life," Gen. ix. 4. Those little flat hollow cells in the blood carry the gas which supports life. If they ceased to take their load of oxygen gas constantly through the arteries into every part of the body, there would be no life in the body—it would die. It is very injurious to the body to take no exercise. The blood should flow quickly; but when persons sit still for a very long time together, they can tell how slowly the blood flows by the coldness of their hands and feet. The chilly feeling that arises from sitting still for a very long time, leads them to dislike the fresh air, which is so necessary. They shut up their windows and doors, and cannot bear air, which would, if they also took exercise, do them good.

GATHERED LILIES.

"My Beloved is gone down into his garden to gather lilies."

Solomon's Song vi. 2.

THE Beloved is our Lord Jesus Christ; the garden is his church, and we may suppose the lilies to be his young disciples. Let us now see what the great Redeemer does, to gather in the lilies of his garden—the children of his church.

1. *He gathers them under the care and love of their parents.* God plants love in the heart of all creatures, so that, as soon as they have their young committed to them, they love them with a very strong love. The most savage beast will, if need be, starve herself to give food to her young: Bleeding, wounded, dying, she will think only of her young.

A poor mother will gather her babes around her, and, while the cold storm is raging out of doors, will give them the last mouthful of food she has, going without herself, and then, taking off her old shawl, will wrap them in it, and bend over them as they cry for food in their sleep.

No child of Christian parents can ever know how many times they have risen in the night for him, watched over his cradle, and prayed to God on his behalf. Who teaches the child to speak, to walk, to know its letters, to take care of himself? Who teaches him the first words of prayer? Oh yes, home is the garden. There the child is trained. There, we hope, he hears Christ spoken of, and God's word read every day.

Sometimes the little child has no home, and no parents to train him thus. But God has made special

promises to such, and he takes peculiar care of him. I once knew a good minister and his wife, both carried to the grave nearly at the same time, leaving a family of children: I was amazed to see how soon loving hearts were raised up, and kind homes opened for them. Among them was a sweet little boy, about a year old. A gentleman and his wife at once said they would adopt him and make him their own. But before they could get him, he was sent for to go up where his father and mother were, and the frail lily was gathered thither. It was affecting to see how the new parents, who wanted to adopt him, were grieved. And many an orphan on whose head the hand of a dying father or mother has been laid, has found other hearts to love him, other hands to feed him, and others to train him up in the way of the Lord.

2. *Christ gathers the lilies in the sabbath school.* There are many men now, who can look back to the time when they went to the sabbath school. Perhaps the man is now sitting down alone in China, and is sending his thoughts all the way back to his country. He seems to see the home where he used to live when a child, the old gate on which he swung, the deep well from which he used to drink, the kind friends who took care of him. And now he seems to see the little boys and girls gather with him in the sabbath school; the face and the form of that good, faithful teacher rises up before him! He remembers how kind and gentle he was, how patient and meek he was, and how he used to speak of Christ with tears. He remembers how, in that school, he first felt that he was a sinner, and needed a Saviour, and there he first

felt the love of Christ in his heart. He was gathered into the school, and then gathered into the school of Christ. There he learned to be a missionary of the cross. And he is such a missionary to China to-day. And were men to come together from the east and the west, the north and the south, and tell when, and where, and how, they were brought to Christ, one would say, "I am a missionary of Christ, and was gathered to him in the sabbath school." Another would say, "I am a minister, and in the sabbath school I was first led to Jesus." Another would say, "I am a Christian tradesman, and I bless God for the sabbath school." The school, then, is the garden; the children are the lilies which grow in the garden; the teachers are the gardeners who go among them to keep out the weeds, to cultivate the young plants, and thus make them beautiful for the owner of the garden, Jesus Christ.

3. *Christ gathers the lilies into the garden of heaven.* He comes to his garden and removes them to his own beautiful home above. No storms come there. No tears are shed there. It is the paradise, or garden of the Lord. Here the garden is a beautiful place; but it was in a garden that Adam sinned; and it was in a garden that Jesus was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death, and it was in a garden that he found a tomb. But in the paradise above there shall be nothing of sin, of sorrow, or of death.

Dear young reader, do you not wish to be one of Christ's lilies: to blossom in his church below, and to be planted for ever in his paradise above? Then believe on him, love and obey him, and be sure that he will look upon you with delight.



PICTURES OF THE MONTH.

JUNE.

In the fine weather of June the haymakers are abroad in the fields, at their cheerful and pleasant work. They must "make hay while the sun shines." Their merry voices are heard, as they go on with their labour. Some are whetting their scythes with the rough whetstones, and then, with strong arms they sweep down the grass at every stroke. It is said, that in order to make good hay, grass must be cut before the seeds in the flower are ripe, for grass bears

its pretty tiny flowers. If allowed to grow until the seeds are shed, it becomes hard and dry, and loses much of its sweet perfume.

After the mowers, men, women, and children, with forks and rakes, follow one another, turning and tossing over the grass that it may dry in the sun, or be dried by the warm air passing over it. Then they pile it in cocks along the middle of the field, ready to be pitched into the waggon, and carried into the rick-yard as hay.

In eastern lands the grass is soon withered by the burning sun; hence the psalmist says of the wicked: "In the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth," Psalm xc, 5, 6.

THE OLDEST RIDDLE.

A RIDDLE is some truth or thought put into language which would *seem* to mean something else, and whose *real* meaning is to be guessed. In ancient times they had very few books, because men did not know how to print; and, indeed, they had no books except such as were written with the pen. And so they often used to teach one another in riddles, parables, and proverbs. One of the oldest riddles in the world is found in the book of Judges, (xiv. 14.) "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." To guess the mean-

ing of riddles has always been the delight of children and of people who have but few books.

In the Bible we are taught that God can do great things by very imperfect men. All the great and good men have had some defects, to show us that God can use such to promote his own glory. The Bible is very careful not to cover up their sins. Samson, who made the oldest riddle that is now known to us, was a judge, for twenty years, in Israel. The nation who were then troubling the people of God were the Philistines—a strong, warlike people, who always hated Israel. They came sometimes in little bands, and stole the cattle, and sometimes with an army, and burned up towns. Samson was himself the army to oppose them; and God showed that he could, if he pleased, put a whole army into one man.

Strange as it may seem, Samson married one of that people. At his wedding, according to the custom of the times, he put forth a riddle to the company. It seems that, one day when he was going to see his intended wife, a young, fierce lion sprang upon him; but in a moment, unarmed as he was, he killed the beast.

On his marriage day, he went to the vineyard to see the slain lion, but the birds or the beasts had eaten the flesh, and the hot sun had dried the carcass, and the bees had come and made a hive of it, filling it with honey. Of this honey Samson gathered and gave to his parents. So that "out of the eater," which was the lion, "came forth meat," or food, "and out of the strong" creature "came forth sweetness," or honey.

This was the riddle. The people could not guess it; for who would have thought such sweet food could have come out of the carcass of a dead lion?

From these words we would learn this general truth—that *God can turn into a blessing, what seems unpleasant and hurtful.*

In the bosom of a Christian family there is a little boy. He is as a bright sunbeam in the dwelling. The parents think over, and dream over, what he will hereafter be. They plan how they will train him, and how he will become a great and a good man. As he advances, he seems a wonder to his parents, though his mother secretly and reluctantly comes to the conclusion that he has a very stubborn *will*. Before he is two years old, she has tried hard to conquer that *will*, and has tried to convince herself that she *has*, though secretly she knows she never has; and God sees that this *will* is likely to be his ruin for time and for eternity. When two or three years old, the mother hears the child cry out as if in pain. She hastens into the other room where he is playing, and finds him lying on the floor. She raises him up, but his legs have lost their power. He cannot walk. How the mother now clasps him in her arms with new tenderness! He was never so dear to her before! Her little lame boy! Will he never walk again? How the child wonders over the tears that run down his mother's cheeks! How the father hurries to the physician, and asks him to aid them! All in vain. Their little boy will never be otherwise than a cripple. And then the little chair is bought, and the little red crutches are bought, and around the little one the family all

gather with a tenderness never felt before. And now this messenger of God begins to tell his errand. I mean, that, while the eye of the little boy shines as brightly as ever, it is found that his helplessness, through God's help and blessing, has made him mild. He has a tenderness towards his mother such as he never had before. He says his evening prayer as if he felt his need of God's care. His *will* becomes subdued; and while the poor cripple cannot move except by help, and while his mother often sheds tears to see him leaning on his little crutches and quietly watching the other children at their play, yet she knows he is becoming more gentle, winning, and loving in his manners and feelings and character. He is the centre of all the family, and every child in it learns to be kind and gentle, both because *he* is gentle and kind, and also because they want to be gentle and kind to him; and thus, he helps to form the character of all in the house, and of all who ever knew him. Thus he becomes the beautiful character that all love, and kindly is he handed along the journey of life, till God's plans are fulfilled. Then, when it is all over, and he is removed to that world where there will be no lame or feeble one, then it is seen that this lameness was turned into a great blessing; so that "out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness."

Some years ago a stage coach was going over a high mountain in America. The roads were bad and dangerous. When near the top of the mountain, the stage was suddenly turned over, and the passengers hurt. However, they all passed on except one. He was :

young naval officer. With a broken thigh he was carried into a log-cabin, and there left to such care and skill as that wild region afforded. It seemed to him the saddest day of his life; and, as he lay under the low roof of the hut, with not a friend near, his limb broken, and in agony, it seemed to him that all his prospects for life were dashed. He would be a cripple, and never able to walk the deck of his ship again. For six months he lay there alone. But now came the meat out of the eater, and the sweetness out of the strong one. He there discovered that he had powers which he never dreamed of before. He there began those studies, and there formed those habits of thought, that have since enabled him to make maps of the ocean, in which the great currents of water and of wind are laid down, so that dangers are shunned, stormy places avoided, and paths marked out; so that many voyages are shortened, many ships that sail are safer, less property is lost, fewer ships are wrecked, and fewer lives are lost. If this man could have given the world millions of money every year, he could scarcely have been a greater blessing to the world than he now is. His name will stand among the most useful men the world has ever seen. Then I would add, that he is a Christian, and, while kings and princes do him honour, he feels that his highest honour is to lay all that he has, and is, at the feet of his Redeemer. We trace all the good that he has done in the way I have stated, to the upsetting of the stage on the mountains, and his broken limb and solitary home in the log-house.

The greatest calamity ever made known to men is

the ruin of our world by sin. You remember how, when the angel smote the firstborn in Egypt at midnight, the cry went up loud to heaven, because there was not a house in which was not one or more dead. What was true of Egypt, is true of every house on earth. The angel does not smite all in one night, but sooner or later every house is smitten, and every child that is born must die. Sin dug all the graves. And oh! what wars, and murders, and cruelties, what prisons and dungeons, and what tears and sorrows, fill the earth! It is all dreadful. But out of this eater comes forth meat. Sin has been permitted to come and destroy our world, and now we are taught how much God loved it, so as to send his only begotten Son to redeem it. We now see how much Christ pitied us, so as to be willing to be nailed to the cross, and to die for us. We now learn how much the Spirit of God loves us, to intercede for us, to come and plead with us, to make us like Christ in holiness for ever. We should never have known what the word *mercy* means; we should never have known that there could be a gospel so precious to the lost sinner. But now we sing, Oh the height and the depth, the length and the breadth, of the love of God in Christ Jesus! Now a multitude which no man can number will reach heaven. They will all have on white robes. They will all have a crown of life on the head. They will each have a golden harp. They will sing a new song. Death and the grave are the eater, but out of them shall come forth what is more precious than gold, and what is brighter than diamonds.

JESUS AND THE LITTLE CHILD.

CHILD.

SAVIOUR, I am very weak,
Wilt thou hear me when I speak?
May I come and tell thee all,
Though I am so young and small?

SAVIOUR.

Fear not, my child, to come to me,
For I was once a child like thee;
And though I reign in glory now,
I still have love for babes below.

CHILD.

Lord, wilt thou take my sinful heart
And make it pure in every part?
Help me to grow a loving child,
Like thee, obedient, meek, and mild?

SAVIOUR.

I died, my child, to set you free
From sin, and hell, and misery;
And none of all the childlike train
Shall ever seek my face in vain.

CHILD.

Dear Saviour, be my constant guide,
Nor let me wander from thy side:
Oh, fit me for thy home on high,
And take me to thee when I die.



EFFIE'S TRIAL.

CHAPTER I.

"OH dear! I am so tired. I have nothing to amuse me, and no one to speak to. I wish mother would make haste and get her work done, and come and sit beside me; but I dare say she has forgotten me. She does not consider how dull it is to be left here all alone; nobody, not even mother, can feel for me. Oh dear; it is very, very wretched to be blind!"

No. 175. JULY, 1859.

II

Blind ! Was she blind, then ? Yes ; poor little Effie had become quite blind : she could not see anything in the room where she was sitting, nor behold one of the fair summer flowers that were blooming in the little garden beneath her window. Their sweet smell came in through the half-opened casement, but she was unable to perceive the beauty of their richly-coloured leaves. And she was so fond of flowers, and had watched and watered them last year with so much pleasure ! How sad the change which had come over her ! It was no wonder that it made her very sorrowful.

Effie Gray was the only child of her mother, and she was a widow. They lived in a neat little cottage in a quiet village, and Mrs. Gray earned her living by taking in plain needlework, and also by letting most of her rooms in the summer to visitors, who came there for change of air ; for the village was not far from the sea, and its quietness suited those persons who did not like the bustle of a gay watering-place, and who wanted cheap lodgings.

Mrs. Gray's apartments were small, and very plainly furnished ; but they were very clean, and the cooking and waiting were quite equal to what you could get in larger houses : for Mrs. Gray had been servant in a good family, and understood how to do things in the right way. She was a cheerful woman, with a deep colour in her cheeks, and smooth dark hair put back under one of the whitest of caps. Some people used to say that the sight of her pleasant face often helped her to let her lodgings ; and I do not think they were wrong, for an agreeable manner is a very good recommend-

ation in such cases. It adds greatly to the comfort of a well-prepared meal to have it served in a civil and obliging way ; while cross looks and peevish words are enough to spoil the grandest dish, and to throw a gloom over the prettiest dwelling.

So Mrs. Gray's house was seldom empty in the summer time ; and this was a great help to her, for besides the money which she got, there was generally food left by the lodgers, almost sufficient for herself and Effie.

But towards the close of last summer, Mrs. Gray had been obliged to refuse all offers for her apartments. Indeed, very few were made ; for as soon as visitors found out the state of things in the village, they left it in a great hurry. A sad fever was raging there. How it began no one knew, and where it would stop no one could tell. There was scarcely a house that it did not enter, and many persons died through it. The young and the old alike suffered ; but few, perhaps, had it more severely than Effie Gray. No one thought she would ever get better ; and when she did recover, several of the neighbours said that it would have been a mercy, both to herself and her mother, if she had been taken ; for during that illness Effie lost her sight. They forgot, as you and I so often forget, that God is the best judge of what is good for us ; and, as he saw fit to continue Effie's life and to restore her to health, we may be sure that it was for some wise purpose. Perhaps, before our story is finished we may be able to discover some reason why this sad affliction was sent to Effie ; at all events, she learned to believe that it was in kindness, not in anger, that the trial came.

But Effie did not believe that now. She thought it was very strange, and very hard, that she should have such a trouble as this to bear. Nor did she try to bear it patiently. She seemed to suppose that she had a right to be as cross and as fretful as she chose, as if no one could expect her to be otherwise than very miserable. So she gave way to her distress, instead of trying, for her mother's sake, to check it, and would hardly allow that she had anything to be thankful for while this heavy trial remained. At first, the hope of regaining her sight had kept up her spirits; but when weeks passed away, and she found that her eyes remained just the same, she grew more peevish and cross, and made no effort to control her feelings.

Poor little Effie! we must not blame her harshly, for she was weak and delicate, and her trouble was a very great one. It is impossible for us, who have the use of our eyes, fully to understand the bitter regret which naturally follows the loss of sight. If you were to become blind, you might not, perhaps, be any more patient than Effie was; do you think you should?

Besides, Effie had not that simple trust in God, and that love to the Saviour, which can alone support the mind in affliction. She could not say, she did not want to say, "Thy will, not mine, be done!" She wanted to have her sight, and to be quite well and strong again, and that was all she cared about.

Her mother had always been a kind mother to her, but now she seemed as if she could not do enough for her poor blind child. She waited upon her as tenderly as if she were a baby, tried everything she could think of to amuse and interest her, and got her the nicest

food that it was in her power to procure. Indeed, she often stinted herself in order to add to Effie's comforts; for her purse, never very well filled, had not much in it at present. The long winter, and Effie's illness, had run away with most of her little savings; and it was only by denying herself something, that she could afford to give Effie all that she wanted.

Effie did not know this: she did not know that while she was eating bread and butter for her breakfast, her mother contented herself with a bit of dry bread. Effie was so full of herself and her own troubles, that she did not think much about any one else; selfish people seldom do.

When Effie was in good health, she was a lively, good-tempered little girl. Her mother indulged her, and she generally had her own way; so that it was not difficult for Effie to get along pretty smoothly. At school she was clever, at home she was useful, and I am afraid it must be owned that she was rather conceited.

But since she had the fever, and had lost her sight, Effie had become very dull and desponding. She was always complaining, always gloomy. It was a happy thing for her that her mother was so patient and forbearing. Mrs. Gray made every possible excuse for her.

It was a lovely summer's afternoon, and the sweet fresh air blew softly through the opened window upon Effie's pale cheek and forehead, but did not send away any of the sadness and discontent which was settled there. Her knitting lay idly on her lap; for Effie had dropped a stitch, and could not yet manage to take it

up again without seeing, and so she was obliged to wait until her mother could do it for her. Effie could have gone down stairs, had she been so inclined; but she was too listless to mind about her work, and only fretted because she was obliged to rely for such a trifle upon others.

She thought her mother might come. She must know, she ought to know, how much Effie wanted her; how lonely it was to sit there by herself when she could not see to read.

Yes, it *was* lonely; but Mrs. Gray had a great deal of washing and house-cleaning to do that day, for she was getting her rooms ready for letting, and could not afford to hire any help. But in the midst of her scrubbing she had laid down her brush, and had got out the flour, and lard, and currants, to make some little cakes for Effie's tea, as a compensation for having left her so long.

Just as she had put the cakes into the oven, and was washing the paste off her hands before going up to Effie, the garden-gate was gently opened, and a bright-looking, neatly-dressed young person, walked quickly towards the door. She carried two parcels; one consisted of some slices of the best London ham: and the other—no, I shall not tell you just now what the other contained; Effie would not be pleased if you knew before she did. The front door was not fastened, as house doors usually are in large towns; and the young girl, after a moment's pause, quietly turned the handle and let herself in. It was clear that she was not quite a stranger there. At that moment, Mrs. Gray appeared from the kitchen. She came forward

with a smile, when she saw who it was, and cried, "Oh, Jane, I am so glad to see you! I have been looking for you all day."

"I could not come before, Mrs. Gray, for mother was so very poorly all the morning. Does Effie know that I am at home again?"

"No; she has not the least idea of it, so it will be a pleasant surprise for her."

"How is she to-day?"

Mrs. Gray shook her head. "She is very down-hearted; you must try if you can cheer her up a bit. Poor child, I wish she could take it more patiently than she does. You will find her in the front room; you know your way, Jane?"

"Oh yes, Mrs. Gray, thank you." And Jane tripped lightly up the stairs.



PRAISE FOR RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

KIND Guardian of our youthful days,
Accept our humble song of praise:
Oh may our lips and hearts agree
In offering grateful thanks to thee.
How great thy mercy shown to us,
In caring for our welfare thus:
For we are train'd to love thy ways,
To read thy word, and sing thy praise.
Thus in our childhood taught to know
The way in which we ought to go,
Grant, Lord, we ne'er may turn aside,
But in that sacred path abide.



ARTHUR SELKIRK ;

OR, SUMMER FASHIONS.

THERE can be no doubt that the first day of Midsummer vacation was a grand occasion for Arthur Selkirk. Not because he would now have more time to play with Freddy and Jane, his little brother and sister, nor exactly on account of lessons having been banished, and lesson books honourably imprisoned for four long weeks, but for a reason you or I should perhaps never have guessed. On that very day he was to wear his first suit of boy's clothes. Arthur could think of nothing else, and even before he rose that morning, many a glance was cast on the spotless white waistcoat and trowsers, the smart jacket with its gay buttons, and the neatly plaited shirt his kind

mamma had placed near his bed-side. It was a long time before these fine clothes made their way down-stairs, Arthur had to take so many peeps into the looking-glass to see that all was right. So busy indeed was he, as to forget a little book which lay on the dressing-table, a precious book, that gives a truer picture of the heart within, than the mirror does of the dress or face, and, hurrying over his usual morning prayer, he hastened to the breakfast-room.

Everything was ready, but Mr. and Mrs. Selkirk were not there; they had gone for a moment into the garden to enjoy the refreshing air, and were now standing by the ivy-covered porch waiting for Jane and Freddy, who had been paying a morning visit to a favourite rose-bush. After Arthur had kissed his papa and mamma he strutted down the walk to meet the children. "Oh, really, Arthur," exclaimed Jane, "you are very fine this morning; you look quite like a real boy now."

"I look just like what I am," replied her elder brother, with a toss of the head. "I shall never again wear those babyish bibs and frocks, such as Fred has; and when breakfast is over I mean to ask leave to walk into town to show grandmamma my new clothes."

"Oh, please do not go to town; we want you so much to play with us, and I have been keeping ever so many jobs for you to do for me in the holidays," urged Freddy.

"The jobs may wait, then, child," answered Arthur rudely; "do you imagine I could soil my new suit mending your old toys?"

"Well, then, we would rather have your old clothes,

for you used not to be too grand to be happy," said Jane; and, softly whispering into her brother's ear, she said, "Do, dear brother, try to mend Fred's peg-top: it cannot spin for want of a spear; his boat is not rigged yet, and several of his wooden soldiers are in hospital waiting for you to cure their legs and arms, which are sadly broken."

"I am far too busy to mend anything to-day, Jane; let Freddy learn to mend what he breaks."

Poor Freddy, quite overcome by this unexpected unkindness, turned away his head to hide the big tears that chased each other over his cheeks, while Arthur seemed to forget that peg-tops and wooden soldiers were not the only things which needed mending. Temper and tongue are often out of order also.

Immediately after breakfast, the vain little boy obtained leave to spend the day with his grandmamma, who resided in the neighbouring town. He had not walked more than half a mile when a heavy cloud rapidly overspread the sky, and soon poured down in a drenching shower. The very birds flew to the hedges for shelter, but Arthur could find none. After ten minutes' brisk work, the rain had turned the cart-ruts into rivulets, the dust into mud, and a very smart boy into that disconsolate little figure which moved slowly along the wet road.

But another misfortune befel before grandmamma's door was reached. Arthur slipped, as he tried to pick his steps carefully along the edge of the footpath, and neither the fall in the dirty street, nor the efforts of that kind girl who ran to lift him and wipe away the mud with her apron, improved the new suit.

Grandmamma was much astonished to see Arthur in so sad a plight, and declared he must change his dress immediately, for fear of cold. But what was to be done? for grandmamma had no boy's clothes at her house. The good old lady went to her drawers and took out a large dressing-gown, in which she wrapped the woe-begone boy, while the wet jacket and boots were sent to the kitchen to dry. Arthur did not enjoy the change, and felt ready to burst into tears when he caught a glimpse of his strange figure in the glass. But then grandmamma was so kind, showed him so many curious things, and talked so pleasantly, that he almost forgot the troubles of the morning. He was quite surprised, after dinner, to find that Mary the servant had been at his home, and had brought not only the despised garments of yesterday, but also permission from his papa to remain all night at grandmamma's house. How delighted he was to be dressed once more in those comfortable little clothes, and to exchange grandmamma's slippers for his own nice shoes! When all was right again; and Mary had gone to the kitchen to make her best hot cake for tea, grandmamma amused Arthur greatly, by telling him she had that morning been reading an account of a very pretty kind of dress, which never could be spoiled by rain, but always looked fresh and new; that was suitable for all seasons, and most becoming to boys and girls, as well as to old men and women. Arthur wondered to hear his grandmamma talk so much about the fashions, though he could not help wishing to see such a marvellous coat as she described. Nor was his surprise diminished when she showed him

those words in 1 Peter v. 5: "Be clothed with humility: for God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble." Grandmamma explained to him that such dress for the heart makes us happy, and that we must ask God, for Christ's sake, to take away our old robe of pride, and give us the beautiful new one of humility.

Arthur never forgot that day, for he had learned, by the morning's experience, that fine dress does not make a holiday happy; and long after, when boy's clothes were no novelty, we hope he was taught to seek and find the lovely robe of humility.

THE CHILD OF THE TEMPLE.

THE child of the temple must be Samuel, I think I hear some one say. No, Samuel did not live in the temple. He died many years before the temple was built. "The house of the Lord," where Samuel lived with Eli, was the tabernacle in Shiloh.

The child of whom I will tell you lived in Jerusalem, in the beautiful temple Solomon had built. This temple stood on a hill, and was so covered with gold that when the sun shone it could hardly be looked upon for its dazzling brightness. Two of the rooms, called the Holy Place and the Most Holy, were entirely covered with gold, even to the floors. The furniture, too, was of gold; the altar and the tables, and the candlesticks and the tongs, and the lamps and the vessels of various kinds, were all of gold. But, what was more precious than all else, was the ark of

the covenant, which stood in the Most Holy place, behind the veil. This was the same ark into which Moses put the two tables of stone at Horeb, after God had written the Ten Commandments upon them with his own fingers. The covering of the ark was the mercy-seat, where God made himself known by cloud and by fire, and by a voice.

There were many rooms and chambers and courts in the temple, and in some of the rooms the priests lived.

Here lived little JOASH, with Jehoiada the priest of the Lord. How beautiful, some children may say, to live in such a house; but you would not like to live as Joash did, for he was hidden six years, and none but those who took care of him knew that he was alive. He had no father, or mother, or brother. He was the son of a king. His father was killed, and his grandmother, Athaliah, destroyed all the family that remained except this child, who was saved by his aunt, the wife of Jehoiada the priest, and concealed in the temple. He was then only a year old.

What a wicked grandmother, you will say. Yes, she was wicked indeed: she denied the true God, and worshipped idols; she taught her children to do wrong, instead of right: it is said of her son Ahaziah, Joash's father, "His mother was his counsellor to do wickedly." She was the cause of his destruction, and then she had his children put to death, that she might reign over the land. She allowed the temple to be broken down, and its treasures taken away and given to the service of Baal, an idol god, and in every way she dishonoured the God of Israel.

Jehoiada the priest looked with grief upon all that was done, and while he tenderly watched over the child under his protection, he prayed both for him and for the people of God, that they might be delivered from the power of this cruel woman, and that the service of the Lord might be again set up in his house, as in former days.

When the child was seven years old, Jehoiada felt that the time had come to present him to the people of Judah as heir of the crown of David. Great caution was used; for as soon as it should be known that he was alive, search would be made for him, and he would be immediately destroyed. That he had done no harm would not save him from death.

Jehoiada first told the chief captains and the old men how he had concealed the child in the temple, and had taken care of him. They heard him with joy, and agreed to protect him. He then sent to all the cities of Judah, and gathered the Levites, and all assembled at Jerusalem. They were divided into companies, and swords given to the people to defend the king.

On a sabbath morning, when the priests were in their places in the temple, and the guard was set, "Jehoiada brought forth the king's son, and put the crown upon him, and gave him the testimony; and they made him king, and anointed him; and they clapped their hands, and said, God save the king."

Then the wicked queen was slain; and from that day the young king said that he would serve the Lord, and take away all the idols from the land.

ANIMALS MENTIONED IN THE BIBLE.

ARRANGED IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER.

	Ch.	V.		Ch.	V.		
Ass	Matt.	21	5	Hart	Psalms	42	1
Ape	1 Chron.	9	21	Hare	Lev.	11	6
Badger	Ezekiel	18	10	Haifer ..	Hebrews	9	13
Bear	1 Sam.	17	84	Hind	2 Sam.	22	34
Boar	Psalms	80	18	Horse	Psalms	32	9
Bull	Hebrews	10	4	Kid	Luke	15	29
Bullock	Psalms	50	9	Lamb	Exodus	12	3
Calf	Luke	15	23	Leopard	Isaiah	11	6
Camel	Deut.	14	7	Lion	1 Peter	5	8
Chamois	Deut.	14	5	Mouse	Lev.	11	29
Coney	Deut.	14	7	Mule	2 Sam.	18	9
Cow	Isaiah	11	7	Ox	Deut.	22	10
Dog	1 Kings	21	19	Ram	Exodus	29	1
Deer	1 Kings	4	23	Roebuck	Deut.	14	5
Dromedary	Esther	8	10	Roe	1 Chron.	12	8
Ewe lamb, .	2 Sam.	12	3	Sheep	Gen.	4	2
Fallow deer .	Deut.	14	5	Sow	2 Peter	2	23
Ferret	Lev.	11	30	Tortoise	Lev.	11	29
Foal	Matt.	21	5	Unicorn	Num.	23	22
Fox	Matt.	8	29	Weasel	Lev.	11	29
Grayhound, .	Prov.	30	31	Wolf	Isaiah	65	25
Goat	Deut.	14	4				

EDITH.

UNITED PRAISE.

HEAVENLY Father ! we draw near thee
 With the voice of joy and praise :
 In our childhood taught to fear thee,
 Taught the knowledge of thy ways—
 We would praise thee,
 Serve and love thee all our days.



AS HAPPY AS A KING.

"I'm very miserable," said Henry Percy, as he leaned his head against the window, and gazed on the beautiful green fields that slept in the summer sunshine. The boy did, indeed, seem miserable; but what could be the reason? Not want of food or clothes, for the table from which he had just risen was covered with the remains of an ample breakfast, and his clothes were of the finest description. Not want of books, or toys, for the only son of Squire Percy was well supplied with both.

"Very miserable, Henry," repeated his elder sister, who entered the room at that moment. "Yes, Emily, as wretched as ever I can be."

His sister looked anxious and inquired the cause.

"You see that nasty Mr. Crisp has disappointed me about the saddle for my new pony. Just fancy the message he sent me now; he says it cannot be finished before to-morrow evening. It is so provoking, because I intended riding over this afternoon to see Cousin Edwin. Yes, I am miserable."

Emily thought she could guess what Henry really wanted to make him happy, but she did not think it wise to tell him at that moment; so she kindly proposed to take a walk with him, suggesting that it was probable they might find employment for the afternoon also. "Who could think of walking on such a burning day?" replied Henry, crossly; "the sun is scorching, and the roads covered with dust."

"But we might escape both by taking the wood-path, and Rover can come with us—you love old Rover's company."

Henry made no reply. However, when Emily returned with her bonnet on, he followed her without a word. The wood-path was very pleasant that day, and, though Henry did not discover the fact, there were other little people who did. Rover was the first to find these happy little folk. By making active use of his four feet, it was quite natural he should keep in advance of his young mistress, and sometimes ventured so far as to be entirely out of sight, always running back again, however, greatly alarmed, to know if all was going on well behind. In one of these excursions, just as he had been making up his mind to take a fine leap through a five-barred gate which lay in the way, Rover saw the gate open suddenly, and heard merry peals of laughter from four or five ragged children, who swung merrily on it backwards and forwards. Now Rover was a good-natured little dog, so he did not disturb the poor children, but, curling up his tail, and giving a gentle bow-wow, just to say good morning, he ran past them. Indeed, he may have had a general acquaintance with the little party, for he went so often to the village that he knew most of the people who lived there. If so, he must have guessed that the boy who sat so proudly on the top of the gate was no other than little Paddy Hogan, the son of the Irish labourer who died last autumn.

Emily and Henry were now near enough to watch the play, though the village children were too busy to notice them.

"There is Dick Jones pushing the gate might and main: 'tis well if he don't swing it off the hinges," exclaimed Henry; "and look at Mary and Will, what

fun they have ; but, best of all, I declare there is poor Paddy Hogan as happy as a king."

"Poor little fellow," said Emily, "he is throwing up his arms in the excess of delight. What do you think makes him so happy, Henry?"

"I am sure I cannot tell ; he has not much to make him so, I fancy. Did any one ever behold such a ragged figure ? His knees are peeping out, and 'tis a wonder to see how one button keeps his jacket together." "We need not be much surprised that his clothes are torn," replied Emily ; "for you know the Joneses are poor, and when Hogan died, they were so kind as to take the little orphan, though he had not a penny, and bring him up with their own six children. But would it not be pleasant if we could do something to help him?" "What could I do?" asked Henry ; "my pocket-money for this month is all gone, and I am in dreadful want of a new riding-whip."

"But, Henry, is not it delightful to be able to deny ourselves sometimes, for the sake of Him who did so much for us ? It is little we can do, dear ; but if we give our hearts to Christ, and are on the watch to know his will, he shall give us work to do. Every one has love to give, and love is better than money. A kind look, or word, does not cost much, and few are too poor, or too young, or too busy to have one to give. If we are learners from Jesus, our hearts will soon be made warm and glad by his love ; we shall be taught to be contented with our own lot, and useful to others for his sake. But let us go up and talk to the children."

Paddy descended from his elevated position at the

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sight of Miss Percy, and, giving a pull to the front lock of his rough little head—for he had no cap to take off—he made his best bow.

The Joneses shrank back timidly to let the lady pass. But Emily's kindly smile encouraged them also, and two minutes' talk set them all at ease again. In conversation Emily learned that the warm-hearted Irish boy was a great favourite in the family, and that the only drawback to their joy on his arrival had been that two of the children were taken from school on account of the additional expense. They added, however, that father hoped to send them again, and Paddy too, after harvest. What joy beamed in their faces when Miss Percy said they need not wait so long, for if they could come next morning, she would take them down to the school-house, and she was sure the master would not refuse to teach them if she asked him. Paddy alone found words to express his gratitude. "Oh, thank you, lady; and is it not the schooling I'm longing for, because father often said a bit of the learning would make a man of me, and I want to be a man, to earn money for good Mrs. Jones. But let us run home, Dick, and tell her the fine news."

What a busy evening that one turned out, in hall and cottage. Paddy had much to tell of the lady's kindness, and even coaxed Mary Jones to put a patch on his knee and two on his elbows, that he might be tidy for school next day. When soap and water had done their best, and even the wild red locks were smoothed into some sort of order, he went to mingle in his dreams the pleasures of the past with the expected duties of the morrow.

Nor was Henry idle either; he really forgot to be miserable. Sympathy, for the time, made him forget self. He felt sorry now that he had no money to help Emily in paying for Paddy Hogan's schooling, but he resolved every penny of next month's money should be spent on that object. This resolution, made and kept, with strength from above, was Henry's first lesson in self-denial, the A, B, C of doing good. If our dear little readers forget all the rest, we hope they will remember that it is only the love of Christ in the heart, and a life of cheerful obedience to him, which can make them at all times as "happy as a king."

LOTTIE MERWIN.

LOTTIE was a kind, and generous, and obedient child; she had Christian parents, and was a child of prayer. She had often thought of religion, and of its claims upon her. But until a few months ago, she had not yielded herself to the Saviour; and notwithstanding the gentleness of her character, the correctness of her conduct, her diligence in her studies, she needed the saving grace of Christ. But when she was about thirteen years old she was, as we believe, "born again," and in a few months more she was called to heaven.

Dear Lottie was sick only a week. At first there seemed no danger; but after a few days the doctors told her parents that she could not live. Who should tell her? It was decided that her father must attempt it. With a breaking heart he drew near her bed-side, not knowing how to begin or what to say, or how she

would bear it. He had selected a few passages of Scripture to read to her, with which to prepare her mind ; but he had scarcely introduced the subject, when she seemed to know all that he would have said. She manifested no sign of fear or sorrow ; her face was calm and sweet, and she quickly said : " Read me the twenty-third psalm, father ; read it to me, while I am dying."

From that moment, all her thoughts and speech were of the Saviour. It is little to say that she was not afraid to die. She longed to " depart and be with Christ, which was far better." She had sharp pains, which she bore with patience.

She gave away her little property in keepsakes to her mother and sister.

Her brother, who loved her very much, whispered to her : " Lottie, what will you give me ?" She replied, after a pause : " I can't think of anything to give you ; I will give you a verse to remember me by : " I am the Resurrection and the Life ; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

The name of Jesus was among her last words, and that dear name filled her heart with joy and peace, when her tongue could speak no longer.

God had prepared a place for her above. It was not his will that she should linger and labour here below. Dear Lottie, how bright and glorious art thou now in the presence of Jesus !

TO A LITTLE BOY ON HIS SIXTH BIRTHDAY.

What shall I wish for thee, dear boy :
 Wealth, honours, fame, or summer joy ;
 Gay mirth, with all its smiling traits,
 A life all ease, without a pain ?

Oh, no ! I will not ask for these,
 For well I know they'll cease to please ;
 Their transient charms like shadows pass,
 As visions in the magic glass.

The voice of truth I'll not restrain,
 That " pleasure must be dash'd with pain ;"
 And though its stream looks bright and clear
 Some bitter taint it's sure to bear.

Then better wishes I'll prepare,
 I'll ask for grace, and virtue rare ;
 A heart to noble deeds inclined,
 Generous and manly, just and kind.

May heavenly love renew thy soul,
 Each sinful, selfish thought control ;
 Through error's maze or sorrow's night,
 The lamp of Scripture lend thee light :

And rays Divine their sunshine pour,
 To gild thy morn and evening hour.
 Then, shouldst thou lose thy mother's care,
 Oh think upon her fervent prayer,

That Jesus might her darling bless
 With faith, and peace, and righteousness :
 Until he reach that heavenly shore,
 Where sin and sorrow are no more.

C. B.



PICTURES OF THE MONTH.

JULY.

JULY may be called the "insect month," for flies, gnats, beetles, and butterflies abound more at this time than any other part of the year. Bees, too, are busy at work in storing their cells with honey.

This month is not so rich in flowers as May and June, yet some lovely and choice blossoms may be found in our gardens.

It is now a busy time with the dairymaid. Before the day dawns she is often astir, and gets abroad

whilst the dew is heavy on the grass. She is breathing the pure air in the meadows, and enjoys the bright sunshine whilst the greater part of the sleeping world are in their beds. She hears the early lark, as he rises from among the grass, and fills the air with his sweet song. In a short time her pail is filled, and, with its load on her head, she hastens home with a supply of nice milk for breakfast, or to carry to the dairy to make into butter or cheese.

We will be thankful to God, among our other mercies, that he has given us that gentle and useful creature, the cow, to satisfy our wants and refresh our tastes.

WHITE ANTS.

EVERY one who has been in India will be able to tell you about those clever but destructive little creatures called *white ants*. Nothing can be left on the ground out of doors, without danger of being eaten up by them. If you were to put a deal box in the garden, and leave it out all night, the next morning you would most likely find it covered with a coating of earth about as thick as a wafer. With a slight touch you may break this to pieces, and then you will see thousands of these ants. And what do you think they have been about in this hiding-place? They have been devouring your box as fast as they could. But you will perhaps say, "Why did they first cover themselves in this way?" This was to prevent their enemies from eating them up. Of these enemies they have many, such as fowls, wild birds, black ants, and

some kinds of large flies. If the box be left a day or two, you would still find this earthy covering all over it; but the box itself would be almost wholly gone.

But it is not out of doors only that they are found: they will also come into the house and there do very great mischief indeed; for they will work their way up through the wall and flooring, which, in this country, is commonly made of brick and mortar, and they will eat up anything they can get at, such as wood, leather, paper leaves, rice, or mats. Carpets are but seldom used in India, for the floors are covered with mats made of split rushes or canes. These the ants are particularly fond of, and it is often necessary to get new mats every year, because of these little destroyers. In some houses nothing is safe if it is put upon the floor. I will give you an instance of this. We were once stopping in a house where there were a great many of these insects. As our own house was free from them, we were not so careful as we ought to have been, and left our shoes on the floor; but we paid for our carelessness, for in the morning one pair was covered over with red earth, and so much of the leather was eaten that they were quite spoiled. There are, however, some things which they will not touch. Among these is rice when it is in the husk, though, if it is out of the husk, as you are accustomed to see it, then they will eat it readily.

I must now tell you something about their houses or nests. These are sometimes in walls or banks, but more commonly they are found under ground. As there are several of these little towns in our garden—for such they may be called—and as I have had many

opportunities of examining them, I will describe what I have seen. If not disturbed, they will build hillocks, not unfrequently as high as eight or nine feet above the ground. The larger hillocks are made up of a number of smaller ones, all of which are hollow, and in shape like a sugar-loaf. If examined, small holes are to be seen here and there, large enough to admit a straw. By these holes they go into and come out of their town; but, besides these narrow ways, you will find, under the surface of the ground, broad passages which run in different directions downwards from one to four feet. These lead to round chambers of different sizes, in which they build their nests. Though each chamber is separate, there are small passages leading from one to the other. In the centre of one of these little towns, we found a small oval chamber less in size than the rest. It was not intended, like the others, for a nest, but was a room built expressly for the queen, and we found a queen ant in it. We were much surprised to see the size of the creature, for it was much larger than the common ants. These are about as big as a grain of rice; but the queen ant is as long, and about as thick as a man's fore-finger. This ant is not called the queen because she has more power, or because she reigns over them, but because she lays all the eggs. On this account she is treated by the rest as of importance, and watched and fed with great care. Her chamber is rather a prison than a palace, for she cannot leave it, as all the passages to it are only big enough to admit the common ants, which are ever busily engaged in carrying off the eggs which she lays,

to the various nests in different parts of the town. I wish you could have seen some of the thickly inhabited nests which we found in our search; for I fear you will not get a very clear idea of them from mere description. It is difficult to say of what they are made. They appear to be formed of earth and woody matter, which are stuck together by something slightly gummy. Fresh made nests are so moist that it is difficult to take them out of their chamber without their crumbling to pieces; but old nests will bear handling better. These nests do not consist of separate cells, but are rather a number of passages connected with each other, and arranged in stories one above another. These nests were crowded with thousands of ants in different stages of growth. Fixed to the roof were small white dots resembling sugar. This was probably food for the young ant. In a few of the nests we found ants three times as large as the common ones, and with wings much longer than their bodies. These are the royal family, and in rainy weather many hundreds of them may be seen flying about, for at that time they leave their homes. As they are caught by birds, and as even the natives eat them, great numbers are destroyed. But let us return to the busy little town. When you look around and see the thousands of inhabitants, and remember that there are hundreds of such towns to be found in every direction, and that all these little creatures who live in them require food, you will, I think, understand how it is they are so destructive. When they leave their towns in search of food, they work their way underground as far as they can, for whenever they

can, they work out of sight; but if, in order to gain an object, it is necessary for them to come to the light, they build for themselves covered passages. This is done by each ant bringing a piece of moist earth, about the size of a pin's head, and these are placed so as to form an arched pathway. This work goes on very quickly, for all are busy. Sometimes a bridge is required. This is always a tube, and generally about as thick as your finger; but it is so well made that, though as long as your hand, it does not break down. I once saw one of these tubular bridges, which was of such great length that it would have broken down if it had not have been supported; but there was a buttress built underneath to keep it up. The object they wanted to reach was a handbox; but this stood upon a chest of drawers at some distance from the wall, and they were making the covered bridge from the wall to the drawers when, fortunately, the little destroyers were discovered in time to save the handbox and its contents.

Do you not think we may learn a lesson of wisdom from these busy little creatures? Solomon said, as you know, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise." Many of you may say, "But I am not a sluggard." Perhaps not; but are you never idle? Are you doing with diligence all the work God has given you to do?—at home, by striving to help your dear parents as much as possible; in school, by paying attention to your lessons, and at all times having some pleasant or useful employment; for

"Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do."

Above all, would I urge you to learn more of your Saviour, and become more like him. He is our brightest example of activity, for he was ever going about doing good. Working for Christ, and spreading his gospel in the world, is the duty and joy of all those who love him.

Nagercoil.

S. W.

QUESTIONS ON THE GOSPEL HARMONY.

LESSON XIII.—MINISTRY OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Luke iii. 1—18. (See also Matthew iii. 1—12; Mark i. 1—8.)

1. Who was Tiberius Cæsar?—Which of the Herods was this?—Who was Lysanias?—Under what authority did these governors rule?

2. What is said of John in Matt. xi. 14, and John i. 6?—Where was this wilderness?—How was John clothed and fed?

3. Who afterwards preached repentance? Mark i. 14, 15; Acts ii. 38.—Who should now urge this doctrine?

4. What passage of Isaiah is here quoted?—To what person does it refer?—What other prophet does Mark quote?

* The original Hebrew of Isaiah was not quoted in this case, but a Greek version in common use among the Jews, called the Septuagint. Let it be remembered that our Lord, and the New Testament writers, generally quoted from this version, where the sense of the original was retained; and this will account for the variations we find in quotations in our English Old Testament, which was translated from the Hebrew.

5. Are these the words of Luke or Isaiah?—How are the figures in this verse to be applied?

6. What is meant by all flesh?—What is the fulfilment of this part of the prophecy?

7. From what places did the people flock to John? Who refused his baptism? vii. 30.—What persons in particular were here addressed?

8. To whom were these words spoken?

9. What is here denoted by the axe?—Do the *trees* mean doctrines or men?—What is the good fruit?

10. Were the people convicted or converted?—What is conviction? Acts ii. 37.

11. What virtue is here enjoined?

12. Who were the publicans?

13. What vice were they to avoid?

14. What soldiers were these?

15. What universal expectation was this?—Where was Jesus at this time?

16. Whom did John call his superior?—What is meant by the last clause?

17. What is denoted by the *fan* and *floor*?—What results are here foretold?

18. Upon what topics did John preach?

LESSON XIV.—THE BAPTISM OF JESUS.

Matt. iii. 13—17. (See also Mark i. 9—11. Luke iii. 21—23).

13. From what place in Galilee did Jesus come?—To what place near the Jordan did he go? John i. 28.—What was the age of Jesus at this time?—At what age were Jewish priests qualified? Num. iv. 3.—To what order of priests did Christ belong? Heb. vii.—Why did Jesus apply to John for baptism?

14. Why was John surprised at his coming?—Of what ignorance did the Baptist speak in John i. 33?—What baptism did John feel his need of? Luke i. 15.

15. What was the design of John's baptism? Acts xix. 4.

16. Who saw the Spirit descending? John i. 32—36.—In what act of devotion was Jesus employed?—What did others do when baptized? Matt. iii. 6.

17. Whose voice was this?—By whom was it heard? 2 Peter i. 17.—When was it repeated? Matt. xvii. 5; John xii. 28.

THE EYE OF GOD EVERYWHERE.

God reigns in glory, and on high
Sits on his throne of majesty;
Yet from that glorious throne he bends,
And even to a child attends.

Asleep, awake; by night, by day;
Where'er I go, whate'er I say;
Although the Lord I cannot see,
His eye is always fixed on me.

He hears me when I pray or praise,
He also ponders all my ways;
May I so live as God approves,
May I be one whom Jesus loves.

Oh may I try to praise him still,
To know, and love, and do his will;
Then will my joy and gladness be,
That God's own eye is fixed on me. D. A. T.



EFFIE'S TRIAL.

CHAPTER II.

JANE tapped gently at the door of the little sitting-room, and then went in. Effie was leaning her head on the table in a very disconsolate sort of way; but she raised herself at the sound of footsteps, and knew directly that it was not her mother.

"Who is there?" she asked.

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I

"An old friend, dear," said Jane; "have you quite forgotten me by this time, Effie?" She stooped down as she spoke, and kissed her warmly.

"Forgotten you, Jane? Oh no, I should never forget you! But what a long while you have been away! I have wanted you so much."

"I was obliged to stay till the end of the year, as I agreed to do so when I went," said Jane; "but it has seemed almost as long to me as it has to you. I can't tell you how glad I am to be at home again."

"Were you not comfortable there?"

"Yes, dear, tolerably; but I am not fond, you know, of being among strangers; and I have missed my old friends sadly. And then I was very sorry not to be here, Effie, when you were so ill. But I have come now 'for good,' as people say, and you and I will be just as cosy together as we used to be."

"Oh, but Jane, you will have such a lot of dress-making to do."

"Shall I, Effie? Well, I hope so, or else all my twelvemonth's experience will be thrown away. But I can often bring my work, and go on with it while I sit and talk to you, and at other times you can come in to me. Won't that be nice, Effie?"

Effie brightened at the thought, for she dearly loved Jane. Then in a moment her face clouded over, and, bursting into tears, she hid her face on Jane's shoulder.

"What is it, dear?" said Jane, tenderly, as she tried to soothe her.

"Oh Jane," exclaimed Effie, as soon as her tears would let her speak, "oh Jane, I shall never be able to see what you make! I cannot bear to think of it."

"Then don't think of it, darling; think rather how many kind friends you have, who will do all they can to make you happy, and will never let you want for anything."

"But that will not give me my sight again, and I cannot be happy without that."

"Not just yet, dear—I know you cannot—it is a heavy trial you have to bear; but some day perhaps——"

"No," interrupted Effie, passionately, "it won't make any difference how long I live; I shall always be miserable, I know I shall."

Jane's eyes filled with tears. "My poor Effie," she said, softly smoothing the child's hair on her hot brow, "I wish I could help you."

"But you can't," said Effie, "nobody can. Oh Jane, I wish I had never got better; I wish I had died when I had the fever."

"Hush, dear, you must not say that; it is a serious thing to die."

"But I must say it, Jane, because I think it, and I really mean it; I would much rather have died than have lived to be blind as I am."

"Oh Effie, dear, do you think you were ready to die? I do not think so."

"Why not, Jane?"

"Would you not like to go to heaven when you die, Effie?"

"Yes, *of course* I should."

"Well, dear, but how could you be happy in heaven where God always dwells, with a heart that does not love him, nor try to submit to his will?"

"But how can I love him, Jane, when he does not love me?"

"Not love you Effie? oh, yes indeed he does. Don't you remember how he gave his own son Jesus to die for you?"

"Then why does he let me be blind when he knows how much I dislike it? *You* would not, Jane, if it depended on you."

"No, dear, I would cure you in a minute if I could. But then I am not any wiser than you are, Effie, and I cannot tell, as God can, what is really best for you. When you were a very little girl, I dare say you used to think it very unkind of your mother to discipline you; but she knew it was necessary for you, and that you could not do well without it. And God sends us troubles, Effie, not because he does not love us, but just because he *does*; He means them to do us good; they are among the 'all things,' Effie, that work together for good to those who love him."

"But, Jane, I don't see how my being blind can do me any good?"

"No, dear, you don't see how, but God does; and he wants you to trust yourself to him, and to believe that, like a wise and kind Father, he is intent upon your good. He does not ask you to understand it, Effie, only to believe it. Some day he will make it all plain to you; now he wants you to trust him. A little child may not always be able to comprehend the reasons which guide his father's conduct towards him, but he can trust in his love. And that is what God wants you to do, Effie."

"I wish I could," said Effie, slowly.

"Do you? then tell him so, and ask him to help you to trust in him. Shall we ask him now, Effie? He is ready to hear us." And without waiting for Effie's answer, Jane knelt down beside her, and in a few childlike words, entreated God to teach Effie all that she needed to know about him, and to so win her by his love that she might give herself to him, and feel that she was safe and happy in his keeping. It was a very simple prayer, just such a prayer as you might have offered, dear reader; but it was the right sort of prayer, for it exactly expressed Effie's wants, and it was spoken with an earnestness which showed that it came from the heart.

Effie got up from her knees, calmed and comforted, although she hardly knew why. There was something solemn, and yet soothing in the idea that her trouble had been told to the great God who rules in heaven and in earth, and that his help had been pleaded for. She threw her arms around Jane's neck, and said, "Oh Jane, you are my best friend; I am so glad you are come back again."

"So am I," said Jane heartily. She picked up Effie's work which had fallen to the ground. "Is this your knitting? can you manage to do it pretty well?"

"Yes, generally," said Effie, "but I dropped a stitch, so I was obliged to leave it until mother came."

"I will soon put it right for you, Effie. What a good thing it is that you learned to knit so nicely when you were well; it must be such a comfort to you now."

"Yes, I don't know how I should manage if I could not knit. The day would seem so very long if I had not anything to do; only I get tired of knitting sometimes."

"I should think you did. I get tired of dress-making sometimes, and there is a great deal of variety in that. But I have brought a new employment for you, Effie, which is to amuse you when the knitting fails, and you begin to feel dull. Wait a minute, and you shall know all about it."

Jane untied the larger of the two parcels which you saw her carrying when she came; and the next minute she was playing a lively tune on a musical instrument before her.

Effie was so delighted that she almost jumped up from her seat. "Oh Jane," she said, "it is a concertina! I am sure it is! And is it for me to keep?"

"Yes, dear, until it is worn out, or you are tired of it. Do you think you shall like it?"

"Like it, Jane! indeed I shall. Oh, I am so very much obliged to you; it is what I have so often wanted; I cannot thank you enough for it."

"The best thanks you can give me," said Jane pleasantly, "is to make all the use you can of it; to take it up whenever you are inclined to be discontented, and to charm away your weariness with it. But I must tell you how to play on it, Effie; I had two or three lessons in London on purpose, that I might be able to show you the way of doing it; but I expect the pupil will soon be cleverer than the teacher."

Jane was correct in this opinion, for Effie had a

very quick musical ear, and required but little instruction to make her as perfect as Jane was. Oh how pleased Effie looked as her fingers moved upon the concertina, and she listened to the sweet sounds that came forth from it. Sweet, at least, they were to Effie, for music of even the poorest kind was a treat to her; and the treat was certainly increased by being able to produce it for herself. Jane enjoyed herself almost, perhaps quite as much, as Effie did, for it is very gratifying to make another happy. Our Saviour himself has told us, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Effie was so busy with her new treasure that she was quite surprised when her mother came up, and said it was tea-time. Mrs. Gray had to examine and admire it, and to hear Effie's attempt at tune-playing; and while she was thus engaged, Jane ran down-stairs and put her half-pound of nicely cut ham on a little dish, and brought it up again with some knives and forks and plates; for she knew where to find most things in Mrs. Gray's orderly kitchen, and she was only returning to old ways by making herself at home in the house.

The ham, and the little currant cakes, with a bunch of fresh water-cresses made quite a tempting set-out on the table. Did not Effie enjoy her tea that afternoon! She fancied she had never tasted anything so good as the ham, and that the little cakes were nicer than usual. The truth was, Effie was in better spirits, and therefore disposed to think more favourably of everything around her. So cheerful was she all the rest of the evening, that when Mrs. Gray went down

to open the door for Jane, she said to her, "Do come in as often as you can Jane, for you have done Effie more good already, than any one else has."



DREAMING AND DOING.*

ARTHUR ARCHER and Luke Linger were cousins, and were both of the same age. They went to the same

* From "New Short Stories," just published by the Religious Tract Society.

day school, and began to learn ciphering in the same quarter. Two years passed away, by which time Arthur had finished the rule of three and was ready to begin practice: while Luke was scarcely able to work a sum in division.

When breaking up day came, and the half-yearly prizes were given, Arthur Archer received a nicely-bound volume of natural history; while Luke Linger was so low in good marks as not to be entitled to any reward.

"How vexing it is!" said Luke; "*I meant* to have got forward, but somehow everything is against me."

"That excuse will not do, Master Linger," said his tutor; "it is quite plain to me that you have not done your best. While others were working, you were idling away your time. You must persevere, Luke, if you intend to be a scholar. Learning will not drop into a dreamer's mouth."

Arthur and Luke had an uncle, Farmer Hodges, who invited them to spend a week at his house in their midsummer holidays. As they lived in a town, they looked forward to the expected visit in the country with great delight.

Uncle Hodges was an old-fashioned farmer. He wore a red waistcoat, always rose with the lark, worked as hard as any labourer in his fields, and never was absent from his pew on Sunday. And then, too, he was a kind-hearted and truly Christian man.

On the first morning of their visit at the farm, their uncle took them into his rick-yard and orchard,

showed them his new barn, and pointed out the finest of his horses, cows, and sheep. He then promised that if they would get up early the next morning he would take them to Brook Meadow, where the hay-makers were busy at work, and then, perhaps, for a ride to Hightop Hill.

On the morrow Arthur was up and ready before the clock struck six ; and was down in the farmyard, looking at the pigeons as they flew around the old elm trees, until Uncle Hodges joined him. They waited some time for Luke, but as he did not make his appearance, they set off without him.

Luke lay dreaming in bed till nearly seven, and when he got up he seemed in no hurry to make his way down-stairs. At length he appeared, and went out into the cross-road to see if he could find his uncle and Arthur ; but before he had walked one hundred yards, he saw them on their way home, both mounted on ponies. They had first been to the hayfields, and afterwards for a pleasant ride. Luke Linger at once saw that, by his delay, he had lost a treat, while Arthur Archer had got a good appetite for his breakfast, and a fresh glow of health on his cheeks.

"How vexed I am, uncle !" cried Luke : "I quite *meant* to have gone with you to the hayfields."

"It is all very well, Luke," said Farmer Hodges, "so far as it goes, to intend doing a thing ; but a bushel of good intentions is not worth a penny unless they end in good actions."

This was not the only time during the visit that the farmer found out the failing and folly of his

nephew, in wishing when he should have been acting, and dreaming when he should have been doing.

One afternoon Farmer Hodges found Arthur and Luke on a seat in the garden, talking rather loudly. "Well, my lads," said he, "what is the matter now?"

"Why, uncle," replied Luke, "I was only saying that I wish I had a large farm of my own, with a garden and orchard, and sheep and horses, and plenty of men to do the work for me."

"Dreaming and wishing again?" said the farmer: "that way won't do, Luke; you must try another. Idle wishes are like weeds, which sometimes show their heads on my land; but I root them out, or they would soon spoil my profits."

"You see these hayricks. Do you think that by wishing I could ever have got them here? No; the scythe, the rake, and the hayfork were set to work. We were at it early and late, and made hay while the sun shone; and here the ricks are."

"Look at those piles of corn in the barn yonder. They are part of last year's crop. There are no better in the parish; but how did they all come there? It was not by dreaming about it. I ploughed, and sowed, and in the proper season set to work with the sickle. God, in his goodness, gave the shower and the sunshine, and the corn is now safe in the barn, and will soon be carried to market."

"Look at those peas at the bottom of the garden. If I had not sown them early in the spring, and seen well to them, they would not have yielded such a supply for our table as they do."

"The path along the lane, you see yonder, was nothing but mud and mire in wet weather, so that it was not passable. Some of the farmers said that it would be a good thing if a few loads of stones and gravel were thrown on it. Others declared that they had thought for a long time to propose to the parish to have it put to rights. And one or two said that they *meant*, some time or the other, to attend to the matter themselves, so that it might be no longer a discredit to the village. Thus it went on for years; yet nothing was done: it even got worse and worse. When one day I called my men to follow me, and to work we went, and before the week was over, the old lane looked as clean and was as passable as the high road, along which we took our morning ride.

"I think, then, Luke, that it is quite clear, if anything is to be done, it should be done without delay; and we must be diligent, whatever we hand, whether we be schoolboys or farmers."

As Uncle Hodges spoke in his usual kind and cheerful way, the heart of Luke was touched, and he, as well as Arthur, listened to him with much attention. They now left the garden, and went into the house to tea.

That evening, as the farmer opened his large-print Bible at family worship, he said, looking at the same time at his nephews, "If wishing and intending be a bad plan for the things of this world, it is still worse for the great concerns of the world to come. 'The soul of the sluggard desireth, and hath nothing.'"

There are thousands who mean to attend to the care of their souls before they die, while they dream away life, and at last die in their sins. That way won't do ; we must try another. We must at once believe in Jesus Christ, and give him our hearts without delay. We must to-day repent of our evil doings, and seek the grace of the Holy Spirit to renew our hearts, or we shall be in great danger of being for ever lost. There are others who are idle professors of the gospel—and an idle one is worse than an idle farmer. They do nothing to serve and honour their Lord and Master ; and they will be found unfaithful stewards at last. I hope, my dear lads, that you will not only be true Christians, but active ones. The sum of all I have to tell you is this—Fall not into the habit of being idle either in earthly or heavenly things. Show that you belong not to the family of dreamers, but to the noble band of doers of good things."

" My gracious Lord, I would not be
Like the unfruitful barren tree ;
I would not still from year to year,
Without some sign of grace appear.

Oh ! let thy Spirit from on high
With life Divine my soul supply,
That I, beneath my Father's care,
May heavenly fruit to Jesus bear ;

In faith, and love, and knowledge grow,
With all thy plants of grace below,
And then from earth to heaven rise,
To bloom and flourish in the skies."

I DO NOT KNOW HOW TO PRAY.

A **VERY** great English statesman was about to die. He had served his king well, but he had not thought of the safety of his soul: he had not served the King of kings. When he was going to die he sent for a learned man, who had been his teacher when he was young, and he said to him, "What shall I do?" "You must pray," said his pious friend. "I do not know how to pray," said the sick man. He made a sign to show that he wished to write something; but before pen and paper could be brought to him, he was no longer able to write. And then he died.

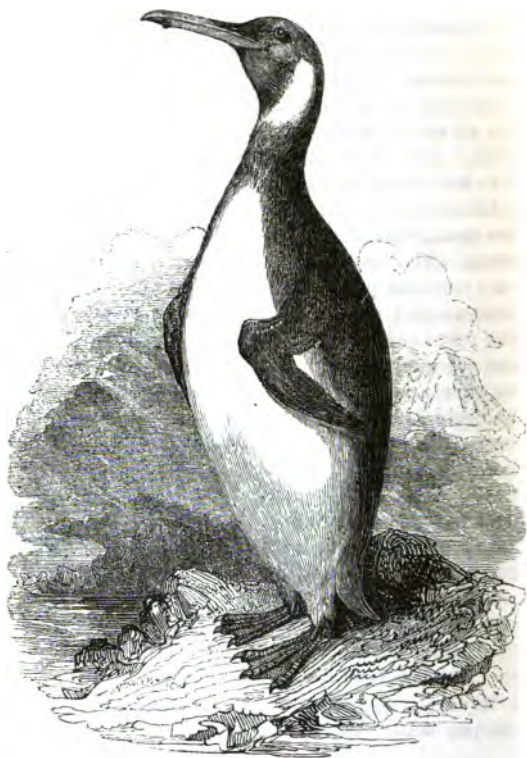
How sad not to know how to pray. God can teach us. He tells us to pray in spirit and in truth; that is, to pray not merely with our lips, but with our heart. A few little stories may help you to understand this. They will show you that a child will find prayer sweet, that when taught of God his prayers will be earnest, and that the Holy Spirit will show him what things he should ask for.

In a far distant island, one of the islands of the West Indies, where missionaries have set up Sunday schools, a little boy came to the missionary and said he had lately been very ill, and that in his sickness he had often wished that his minister had been with him to pray for him. "But, Thomas," said the missionary, "I hope that you prayed." "Oh yes, sir." "Did you repeat the collect that I taught you?" "I prayed." "Well, but how did you pray?" "Why, sir, I *begged*." Here was earnest prayer.

A poor Irishman who could not read, one day said

to his wife, who had been as little taught as himself "How happy should we be, if our children could read. I believe I shall send them all to Mr. H—'s free school." "What shall we do for books for them?" said his wife. "Why I hear," said her husband, "that books are given to them at the school, and that they are all taught free; but I shall go and ask if it is true." He found that it was true, and he sent five of his six children to school. They learned very fast, and in time five Testaments were given to them, which they took home, and with much joy read to their parents. The master who taught them at the school was a man who prayed to God, and prayed with his scholars every evening. One sabbath evening the poor man's eldest boy said to him, "Dear father, I wish you would pray at night with us." His father was quite ready to do so, and said many prayers to the virgin Mary, counting them by beads as he said them. His son waited till he had done, and then said in a modest way, "Dear father, I do not mean such prayers as these. Do we not need pardon for our sins? and this must be had through faith in Christ. Let us pray for faith, pardon, and mercy." "My dear," said his father, with much surprise, "I cannot pray that way, I never learned such prayers." "They are not to be learned out of books," said his child; "our Lord enables us to pray, and I will try." They then all knelt down and the child prayed.

May every dear child who reads this story say as this poor man's son did, "I will try to pray; our Lord enables us."



THE PENGUIN

HOW THEY GATHER PENGUINS' EGGS.

A GROUP of islands lies in the Southern Atlantic Ocean, to the largest of which is given the name of the discoverer, Tristan Da Cunha. The following is an account, by a missionary, of the manner in which the eggs of the penguin are collected in these islands :—

“ This is now the time for penguins' eggs. They get great numbers of them. There are two rookeries, as they call them—one on the east and one on the west of us. To the one on the west they go over land. I went there last year, when I saw the penguins for the first time. But this year I have been disappointed, the weather has been so unsettled. But yesterday was a fine day, and they were going in the boat to the other, to which they can only go by water ; so I went with them. It was a good day and we landed easily. Fancy the scene ! A long, very narrow strip of land at the foot of our great rock, covered with the thick grass far higher than my head ; the whole place swarming with these penguins—pretty to look at, but the most strange creatures in their movements that I ever saw.

“ They stand almost upright. The breast is of a glossy white ; the rest is gray. A couple of tufts of pretty yellow feathers adorn each side of the head, and give them a very lively appearance. They have no wings, but, instead, a couple of flippers, as people call them, like arms. And then the way in which they hop along ! They are about as big and twice as noisy as a duck. Fancy going into the midst of thick

grass higher than your head, with thousands of them round you, all croaking out in a harsh, loud, quick note, 'Cover-up!' 'Cover-up!' and then, taking care they do not get hold of you seizing their great eggs till you have got some dozens of them in your bosom. Men wear a large shirt, tied round their waist, so as to form a loose bag in front, and so pop them in as fast as they can pick up. The men will gather two or three hundred in this way, and the boys from one to two hundred; and, from the other rookery, carry them the whole way home—no little load. The eggs vary very much in size, from a large hen's egg to a goose's. Their nests are sometimes close together, so you can soon pick up a lot. They stand in pairs; each couple at their nest to defend it, and some will not give up till they have been knocked away two or three times. They can give a good sharp bite, if they get hold of you. The men found me a spot where the eggs were very thick, and very little grass; and though I was a new hand at the work, and therefore obliged to look sharp to escape a bite, I managed to collect more than a hundred of them in a short time. Fancy what work, to stand amid hundreds of the birds, all screaming round you, so as almost to deafen you, tumbling them here and there, and picking up their eggs as fast as you can gather them!

"Six of the men went round in the boat. We were there about four hours, and gathered about four thousand eggs—pretty well for a boat's load; and could have got more if we had chosen. It was a pleasant day, and we had a good row back. I felt all the better for my day's excursion."

HE HAS HIDDEN IT FROM OUR SIGHT.

"I wish I knew all that would happen to me," said little Mary, as she was walking out in the country with her mamma. "It would be so nice to know it all before it came."

"Not so nice as you suppose, Mary," replied her mamma; "on the contrary, I believe you would find it to be a great affliction. It has pleased our heavenly Father to keep us, for the most part, in ignorance of the future. In love and in wisdom he has hidden it from our sight. He has done all things well, and his almighty will should be our will."

Though little Mary was accustomed to believe every word which came from the lips of her mamma, yet in this instance it was not quite the case, for she could not help thinking that it would be a very nice thing to know what was to happen. Her mamma, who guessed very correctly what was passing in her mind, went on with her for some time without speaking.

How very ignorant children are, for the want of experience, and how very necessary it is that they should be guided by those who are older and wiser than themselves. Truly does God's holy word say, "Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child." Prov. xxii. 15.

The sun shone and the wind blew, as Mary and her mamma continued their walk. It was not long before they heard the song of the lark, and looking upwards, they saw her mounting the blue sky with fluttering wings, and warbling so loudly, that Mary

said she thought the bird must be as happy as an angel.

"No doubt the bird is happy," said her mamma; "but the feathered race are exposed to many dangers. Suppose it could be made known to the lark that her nest was about to be robbed by some thoughtless schoolboy, and her young ones taken away? And suppose she could be told that before many days had passed, she herself would be caught, and caged, and never again be allowed to wing the air, do you not think it would stop her song?"

"Oh yes, mamma, that it would."

"Well, then, if these sad events are to happen, Mary, is it not a good thing that the poor bird is in happy ignorance of what will befall her?"

"Yes; and if I could, I would not tell the lark, on any account whatever."

Not much farther had they walked when they saw in a pleasant field as many as a dozen lambs running and racing up and down, half wild with joy. "How happy they are," said little Mary.

"True," replied her mamma; "but their happiness would soon be at an end if they knew that in less than three months they would fall beneath the butcher's knife."

"You are right, mamma; poor things, they would give over their play in a moment, without another run. Oh, it is a good thing that they know nothing about it."

In the very next meadow there was a fine young colt, full of spirit, with a long mane and tail that streamed in the wind. As they drew near to the

stile, the colt gave a snort, threw up his heels behind him, and then set off at full speed, as frolicsome as the lambs in the adjoining field.

"Would it be kind, Mary," said her mamma, "to let the frolicsome young colt know that his master will soon send him to the horse jockey, who will lash his sides with a whip, while he makes him run round and round him by the hour together; and that, when he is broken in, he will have to carry people on his back, and to work in harness all the days of his life?"

"It would be very unkind," said Mary, "for it would make him very unhappy. I am so glad that he knows nothing of the horse jockey."

At the corner of the shady lane stood a little cottage, where lived a poor woman, whose only son some years before had gone to sea; he had just returned, and his mother was rejoicing.

The poor woman told Mary's mamma that nobody knew what her son had gone through. He had been wounded dangerously by a pirate, who had attacked the ship in which he was: he had been sick of the yellow fever: once he almost perished through famine, and twice he had suffered shipwreck. "What a mercy it is, ma'am," said she, "that we do not know what is to happen; God, in his wisdom and goodness, hides it from our sight. If I had known what my poor lad was suffering, I should have had no peace day or night; but now I can bear to hear of it, for he is come home again safe and sound."

As Mary and her mamma returned from their walk by the same way they had taken to the cottage, the sun was as bright, and the wind as fresh as before.

All nature seemed to rejoice ; and they could not but observe that the long-tailed colt was as frolicsome as ever ; the lambs were still racing along the green meadow, and the lark was, even yet, heard singing in the air.

"I hope," said Mary's mamma, as she took her daughter affectionately by the hand, "that my dear little girl has this day been taught a lesson that she will not forget. The colt knows nothing of the jockey ; the lambs know nothing of the butcher's knife ; the lark knows nothing of the cruel schoolboy ; and therefore they are happy. God's goodness, in hiding the future from their sight, has saved them from much sorrow. It was the same with regard to the poor cottager, and doubtless it is also the same with ourselves. His time to make known his purposes is the best time. He knows that a knowledge of the future would render us unhappy, and in his goodness and mercy, therefore, he has hidden it from our sight."

Little Mary threw her arms round her mother's neck, telling her she should love her more than ever for the lesson she had taught her.

THE NEW TESTAMENT FOOD.

WHEN the New Testament, in the language of the people, was first taken to Tonga, one of the islands of the Pacific, the people were very earnest to obtain it. A native whose house caught fire, and was burned down while he was at chapel one Sunday morning, after hearing of his loss, came running to the mis-

sionary, and, holding up his New Testament, said : "How glad I am that the fire happened when the Book was out of the house ! I can replace the house, but not the Book." A poor cripple, in a short time, learned by heart the Epistles to the Galatians, Ephesians, and Philippians, and other parts of Scripture, which he could easily repeat, a whole book at a time. The missionary's wife sometimes sent him a dinner ; and one day, the girl who took it inquired, "Have you had anything to eat to-day ?" "Yes," said he. "What have you had ?" "Had ?" he answered, "I have eaten the whole of the Corinthians."



BIRDS MENTIONED IN THE BIBLE.

	Ch.	V.		Ch.	V.
Bat	Lev.	11 19	Owl.....	Deut.	14 15
Bittern	Isaiah	34 11	Osprey	Deut.	14 12
Chicken	Matt.	23 37	Ossifrage ..	Deut.	14 12
Cock	Matt.	26 34	Partridge	Jer.	17 11
Cormorant..	Isaiah	34 11	Peacock ..	1 Kings	10 22
Crane	Isaiah	38 14	Pigeon	Gen.	15 9
Cuckoo	Deut.	14 15	Pelican	Deut.	14 17
Dove.....	Gen.	8 8	Quail	Exodus	16 13
Eagle	Deut.	14 12	Raven.....	Deut.	14 14
Fowl.....	1 Kings	4 23	Screech-owl .	Isaiah	34 14
Glede	Deut.	14 13	Sparrow....	Psalms	102 7
Hawk	Deut.	14 15	Stork	Jer.	8 7
Hen	Matt.	23 37	Swallow..	Proverbs	26 2
Heron.....	Deut.	14 18	Swan.....	Lev.	11 18
Kite.....	Deut.	14 13	Turtle-dove..	Luke	2 24
Lapwing....	Deut.	14 18	Vulture	Deut.	14 13

EDITH.



PICTURES OF THE MONTH.

AUGUST.

"WHILE the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease," Gen. viii. 22.

With bread, the heart of man to cheer,
See, bending low, the ripened ear,

Bow jts rich golden head !

In vain, ye swains, had been your care,
Had not God caused the blight to spare
The promise of the summer fair,
And bid the sun, the rain, the air,
Their kindly influence shed.

He bade the soft, refreshing gale
 Blow gently down the lovely vale,
 Nor hurt the peeping grain ;
 But when the ear began to rise,
 To him we raised our anxious eyes :
 Oft, from the cisterns of the skies,
 He sent, in mercy, rich supplies —
 Early and latter rain.

And now his hand has crowned our toil,
 We joy like those who share the spoil,
 The harvest home to bear !
 With shouts the laughing pastures ring ;
 With grateful hearts, ye reapers, sing
 The praise of Heaven's eternal King,
 Through whose paternal care ye bring
 The produce of the year !

QUESTIONS ON THE GOSPEL HARMONY.

LESSON XV.—THE TEMPTATION OF JESUS.

Matt. iv. 1—11. (See also Mark i. 12, 13. Luke iv. 1—13).

1. By what Spirit was Jesus led into the wilderness?—Who is meant by the Spirit?—What might be his motive in going? Matt. xiv. 23.—What is here meant by temptation? 1 Pet. i. 7.—Who is the devil? John viii. 44; Rev. xii. 7—10.—By what other names is he called in Scripture?

2. How long was he tempted?—Who also fasted forty days and nights?—What does the evangelist Mark call the tempter?

3. How did Satan know that Jesus claimed this title?—Was this a challenge to prove it, or mere advice?—What was wrong in the proposal?

4. What passage is quoted in reply? Deut. viii. 3.

5. When you are tempted, from what can you get an answer to repel him?—Which was the “holy city?”—Why was it so called?

6. What motive does Satan here present?—What was his own design in the proposal?—What text did he quote to favour it?

7. What passage did Jesus quote in reply?—How does it meet the temptation?

8, 9. How did Satan say he obtained these kingdoms?—What was the worship he claimed?—Did Satan speak the truth when he promised to give them? John viii. 44.

10. What text did Jesus quote in reply?—How did the tempter find that he was known?

11. Did Satan depart finally or for a time?—What is the meaning of minister?—How do angels minister to men? Psalm xxxiv. 7; Heb. i. 14.

LESSON XVI.—JOHN BAPTIST’S TESTIMONY.

John i. 19—34.

19. What is meant by the record of John?—What is the difference between Priests and Levites?—By what authority were they sent?—To what place did they go? Verse 28.

20. What was the general opinion about John? Luke iii. 15.—What moral excellency appears in this reply?

21. Was Elias expected in person or character? Mal. iv. 5; Matt. xvii. 10—13.—What prophet is meant? Deut. xviii. 18; John vi. 14.*

* “Art thou *the* prophet,” is the original, and refers to the

22. Who composed the Jewish Sanhedrim ?

23. To what passage did John refer ?—Wherein was the prophecy realized ?

24. Who were the Pharisees ?

25, 26. To whom did John refer them ?—Was this before or after the temptation ? Verse 32 ; Mark i. 12.

27. In what sense did Jesus come after John ?—How or by whom was he preferred before him ?

28. What things in particular are meant ?—On which side of Jordan was Bethabara ? x. 40.

29. From what scene, probably, was Jesus coming ? Luke iv. 1.—Why did John give him this name ? Isaiah liii. 7.—How does Christ take away sin ?—If you would have your sins taken away, what must you do ?

30. When had John made this declaration ? Verse 27.

31. What is it to make manifest ?—How was Jesus made manifest to Israel ?

32. To what event did John refer ?

33. Who sent John to baptize ? Verse 6.—What is the baptism of the Holy Spirit ?

34. What is the sum of this testimony ?—How ought you to receive it ?



A CHAPTER ON NAMES.

“UNCLE, I want to ask you a question about a very odd thing.”

prophet promised and looked for among the Jews ; and as they supposed, distinct from Elijah or the Messias.

"What is it, Peter? if I can answer it I will."

"Why, I have been reading about a little Hindoo girl of the name of Nayah. Now Nayah is the name of a serpent, that is worshipped by the Hindoos. How is it, then, that they should give any one the name of an ugly serpent?"

"The Hindoos are ignorant and bow down to idols, and if, as you say, they worship the serpent Nayah, they may consider it a very nice name for a little girl. But we have names among us that would appear quite as strange, if we were not used to them."

"Have we? Why, what are they?"

"To say nothing of the names Hill, Dale, Wood, Brook, White, Black, Green, and Brown; we have Garlick, Onions, Heaviside, and Grinaway; and then what think you of Cruikshank, Savage, Hogsflesh, Blood, and Death?"

"Well, you are right, uncle, they would seem strange if we had not heard them before."

"Let us, now, take a few Christian names, for they will answer our purpose quite as well, though in another way."

"My name is Peter; how could I turn that to advantage?"

"By imitating the apostle Peter's Christian zeal, and by avoiding his fearful error of denying Christ. But there is yet another way. The meaning of the word Peter is, 'a rock.' If, then, your name means a rock, how firm ought you to be in principle and piety! And how heartily you should be ashamed of wavering in a good cause."

"What could you say to my brother Paul?"

"I could tell him that the word Paul means 'a worker,' so that should he ever give way to idleness and sloth, his name would be a constant reproach to him."

"Both Paul and I may get good from our names, I see."

"My name, you know, is Stephen, and the meaning of that is, 'a crown.' Surely, then, I ought never to forget either the crown of thorns that sin placed on the head of the Redeemer, or the crown of glory that will be worn by all those who love him and are faithful to him even to death."

"Now for my uncles, Solomon and Samuel."

"The word Solomon means 'peaceable,' and if your uncle delighted in discord and war it would upbraid him. The meaning of Samuel is, 'heard of God,' and a sad thing it would be if your uncle Samuel was not a man of prayer. To bear a name meaning 'heard of God,' and never to put up a petition to God would be anything but desirable."

"I wish you would say something that would suit my sister Mary, and my cousin Elizabeth."

"The meaning of Mary is 'exalted,' and your sister might do well to ponder on it in her heart. To be exalted in rank, riches, and renown, may not be desirable, but to be exalted in piety and virtue ought to be the wish of every one. The meaning of Elizabeth is, 'the fulness of God.' What a shocking contrast it would then be for your cousin to be called by such a name, and yet to be 'living without God in the world.' Such a state of things would indeed be cause of grief, but it is not so. She is remembering her Creator in

the days of her youth, and his blessing, I have no doubt, will follow her."

"I could never have believed that so much could have been said about names. My sister and cousin shall hear every word of it, if I can remember it."

"Ah, Peter! we are all of us more ready to hear a word of warning to others, than to take it ourselves. Mind that in giving your sister and cousin their share of what you have heard, you do not forget to take to yourself your own."

"No, uncle, I will not forget; but if I do, I will ask you to tell it to me over again."

"The best lesson in the world is of little use unless put in practice. Try, then, to put into practice what I have said about your name."

"When rude temptation's waves would bear
Your heart from God on high;
O Peter! Peter! be a 'rock,'
And let the flood go by."

"I wish I knew the meaning of all names?"

"Much better to put to a good use the few that you do know, when you can; but as you have among your schoolfellows a Matthew, a Mark, a Luke, and a John, I will tell you the meaning of these names."

"Thank you, uncle, that is just what I shall like to know."

"You must remember, Peter, that names have usually several significations; but I only give you one of them, that it may be remembered the more readily. The meaning of Matthew is a 'reward,' and all who bear the name will act wisely in keeping in view,—

"The great, the high, the rich reward
Of those who truly love the Lord."

"Now, then, for Mark."

"The meaning of Mark is by some, said to be 'polite,' and, therefore, no one of that name should be rude."

"I shall not forget that, however, uncle; I will tell Mark Evans about it and hear what he says."

"The meaning of Luke is 'shining,' and well would it be for all Lukes, if they were shining lights of piety and goodness to all around them."

"You are come to the last of them, uncle. What is the meaning of John?"

"The meaning is 'grace of the Lord,' and a noble meaning too. Every John in the world should be animated by it. Perhaps we cannot encourage a kinder wish for any one than this—that he may be blessed with 'the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost.'

"Let storms arise and tempests roar,

Those that have these will want no more."

"Thank you, uncle! I wish that every word you have spoken was printed; but, however, I will try to remember it. Thank you, uncle, thank you!"



THE FLY IN THE GLASS LAMP.

Ah! thou lost, unwary thing,
Fluttering with a tortured wing—
Crying, with thy little feet
Scorch'd amid surrounding heat.
Poor, unhappy, suffering fly,
What a painful death to die!
Since so rashly thou hast stray'd
'Twixt the funnel and the shade,

In the fiery prison lost,
Now thy life must pay the cost
Of thy venturing near the glare,
Dazzling to allure thee there.

Oh ! it fills my heart with pain,
Thus to see thee strive in vain
For escape ; for I, alas !
Am too small to lift the glass.
Mother says I must not take
Things my little hands might break.

Here she comes—but 'tis too late ;
Thou, poor thing, hast met thy fate.
Motion ceases—life has fled,
Dropping on the table, dead ;
Now I see thee, thoughtless fly,
'Twas a foolish death to die.

“ Yes, my child, in careless play,
Thus his life is thrown away—
For a thing that pleased the eye
He rush'd onward but to die.
Yet, remember, there was none
Warning him the blaze to shun.

“ If thou think'st the untaught flies
For their errors so unwise,
Let this insect's fall be hence,
From temptation thy defence.
On thy heart a picture stamp
Of the fly about the lamp.” *

* From “ My Poetry Book,” published by the Religious Tract Society.



EFFIE'S TRIAL.

CHAPTER III.

Yes, Mrs. Gray was right. Jane's return was a happy event for Effie. She had more influence over Effie than any one else had, excepting her mother; for Effie loved Jane very much, and had a very high opinion of her, and was generally inclined to mind what she said to her.

Jane was several years older than Effie; but there was a simplicity and freshness in her manner, which

made her seem younger than she really was; and Effie, through being an only child, and always living with grown-up persons, was less childish in many things, than other little girls of her age, so that they always got on very well together. Jane had been away for nearly a year. She had been to London, to improve herself in the dress-making business; and now she had come back, and meant to take in work for herself, and to obtain her living by her needle. She was clever and managing, so there was but little doubt that she would succeed very well.

Jane was glad to get back, for Effie's sake as well as for her own. She had always been interested in the warm-hearted, high-spirited little Effie, and now her blindness made her feel still more tenderly towards her. She longed to be of some real use to her. For Jane loved the Saviour, and was ever striving to serve him, and she wanted Effie to share the happiness which she enjoyed. She knew that if her afflicted little friend found true comfort anywhere, it must be at the feet of Jesus, and this led her to resolve to do all she could to lead Effie to him.

Jane could not spend as much time as she would have liked with Effie, because she had her work to attend to, and customers to call upon. But she went as frequently as she could to Mrs. Gray's, and as the cottages were not far apart, she was easily fetched if wanted. Besides, business did not come in so very fast all at once, so that she sometimes had an hour or two to spare in the evening, and these were always willingly devoted to Effie. And when she was too busy to leave home, she would run in to Mrs. Gray's,

and fetch Effie to stay with her, for she had a nice little parlour all to herself, and they could chat together, unless any one came in. Jane had so much to tell Effie about the different sort of life which she had led in London, and Effie had so many questions to ask about the great city, and its people, and its ways, that they did not appear likely to be in want of subjects to talk about, for some time to come.

These were pleasant hours for Effie, and she began to grow more cheerful than she had ever been since her illness. The concertina was a very great amusement to her, especially when she was obliged to be by herself. Jane never regretted that she had gone without a new shawl that summer, in order to be able to buy it. Effie soon learned to play so nicely upon it, that it was worth hearing her. The school children near her, often came in to listen to the little blind girl, and to sing their pretty hymns and songs to the tunes which she played. And thus, in different ways, many a weary hour was passed away.

Was Effie more reconciled, then, to her blindness?

No, I do not think I can say so. The keen edge of the trial had perhaps worn off, but there was no real resignation in Effie's heart. She still thought within herself, that it was very hard that she should be so heavily afflicted: and when she compared herself with other children, bitter and envious ideas arose in her mind. It is true she fretted less about it than she had done before Jane came, but then this was rather because her attention was more drawn from herself to other objects, than because her opinion about it was changed. Jane saw this, and she sought patiently and

prayerfully to win Effie to a better state of feeling. For suppose Effie were separated from her, suppose she should be left to the care of strangers—and no one could tell what might happen in the future—what stay had Effie to rest upon? what sure friend to look to? None. How sad, how cheerless!

One afternoon, Effie was in Jane's little parlour, knitting, while Jane was making the skirt of a dress. Jane was very busy that week; she had almost more work than she could comfortably get through, and her fingers moved much faster than I dare say yours or mine ever do. As she got up, to reach a piece of lining, she said merrily, "If my work increases so, I must look out for some help. I must get an apprentice, Effie. Will not that be grand?" She looked round for an answering smile and speech from Effie, but none came. Instead of that, the knitting dropped from her hands, and the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Why, Effie, what is the matter? are you in pain?"

"No, Jane, nothing hurts me; it was what you said just now made me cry."

"My dear child," said Jane, "don't let that trouble you. It will be a long while, I expect, before I have an apprentice; I only talked of it to amuse you. Besides, if I should, Effie, I do not think you would mind: it would not make me care a bit less for you; and if she was a nice girl—which of course she would be, for I would not have any other—it would be pleasant company for you."

"Oh, I was not thinking about that, Jane; but do you not recollect before you went to London, you used sometimes to talk of what you meant to do, and how

nicely you were to get on, when you set up for yourself? and how I always said, and you always agreed to it, that when I left off going to school, I should come to live with you, and learn the business? I have so often thought about it. And now, when you spoke of having an apprentice, it brought it all fresh again to my mind, and I could not help crying when I thought that I was blind, and could never work for you, nor for any one!" And Effie's tears fell fast.

Jane did all she could to comfort her, and at length partly succeeded. She did not, as usual, try to turn Effie's thoughts from her blindness to something else, but she endeavoured to point out to her all that might tend to make the burden lighter, and that would help her to bear it more easily.

"But, Jane," said Effie, after a short silence, "though all that you say is true, and I might be much worse off than I am, still it is very bad not to be able to see, and to be so helpless all my life. And I cannot believe, Jane, indeed I cannot, as you wished the first day you came to our house, that such a trouble as this can do me any good. It is not likely. What good can it do me, to feel that I shall never get my own living, nor enjoy myself like other people?"

"Effie, dear, I did not say that I could tell you *how* the trial was to be a blessing to you, I only wanted you to think that since One who loves you has sent it, there must be some wise and kind reason for it; I wanted you to trust Him, Effie."

"But I cannot trust. It would be easy for you to do it, Jane, because you are so good; but I never was religious, like you, and I am sure I cannot be,

now that I have lost my sight, for it makes me so unhappy that I can scarcely think about anything else."

"Shall I tell you a story, Effie, that I read in a book when I was in London?"

"Yes," said Effie, wondering whether it had anything to do with her blindness.

"You have seen a picture of St. Paul's cathedral, Effie? It is very lofty, you know, and has a large dome. Well, a clever painter was once employed to paint the inside of the dome, and when he had finished his work, he drew back, that he might see how it looked at a distance. He was so intent on the painting, that he had approached, without knowing it, to the very edge of the scaffolding, and was in the greatest danger of falling. A step or two more, and he must have gone over! he had a friend with him, and what do you think his friend did? he took up a large brush that was near him, and swept it over the painting, and spoiled it!"

"How unkind!" said Effie; "why did he do so?"

"To save the painter's life. If he had called out to him, the painter might have been alarmed, and would most likely have fallen, but when he saw the work with which he had taken so much pains, about to be ruined, he naturally sprang forward to stop the person, and thus his own life was preserved."

"That makes a great difference," said Effie. "Of course the painter would rather lose his picture than his life. It was really kind of his friend, though it *seemed* so unkind. Jane, was that what you wanted to teach me? But my blindness does not seem to be the means of doing me any great good like that."

"No, dear, but I hope it may."

"How?" asked Effie, in some surprise.

"Do you think, Effie, that the prodigal son would have returned to his father if he had not been in want and distress? And may not God have sent this trouble to bring you back to himself?"

Jane was interrupted by a knock at the street door, and the next minute Jane's mother came in, to say that Mrs. Gregory's cook wanted a print gown made, if she could have it by the end of next week. Jane said she had better step in herself and speak about it, and then she would tell her.

After this matter was settled, and the servant had departed, leaving her lilac print for Jane to make into a dress, it was time for Effie to go home. She was not sorry, for she did not wish to talk any more just then about herself.

THE LOST SON.

A RICH man had two sons. The youngest did not wish to live at home. "Father," said he, "give me the portion of goods that falleth to me;" that is, give me my share of what you have. His father gave him his portion, and he went away into a far off country. Here the young man lived a wild and wicked life. He was for a long while like one lost or dead to his family.

By and by all his money was spent, and his bad companions left him. There was nobody to do a kind act to him, and he was so poor that he went into the fields to take care of pigs. Often he was so hungry that he would gladly have eaten some of their food.

His fine clothes were turned to rags, and very lonely and wretched was he. Then he thought of his happy days at home; and he said, "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." Oh, how many tears must have trickled down his pale face as he thought of his father's house and his own sad state.

Then he arose and went to his father. We do not know how he felt, or what he said on the way, or how he fared day by day on his sorrowful journey; but we do know that when he came near to his father's house, his father saw him, and in spite of his poor ragged condition, his father knew him, and he ran and fell on his neck, and kissed him. The good father forgave his poor penitent boy, and he called his servants to take away his ragged dress, and to bring the best robe for him to put on, and he put a ring on his finger and shoes on his feet, and made a great supper for him; for he said, "This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

You know where this parable or story is to be found; it is in the fifteenth chapter of the Gospel by St. Luke. Read it as it is there, in the Saviour's own beautiful words.

This story teaches that when we go from our Father in heaven, we run into sorrow and ruin. All sin leads us from God, and brings us into shame and trouble. But God, for Christ's sake, hears our penitent confessions, takes off the ragged garments of sin, puts on us the new and beautiful robes of righteousness, and receives us as a child.



SAMBO AND HIS BIBLE.

THOSE who truly love God will love the Bible. They will love it because it is *His* word; and because it is the wisest, holiest, and most useful book in the world. In all lands where this blessed book is known it is valued. A hundred little histories might be given to show this: but we will tell you only one, and that shall be about a poor negro.

The negro's name was Sambo. He was a slave in the island of Jamaica. Though he had to toil early

and late, and had not the comforts which we enjoy, he was a happy man. One thing that made him so was that he had a kind earthly master ; but that which made him most happy was, he had a loving Master and Friend in heaven.

The mother of Sambo was a Christian negress. Among the few things she could call her own in this world was a part of a New Testament ; but though only a part, it was of more value to her than silver and gold.

Sambo had learned to read, and when his mother grew old, and was ready to die, she called him to her side, and told him not to neglect the "blessed book" —by which she meant that portion of it which she had. Sambo did not forget her words.

When labour was done in the evening, he often sat at the door of his hut, and as the sun was setting, and the fireflies danced among the mango trees, he turned over the well-worn leaves of his mother's Testament. He read very slowly, for he often had to stop and spell the long words ; and now and then, as he came to a text that was not quite plain to him, he thrust his fingers into his woolly hair, and tried to think what it could mean, or he prayed to God to help his weak mind by giving him the Holy Spirit to be his teacher.

Many chapters he learned by heart ; or, as a little black boy once said, he "put the book into his head." And it was not for himself only that he learned so much of the word of God, but it was also that he might speak about it to the other negroes as they were at work in the sugar-house or in the field.

But Bibles will wear out; and the rough fingers of a hard-working negro, to whom a book was a constant companion, made poor Sambo's wear very quickly. The cover came off, and after many stitchings it could hold together no longer. Leaf after leaf got torn; in short, it became less and less, until it was nearly all gone.

Time rolled on, and Sambo also became old and worn, when his master gave him his freedom, and a little cottage to live in. The old man now loved more than ever to speak to the black people whom he met. He could call to mind very well what he had once read in the torn Testament; but then he could not bring forth the book to show that these were really there. This made the negroes slight what he said. "Ah! it may be all very true," cried they; "but show us in de book—show us in de book."

Now, Sambo for some time could not do this; but he heard that a large stock of Bibles had arrived at Kingston, the chief town in Jamaica, and that they were to be sold to any who would buy them.

It was fifty miles from Sambo's hut to Kingston—a long way for an old man to travel. It was too hot to walk in the middle of the day:—early in the morning or late in the evening were the times for him to tramp along. But onward he went, and at length came to a missionary's house, where the books were to be found. There he saw them all in a row—new Bibles—all complete. "Oh, massa," he cried, "how large! how fine! how good!" "Yes, my friend," said the missionary, "it is very true—they are indeed fine and good." "I want to buy one," replied Sambo; and

pointing to a copy with large print that would just suit his eyesight, asked what was the price. "A dollar and a half,"* was the answer. The negro's face looked sad. "What is the matter?" said the missionary. "Oh, dear massa," cried Sambo, "dis is all me hab," at the same time pulling a dollar out of his jacket pocket.

The missionary then told him that the Bibles were large ones, and well bound, and that they were worth much more than he asked for them; but the negro could only say, "Massa, me be bery sorry; but me hab no more dan dis."

"What is your name, and where do you come from?" asked the missionary. How greatly astonished was he when he found how far his dark-faced brother had travelled on foot in that hot climate, in his desire to obtain a Bible. Surely, thought the missionary, a man who can walk fifty miles here and fifty miles back to get God's word, is a man that I can trust. "Well," said he, "you have come a long way, and I do not like to send you home without the book: will you promise, if I let you have it, to pay me the half dollar as soon as you get it?" "Oh yes, massa," cried Sambo, "me will, that me will." The holy volume was soon in his hand, and he set off on his way home with a very glad heart.

As he came in sight of his humble cottage, it was the evening hour when the negroes left their work. They soon caught sight of him and called aloud "Sambo! well, Sambo!" "Joy! joy!" shouted Sambo, as he held up the book above his head. They

In English money, equal to six shillings and sixpence.

soon came around him, and cried, "Now, Sambo, read, read it." The old negro, tired as he was, sat down and read a chapter, while they stood to listen.

What that chapter was we do not know. We can suppose it was the third chapter of the Gospel by St. John: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Good! good!" cry the negroes. "For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved." "Very good! very good!" again call the hearers.

When Sambo had ended the chapter, they said, "Go on! go on!" "No," replied Sambo; "me no go on! the book is no paid for; but how much you, Jack? how much you, Tom? and how much you, Mary?" As they found they could get no more reading, they began to collect first some coppers, and then a little coin of silver, till the half dollar was made up, and there was enough to get Sambo's Bible out of debt.

After one day's rest, Sambo set out again to Kingston, and paid the money, and from that time he had the joy of possessing a complete copy of God's holy book, to be his comfort in the last days of life, and from whose pages he could read words of truth and love to his negro friends.

You have now seen how poor Sambo walked in the two journeys two hundred miles that he might make a copy of the Bible his own. What can you say who, perhaps, have had the Bible brought to your home and put into your hands in early youth? Oh, pray

for the aid of the Holy Spirit, that by it you may be made "wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." By its light may you be led to flee from all sin, and find mercy in the Saviour; and then onward may it guide you to the rest of heaven.—*From New Short Stories—just published.*

KATE AND THE GOAT.

I ONCE knew a little girl whose name was Kate, but she had a great fault which sometimes got her into trouble—she was very stubborn. One day she had to cross a little stream of water, on a plank which served as a foot-bridge; but just as she got on one end, a goat stepped on the other. Now Kate resolved that she would not give up to a goat; so they met on the middle of the plank, and stood still for a few minutes looking at each other. The goat *could not* turn back; so, as Kate *would not*, he ended the dispute by pushing her into the water, and walking quickly over. She soon screamed for help, and was taken out dripping wet, and quite mortified. Though we should be *firm* in matters of duty and principle, let us not be *stubborn* about trifles, nor too proud to yield when we ought to do so.

MOSES IN INFANCY.

AN Hebrew infant, sweet and fair,
In peaceful slumber lies;
The mother lifts to God in prayer
Her sad and weeping eyes.

She gazes on her lovely child,
Her heart with grief is riven ;
Then with a cry of anguish wild,
She seeks relief from Heaven.

Her babe she can no longer hide,
It must be that they part :
To God alone she can confide
The darling of her heart.

She folds him in a last embrace,
She gives the last fond kiss ;
The tears fall thick upon his face.
What grief can be like this !

And now in ark of bulrush left,
Behold the sleeping child,
Of every human care bereft,
Launch'd on the waters wild.

But Pharaoh's daughter soon is seen,
With maidens drawing nigh ;
The ark, though flags lie thick between,
Does not escape her eye.

A maiden then the princess sends,
The ark is quickly brought ;
As o'er it now she kindly bends,
Her heart's with pity fraught :

For there the lovely babe she sees
Awaking from his sleep ;
His grief she vainly tries to ease,
The babe begins to weep !

She clasps him in a fond embrace,
She pities much his woe,
She wipes the tears upon his face,
Her own in plenty flow.

Oh, father ! thy harsh law I see,
At which the Hebrews mourn :
Oh cruel is the dire decree,
That dooms each infant born.

But, little one, thou shalt not die,
Thou need not fear alarm ;
I will a mother's place supply,
And keep thee safe from harm.

The princess now a *nurse* would find,
The little babe to rear ;
She chooses his own mother kind,
To whom he is so dear.

Oh, who can tell that mother's joy,
Her infant to behold ;
Again her sweet and darling boy
Within her arms to fold ?

Now rescued from that watery grave,
He lives to serve the Lord ;
He lives the chosen tribes to save,
God's wondrous acts record.

Oh ! may I love this gracious God,
And early seek his face ;
Like Moses spread his praise abroad,
And live upon his grace.

C. B.



BESSIE MORTON'S BEST DOLL.

BESSIE MORTON was not an English-born child; she first saw the light in the sunny land of India. Her parents, who were rich and thoughtless, had indulged every fancy of their only daughter; indeed, ever since she was a baby, so many servants had waited on her, that she quite forgot any one else was to be pleased but herself, and had never learned that her little hands had been given her to make good use of, and her little heart to love God and her fellow-creatures.

All day long her nurse followed her from place to place, and when she went abroad, she either drove in a covered carriage with her mamma, or was carried in the arms of a servant called her bearer. At night a

maid sat by her bedside, and, drawing the gauze curtains closely round, lest one stinging insect should find its way in to her "Beebee Sahib," or little lady, as she called Bessie, sung a cradle song in Hindustani. It was not so pretty as those which we learn, for there was not a word about God, who alone can take care of us while we sleep ; but Bessie liked it because it had a soft tune, and she had never heard a better.

When the little girl was about six years old she had a severe illness, called in India jungle fever, and for some hours every one feared she was going to die. But it pleased God to make her pain less violent, and the faithful servant, who had watched her all night, ran to her mistress with delight, exclaiming, "Baba gee," Baby lives. The fever was gone, but the doctor said that Bessie must be sent to England, and not return to a warm climate for several years. With many tears Mrs. Morton parted from her child, and a lady, who was returning to Europe with her family, took care of the little girl. After a long voyage she reached London, where she was met by Aunt Martha, her papa's sister, with whom she was now to reside. This kind lady soon took her to a quiet home in the country, where she had spent many years trying to follow Him who went about doing good. Aunt Martha had no children of her own, but still she loved young people very much, and knew all about their little ways. From the moment she heard that Bessie was to be committed to her care, she began to ask God, for Christ's sake, to enable her to bring up the child for him. This is a duty which, like every

other, requires the help of the Holy Spirit; but we know where that is promised to those who truly ask.

Bessie found it hard to learn to obey even the gentle commands of her loving aunt. One day she had been playing on the carpet with several dolls, all gaily dressed, some like little English children, others in the light clothes and dangling ornaments they wear under the burning sun of India. She soon became weary of play, and, stamping her foot, cried, "Go, naughty dolls, I am tired of you all; I wish to break you into a hundred pieces." Aunt Martha laid down her knitting, and, though much grieved by this sudden burst of passion in her niece, said softly to her, "Come here, Bessie; sit in my lap, and let us talk of some pleasant things; but first lift up the poor dolls, and lay them on the sofa." The angry little girl did not obey. "Bessie must always do what Aunt Martha bids," said the lady, firmly. It seemed a hard task to stoop and take up all the dolls, but it was done. Pride and passion gathered like a dark cloud on Bessie's brow, and then the tear-drops chased each other over her pale cheek. But this shower was soon over, and every trace of a shadow was gone before Aunt Martha had finished her little story about One who never got into bad temper, and prayed even for those who mocked him, and beat him, and put him to death.

That very evening Bessie went with her aunt to see a poor woman, who lived in a neat cottage a short way from their house. This cottage was just as clean inside as without; the little panes of glass in the window were bright, and let in plenty of sunlight to

shine on everything in the room—on everything, but not into the eyes of John Smith, the blind boy, who sat near the wall. Bessie saw many things to admire, but by far the prettiest was a dear little baby, who had come to gladden all in that humble home about two months ago. Aunt Martha had brought a frock and two caps as a present, and, after the mother looked at them very often, and thanked the kind donor, she lifted the baby out of her cradle to try them on. They fitted beautifully; indeed, Bessie scarcely knew which to be more pleased with, her aunt's beautiful work, or Mrs. Smith's still more beautiful baby. "Do please just let me have baby in my arms; I shall take great care of her," said Bessie. Mrs. Smith consented, placing a low stool for the little girl, who seemed to have found a new treasure in the smiling infant that lay in her arms. For a long time she was so busy as almost to forget the basket of gooseberries she had brought to John. Aunt Martha knew that the blind boy liked fruit, but that his parents could seldom afford to buy it; so, as she always thought of the right thing at the right time, she had gone to her garden that morning to get a nice treat for her little neighbour. Bessie was glad to see how greatly he enjoyed the cool, ripe gooseberries.

After having kissed the infant very often, and telling Mrs. Smith, if she would allow her to come sometimes to play with baby it should be in future her very best doll, Bessie left the cottage with her aunt. From that evening she ceased to be an unhappy child; she had found something to love, to deny herself and

work for. It was for that baby she learned to hem, that she might make a little bib, and, by and by, to knit also, when stockings were wanted. But, as Annie Smith grew older, she began to imitate every movement of her little friend, and Bessie began to think how dreadful it would be to guide her into doing wrong. So every day she tried more and more to be gentle and obliging; and, by the time Annie was old enough to learn, many a pretty Bible story was repeated as the little girls sat together under a tree, or by the cottage fireside, for Bessie knew now that her companion was not merely a beautiful doll to be played with, but had a never-dying soul. Many long years after, when Bessie had returned to her sunny native land, her first pupil found comfort in those very truths they had learned together, and each, in her own condition of life, tried to practise the lesson taught in those words of the Lord Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."



QUESTIONS ON THE GOSPEL HARMONY.

LESSON XIX.—JESUS' CONVERSATION WITH JOHN'S DISCIPLES.

John i. 35—51.

35. Who are meant by the disciples of John?—Which of them are here referred to? ver. 40.

36. To whom did John speak?—How should sinners behold the Lamb of God?

37. What was their object in following Jesus?

38. Why did Jesus accost them?—What is the meaning of the word “Rabbi?”—Why did they not answer his question?

39. At what time of our day was this? xi. 9.*

40. What was Andrew’s occupation? Matt. iv. 18.—Who was probably the other disciple? xxi. 24.

41. What is the meaning of the names “Christ” and “Messias?”—Why was Jesus called “the Anointed?”—In what part of the Old Testament is he called Messiah or Messias? Dan. ix. 25, 26.

42. Where was this interview? ver. 28 and 39.—How could Jesus call Simon by name? ver. 48.—What will all those who have found Jesus be anxious to do?—What should you learn from his knowing Simon, when they had never before met?—By what other name is Simon generally called?

43. From whence was Jesus about to depart?—What was intended by “follow me?” How can we follow Christ?

44. Where was Bethsaida? xii. 21.—From what other Philip was he distinguished? Acts vi. 5.

—45. To whom did Philip refer besides himself?—What does Moses say of Christ in Deut. xviii. 15—18?—Repeat some passages in the prophets where Christ is mentioned. Isa. vii. 14; xi. 1—5; liii. 1, etc.; Jer. xxiii. 5; xxxiii. 15, 16; Dan. ix. 25, 26; Mic. v. 2; Zech. vi. 12; ix. 9, etc.

* Although the Jews adopted the Roman mode of dividing the *night* into four watches, they retained their own custom of dividing the *day* into twelve equal parts, from sunrise to sunset. Mark i. 32; Luke iv. 40.

46. What was Nathanael's occupation? xxi. 2, 3.*—Why did he express surprise? vii. 52.

47. Who are true Israelites? Psa. xxxii. 2; Rom. ii. 29.—What is meant by guile?

48. Why did Nathanael ask this question?—What is the substance of the answer?—How did the answer affect him?

49. How does his knowledge of the prophets appear? ver. 47.

50. For what is Nathanael commended?—Was it the exercise of the mind, or heart, or both?—What greater things are referred to?

51. What event, or scene, is here predicted?

LESSON XX.—THE MARRIAGE FEAST AT CANA.

John ii. 1—12.

1. From what time was the third day computed? i. 43.—From what Cana was this distinguished? Josh. xix. 28.

2. Which of his disciples were these?—On what account, probably, were they invited?

3. Was the wine omitted, or exhausted? ver. 10.†—Why did his mother mention this to Jesus?

4. What is the import of this reply?‡ Had the

* It is generally agreed that Nathanael is the person afterwards called Bartholomew, one of the twelve disciples.

† "When they wanted wine" simply means: *the wine falling short*.

‡ The term "woman" was a tender mode of speaking, as appears from John xix. 26, and xx. 15.

mother of Jesus any power to direct him in his ministry?—Is it right, then, to worship the virgin Mary?

5. Why did Mary direct *these* servants?—What was her motive in doing so?

6. For what were the waterpots used?—Did the Jews often wash? Mark vii. 3.—What quantity would each contain?*

7. To whom did Jesus speak?—Why were the waterpots then empty?

8. From what were the servants to draw?—What were they to carry to the governor?—Who was the governor of a wedding-feast?

9. Why was the ruler ignorant of the miracle?—Must it not have been real wine?

10. What is here meant by *beginning*?—What, by the phrase *well drunk*?†—What occasioned this declaration?

11. How far was Cana from Nazareth?—What is a miracle?—Did any but Christ ever work miracles?—In whose name did the prophets perform miracles?—In what respect did the miracles of Jesus differ from those performed by others?—What glory did Jesus manifest?—What new fact does the last clause present?

12. Which way was Capernaum from Cana?—What was the distance between them?—Who were his brethren? Mark vi. 3.—Why did his mother and brothers go there?

* Supposed to contain seven and a half gallons each.

† The expression *well drunk* does not give the idea of intoxication.



PICTURES OF THE MONTH.

SEPTEMBER.

ACORNS and nuts are now ripe, and the keepers of swine lead their pigs, young and old, to the shades of forests and woods. A plentiful supply of the fallen fruit of beech and oak trees, or *mast*, as it is called, is gathered in heaps, and the swine feast on the spoil. In this way they are fattened for the market. In our picture you may see the swineherd resting under a beech tree, while the swine are feeding on the fallen

acorns, which he has gathered together from those shaken from the trees, or which have dropped of themselves.

In this month the trees begin to change the colour of their leaves, and tints of brown, amber, and yellow-red, adorn the branches.

Towards the end of the month winter birds arrive, and others depart to warmer lands. The apple trees in the orchard show that the time is at hand when their precious stores may be gathered; and the harvest is now finished, and safe in the garner.

“He that gathereth in summer is a wise son: but he that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame.”—Proverbs x. 5.

RAGGED PAT;

OR, TRY AGAIN.

IN our village there lived a pleasant old man, whom we used to call “Old Herbert.” He had long white hair, which the wind blew about his wrinkled, yet always smiling face; for I do not think there was anybody in the village who was so happy as Old Herbert. He was not rich, for he had to work for his living, and he had no relations except a little granddaughter; yet he always had a pleasant word for everybody, and especially for little children. He was the village cowkeeper, and had to see that the cows did not stray off the common.

Old Herbert had a seat made for him at one end of the common, cut out of an old oak tree: and he was very fond of sitting there and telling stories to the

children when they came out of school, whilst his little dog "Tweezer" ran after the cattle. One evening, just as the sun was going down behind the hills, making everything to look like gold in its beautiful light, a number of boys and girls who were playing on the common saw old Herbert in his favourite seat, and they at once set off running towards him.

"Good evening, my pretty dears," said he; "I'm right glad to see so many red and rosy faces. Why, you look as if you had been robbing the cherries of their bloom."

"Ha! ha! old Herbert," said Johnny Bates, laughing. "We have been running to see who would get here first, and now we are here, we want you tell us a story."

"Oh yes! do please tell us a story," chimed in all the others.

"Well, what shall the story be about?"

"Oh anything you like, old Herbert, only please tell us one," they answered.

"Very well, then, as I am to choose, I will tell you one about a little Irish boy who was called 'Ragged Pat.' Pat was a poor little orphan boy, who had no one to take care of him or to love him, except his grandmother, and she was blind. Pat's clothes were all torn and ragged, and he had no money to get new ones with; and if you had seen him, I daresay you would have thought he was a very stupid boy. But beneath those ragged clothes there beat a warm and loving heart, and Pat would often go out of the cottage to have a good cry when he saw that his grandmother was ill, and would soon die away for

want of good food. Sometimes one of the neighbours would come in to clear up and make things tidy ; and not a day would pass, but what something in the way of food was sent in, just for 'friendship's sake,' as they said ; but for all this, they were very poor, and Pat was always longing for the time when he would be big enough to go out to work in the fields for his grandmother.

"One day, when Pat was about six years old, as he was walking along the sea-shore, he picked up a few shells, and then he began to jump and skip about as if he were very pleased. What do you think it was for ?"

"I know," said little Mary Green ; "he had found a pearl 'long with the shells."

"No, he had not," said old Herbert. "But he thought if he were to gather some of the prettiest of the shells, he might be able to sell them away up in the city, and give the money to his grandmother. He threw his cap up into the air, and at last sat himself down to think of the many things which the money would buy. 'But I haven't got it yet,' said he. So he set to work at once, and gathered about fifty, which he washed very clean, and then took them to the city, which was about three miles off. But Pat found that it was a good deal easier to gather, than to sell them ; and though he asked every one who came by, whether they would 'Plase to buy some purty shells,' he did not sell one. 'Niver mind,' said he to himself, 'it's no use being down, and I'll *thry again*.' So three days every week Pat took his shells to the city, and sometimes he sold as many as came to sixpence, and

sometimes none at all. There was an old gentleman who used to buy some of Pat every week, and one day he said to him :

“ ‘ My boy, would you like to learn to read ? ’

“ ‘ I’d like to *thry*, sir, if any one would be afther teaching me.’

“ ‘ You would like to try, would you ? Very well, then, if you come down to my house to-morrow night, we will see what can be done.’

“ Pat thanked the gentleman, and the next evening, after washing his feet well under the pump—he for he had got no boots—he went and learned his first lesson from the gentleman.

“ Many a night after this, if you had been going past Pat’s cottage you would have heard him conning over his spellings by the light of the pale moon, with no one to keep him company except the donkeys on the common. It was not long before Pat was able to read, and I cannot tell you how pleased his grandmother was, when one night he took home a little Bible which he had bought out of his earnings, and read a chapter to her out of it. Pat loved his Bible very much ; and though the priest told him he had no business to read it, yet there was something inside him which seemed to say that the Bible was right and the priest wrong, and he determined not to give up his Bible, but try to learn more about Jesus Christ and the way to heaven.

“ Pat was very fond of flowers, and at almost all times of the year, some were sure to be seen in his grandmother’s garden, and he used to think that the happiest people in the world must be gardeners and

those who had plenty of flowers. The kind old gentleman who had taught him to read, had a very nice garden, and he would often let Pat walk round it to admire the beautiful roses, tulips, and lilies that were grown in it. One day, when Pat was weeding his garden for him, he asked him if he should like to be a gardener.

“‘Oh yes, sir!’ answered Pat, ‘I should like it very much.’

“The gentleman then told him that he had a friend who wanted a boy to help him take care of his orchard and garden, and that if Pat liked he might have the place. You may be sure that Pat did like, and as he went home on the next Saturday evening with half-a-crown in his pocket, (his week’s wages,) he thought himself quite a rich man. But I see that I must make haste with my story, as the sun will soon be gone and we shall be left in the dark.

“Pat kept his place for many years; but when his grandmother died he began to think about something else besides gardening. He had often read about the heathen, who live in countries many thousand miles away, and who know nothing at all about Jesus Christ, but who live and die in their sins and wickedness, without any one to teach them the way to heaven. Pat had read about these, and he was very sorry for them, and said that he should like to be a missionary to go out and teach them. Whilst at his place, Pat had saved up some money, and with this he bought some books, and by the aid of his friend, the old gentleman, he learned a great many things which a missionary ought to know; a missionary must know the

language of the people to whom he is going, and he ought to know a little of medicine, and how to build, and plant, and sow, and a little of carpentering, and tailoring, because he has to do, and make everything for himself; and Pat had to study and work hard to learn all these things. At last he came across the Irish Channel to London, and from there he was sent out to Africa to the poor Negroes, and for aught I know, he is there now, serving his Lord and Master Jesus Christ. There, now, what do you think of my story?"

"I'm sure it's a very nice one," said Charley Smith, "and we all thank you, old Herbert, for telling it to us."

"Now Pat had a little motto of his own, which he used to say whenever he felt downcast and discouraged, and it was 'Try again.' If he did not do a thing the first time, he tried again, and again, and again till he did do it. I heard once of a little girl named Polly, and one day when she was at school her teacher said she thought the work Polly had got to do was too hard for her; but Polly answered, 'I can do anything I put my head to, teacher.' That may have been rather a smart answer of Polly's but it was not quite true. If we get to heaven—and we all want to go there—and have our sins forgiven, and love Jesus Christ as we ought to love him, we must put our *hearts* to it. We must not trust to our heads, because if we do, when we die and appear before the judgment bar of God, he will not know us, and it will be a fearful thing at the last day, for God not to know us. There, now, make haste off and run home, and do not forget what I have been talking to you about." J. W.

TRADES AND PROFESSIONS MENTIONED IN THE BIBLE.

	Ch. V.		Ch. V.
Ambassador	2 Chron. 35 21	Ploughman	.. Isaiah 28 24
Apothecary	.. Exodus 30 25	Potter	 Matt. 27 10
Armour-bearer	1 Sam. 31 6	Preacher	 2 Pet. 2 5
Barber	 Ezek. 5 1	Prophet	 Judg. 6 8
Builder	 1 Kings 5 18	Reaper	 Ruth 2 3
Baker	 Gen. 40 1	Refiner	 Mal. 3 2
Butler	 Gen. 40 9	Recorder	 2 Kings 18 18
Carpenter	 Mark 6 3	Sailor	 Rev. 18 17
Chancellor	 Ezra 4 8	Schoolmaster	.. Gal. 3 24
Chamberlain	 Acts 12 20	Scribe	 2 Kings 18 18
Cook	 1 Sam. 9 23	Sergeant	 Acts 16 35
Coppersmith	.. 2 Tim. 4 14	Shepherd	 John 10 14
Cupbearer	 Neh. 1 11	Sheriff	 Dan. 3 2
Deacon	 1 Tim. 3 8	Shipmaster	.. Rev. 18 17
Doorkeeper	 Jer. 35 4	Slinger	 2 Kings 3 25
Driver	 Job 39 7	Smith	 Isaiah 44 13
Engraver	 Exodus 28 11	Soldier	 2 Tim. 2 3
Fisherman	 Luke 5 2	Sower	 Mark 4 14
Fuller	 Mal. 3 2	Standard-bearer	Isaiah 10 13
Gardener	 John 20 15	Steward	 Gen. 15 2
Goldsmith	 Isa. 46 6	Tanner	 Acts 9 43
Harper	 Rev. 14 2	Taskmaster	.. Exod. 1 11
Husbandman	.. Gen. 9 20	Teacher	 1 Chron. 25 8
Interpreter	 Gen. 42 23	Tentmaker	 Acts 18 3
Jailor	 Acts 16 23	Tiller of ground	Gen. 4 2
Lawyer	 Matt. 22 35	Town Clerk	 Acts 19 35
Mariner	 Jonah 1 5	Trumpeter	 Rev. 18 22
Mason	 2 Sam. 5 11	Tutor	 Gal. 4 2
Merchant	 Matt. 13 45	Vine-dresser	.. 2 Kings 25 12
Pastor	 Eph. 4 11	Warrior	 1 Kings 12 21
Physician	 Col. 4 14	Watchman	.. 2 Sam. 18 25
Pilot	 Ezek. 27 8	Weaver	 Exodus 35 35
Piper	 Rev. 18 22		

EDITH.



EFFIE'S TRIAL

CHAPTER IV.

EFFIE tried to forget the grave words which Jane had said to her. Jane was very good, and she loved her better than anybody else that she knew ; but still, she considered that Jane was a little too serious sometimes ; it was not to be expected that Effie could always think as she did. But Effie could not get rid of the impression which Jane's remarks had made upon her mind ; so, then, she strove to find fault with them, and to doubt whether they applied to her. She was sure she was not like the prodigal son ; she had never

been half so bad as he was, and therefore she could not have needed such a heavy trial as blindness, to bring her back to her heavenly Father. Jane was mistaken: ~~she meant well, and she talked very nicely;~~ but she did not know what a good heart Effie had, thought ~~she, and how little~~ real harm she had ever done.

These were Effie's secret thoughts; she did not say them aloud, but she took comfort from them. Yet, in spite of all her efforts, she could not do away with the slight uneasiness which Jane's words had caused her. For after all, was there not some truth in Jane's opinion of her? She was obliged to confess to herself, that however good she might be, she certainly did not love God; ~~she never had loved him.~~ She had seldom thought about him, excepting on a Sunday.

The more Effie pondered these things, the more dissatisfied ~~she became with herself.~~ For when she began to think carefully over her past life, in order to convince herself how pure it had been, she was vexed to discover how different it really appeared; how often she had done that which she ought not to have done, and had left undone that which she ought to have done.

It was not pleasant to find this out; but, oh, it was well for Effie that she thus learned to know herself; because the little lamb never returns to the fold of the good shepherd, until it first feels that it has wandered from it. It was some time before Effie really came to that gentle Saviour, who gathers the lambs with his arms, and carries them in his bosom; but when she did so, a peace and joy sprang up in her heart which she had never known in other days. Then, and not till then, could she take patiently the severe trial

which had been sent her, and could say with the Psalmist, "I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me. It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes."—Ps. cxix. 71, 75.

Effie did not speak much about herself, even to Jane; but from this time it was very plain to everybody that the little blind girl was much happier, and more contented than she used to be. Not that Effie was perfect. Oh no, far from that: her hasty temper and fretful ways were not overcome all at once, and there were still moments when she felt as if she could not bear to be blind; still, on the whole, there was a gentleness and patience in her manner, which no one who was with her could fail to notice.

Effie's mother was struck by it. She was an upright, busy, kind woman, but she was not a true Christian, and she could not account for the change which she saw in her little girl.

"I cannot think," she said one day to Jane, "what you have done to Effie; she has not been like the same child since you came back again. She is so quiet and cheerful now, and so grateful for everything she has, that it is quite a pleasure to attend to her. I cannot tell how you have got her to be so different."

"Oh, Mrs. Gray," said Jane, "it is not owing to me. Effie has got a better Friend than I am, and He is guiding her in his own way. She loves Jesus, and that makes her happier."

"Well, well," replied Mrs. Gray, hastily, "I have nothing to say against religion at any time; and I am sure if it does Effie any good, I shall be very

thankful. It is a dreary life, at best, that she has before her, poor child, and she will stand in need of all the comfort she can get, to help her through it."

Effie and Jane were doubly friends, now that they both loved the same Saviour, and sought to please him. It was a great grief to Effie that she could not see to read the Bible, and other good books which she had neglected while she had her sight; but Jane, in a great measure, made up this want to her, by repeating to her some portions of Scripture, and nice hymns, several times over, until she knew them by heart. And then, when Effie was by herself, and was employing her fingers with her knitting, she would say them aloud, and so beguile the long hour by giving herself something good and pleasant to think about.

Effie's best day was Sunday; because, besides the services she now loved to attend, Jane came and read to her all the afternoon, while Mrs. Gray went to the house of God. How kind Jane was! I wonder whether you would have done as much for little blind Effie? I wonder whether you are giving up any of your time now to make somebody else happier?

Effie's chief regret now about her blindness, was the trouble which it gave to other people. She was obliged to be so dependent on her mother for almost everything that she wanted; and, to a child of Effie's natural activity and pride of character, this was no small trial. Till lately, she had dwelt upon it only with regard to herself; she had not liked the feeling of not being able to do as she liked, and to go where she liked; it seemed humbling to be so helpless. But now, Effie had begun to be less selfish. She thought

more about her mother. She considered how much her mother had to do for her, and how little use she could be to her in return. Her long illness, and its heavy expenses; their loss of money through the empty lodgings; the constant hard work, as well as anxiety, which had fallen on Mrs. Gray during the last few months; all these things came into Effie's mind, and made her very sorrowful sometimes. She was surprised that they had so long escaped her notice. How could she have been so thoughtless?

But what could all her concern, either about the past or the future, do towards lessening these troubles? How could she be of any help to her mother? how could she earn any money to aid in their support? And yet, how hard her mother would have to work if there was no hope of Effie growing up to be the least use to her? Effie had always gone on the errands, and dusted the rooms, and washed up the lodgers' breakfast and tea-things, and done many other little things too trifling to mention, but which all saved her mother time; and Effie meant, as she became older, to be a thorough little housekeeper, and keep the place tidy instead of Mrs. Gray. But now she was obliged to let her mother toil more than ever, and to give up all hope of things being any different to what they were.

It was a great relief to Effie that she had a kind friend like Jane, to whom she could tell her troubles. For Jane had such a cheerful temper, and such a clever way of making the best of difficulties, that it did any one in distress good to talk to her. So one morning Effie spoke to her about this fear of being a burden to her mother. They had been out for a walk

together, for Jane had to carry home a dress which she had finished, and she had asked Effie to be her companion, because she thought that a walk through the fields and lanes would be a nice change for her. As they returned they sat down on the trunk of an old tree to rest themselves, and to eat some apples which Effie had brought with her; and it was while they were thus occupied that Effie told her feelings to Jane.

"Oh, Jane," she said, as she finished, "you cannot imagine how sad I get sometimes when I hear your needle going in and out, and know how busy you are, and then think what a poor useless girl I am! I always prided myself on being so handy and clever, and now I can do nothing to help mother, but only to hinder her."

"No, no, Effie, that is not quite fair; you are making it out worse than it is. Why, when I called for you this morning, you had shelled all that large dishful of peas for Mrs. Harrison's dinner; and while you went upstairs to fetch your bonnet, I said to your mother, 'How nicely Effie has shelled those peas.' And your mother said, 'Yes, you would be astonished how much Effie contrives to do for me. I do not know sometimes how I should manage without her, for she helps me in so many little ways; and now that both parlours are let, I have my hands pretty full.' There, Effie!"

Effie looked pleased. "I ought to do all I can, Jane; but it is very little after all, and it does not bring any money in. Do not blind people get money sometimes by basket-making, and such kind of

things? I wonder whether I could learn anything, Jane."

"I am sure you could, if other people do. We will try and find out. I will write to a friend in London, and inquire what is taught at the Blind School. But you are learning a harder lesson at present than basket-making, dear Effie."

"Am I? What is it?"

"To be patient: to bear meekly the trial of having to depend on others."

"Oh, Jane! shall I ever learn *that*?"

"Yes, I hope so, Effie. I know you will try. But a bright thought has just come into my head."

"Then tell it to me, Jane."

"Not to-day, Effie. Perhaps it won't come to anything; if it does, you shall be sure to know it."

And Effie was obliged to be content with this promise.



THE BIBLE A LAMP.

CHILDREN in large cities may not fully understand what David meant when he said, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." They perhaps think of a broad street lighted from one end to the other, so that the traveller can see a long distance before him, and that it was one of these lamps to which David compared the Bible. But David meant more than this. He was once a shepherd boy, and, perhaps, when a lost sheep or lamb had strayed from the fold, while in search for it darkness had closed around his path.

How many dangers lay before him ere he could reach his father's house—narrow passes and slippery places, where a false step would prove fatal. Unseen dangers were at every step. What would enable him to avoid all these, and keep in the right path until he reached his home in safety? *The little Syrian lamp* which he carried in his hand, not much more than a torch, not throwing a bright light on all the road, but shining around his feet, and showing him just where to take the next step. Do you not think he prized his little lamp? Without it he would have wandered in darkness, or perished amid the dangers of the way.

So is the precious Bible to the Christian, "a lamp to his feet, and a light to his path." His way through the world is full of danger. Often has he to say, with the Psalmist, "My feet had well-nigh slipped." Temptations are on every side; but he has his lamp, not indeed to lighten up the whole way, but showing him where to take the next step. The word of God will show him *present duty*, and that is all he is called upon to perform. That step taken, its light will enable him to advance yet a little further, until he has passed through the "strait and narrow way," through the "dark valley," and entered into the celestial city, where they need no candle, neither light of the sun; "for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."



WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE BABY?

A HINDOO mother sits at the door of a little hut. Her infant son is asleep on a mat, spread on a sort of bench, and a strip of blue cotton is so placed as to shelter it from the wind and sun. *What will become of this baby?*

This mother is a heathen. All through her land idol temples are seen. Not one ray of gospel light has fallen on the minds of the people for many miles around. She has never seen a Bible, or a Christian tract, nor heard a gospel sermon. The nearest mission

station is two hundred miles away. What, then, will become of this little babe, in this dark land, under the training of such a mother?

If the infant lives, he will be taught to worship false gods. When of very tender age he will make his *salaam*, or bow, to an unsightly idol. With a bunch of flowers in his hand, he will pray to an image which cannot see, or hear, or speak. He will be told by the priests that Brahma is the great god, but as he is fast asleep it is of no use to pray to him. In the place of this sleeping god, he will hear that there are three hundred millions of gods, some black, and others white, some red, and others blue; that there are gods of all colours, shapes, and sizes—some like to men, and some to monkeys; that they ride through the air on elephants, or move over the land on peacocks and rats; that some have a hundred hands, and others a thousand eyes. He will be told that they quarrel and fight with one another; that they lie, steal, and commit murder.

As the little boy grows into the years of manhood, he will be taught to worship serpents. He will see figures of them in the temples, and will carry milk, butter, and fruit to the holes of live ones, and say, *Nulla paampu*, that is, "good snake," and offer this prayer: "Oh, good snake, preserve and help me: partake of these offerings, and be gracious unto me."

Should the little babe become a man, he will worship the river Gunga. He will believe that the sight or the touch of its waters will take away sin. Or, it may be, that to the banks of this river he will bring his mother when sick, or old, or near to death, and will

make her drink of the stream, and will rub her body with its mud; and there, on the edge of the river, he will leave her to perish.

If the babe should hereafter work in the fields, he will fall down and worship his own plough and spade, offering to them flowers, fruit, and rice. If he should become a mason, he will give the same honour to his trowel and rule; if a carpenter, he will adore his saw and hammer; if a barber, he will bow before his razor; if a soldier, he will sacrifice to his sword and gun.

As the heathen have not the Bible to teach them, they try many ways, in a vain hope of obtaining the favour of their gods and of being happy after death. Some roll on the ground after a great car, or chariot, on which an ugly idol is placed. Others roll over and over for many miles, till they reach some spot where a temple stands. Some have large hooks passed through the tender parts of their backs, and are then drawn up to the top of a high pole, where they swing aloft in the air. Many stand between two fires, and are sadly scorched; or wear large iron collars on their necks; or stretch themselves on beds of spikes. Strange as all this may seem to us, the cruel religion of the Hindoos teaches them to do such things; and who can tell but that some of them may be done by the tender little babe now gently sleeping at its mother's side?

But we turn from such sad thoughts, to dwell on more pleasing and hopeful ones. *What may this babe become?*

A missionary from England or America may cross the stormy seas, and travel far up the country—"in

perils by land, in perils by water, in perils among the heathen ;"—and at last he may come to the village where lives the babe when grown to be a little boy.

The missionary stands under the shade of a tree, and preaches to the heathen. He tells them that "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He declares that the idols cannot save, for that Jesus Christ is the only Saviour, and that he is able and willing and waiting to save all who believe and repent.

Again the missionary goes to the same place, and in words of love and mercy speaks to the people. After many visits, some destroy their idols, and wish to know more about Jesus. So the good man says he will come and live among them ; and in a short time he is seen in their midst, teaching them how to live, and in what way, as sinners, they may be saved.

The next thing is to build a schoolhouse for the children of the heathen ; and among the first scholars is that little boy of whom we now speak. He learns to read, and in course of time he can read the Christian's Bible. The wicked shasters, or sacred books of the Hindoos, are thrown away, and the best of books, given by God to men, to lead them to know, love, and serve him—the blessed book, that tells the young Hindoo that God is love, that he is the God of mercy, peace, and grace—this is the book he now reads.

The young Hindoo grows into early manhood. Under the teaching of the missionary he knows more and more about the Saviour of sinners. He believes that Christ so loved him as to give himself for him ;—

that he died, and rose again, and ascended into heaven; and that he will come again at the last day to receive his people to himself. As he listens to the word of life he is ready to leap for joy. Yes, he believes it all; he feels the Holy Spirit has renewed his heart; he repents, and obeys, and boldly stands forth in the midst of the heathen as a disciple of Christ.

Does it end here? No; he goes among his own people to tell them of the great change he feels, and of the love of Jesus in saving poor sinners; and through his labours many are brought to know the Saviour too. What a contrast is here!

And now, *who will help to save the heathen baby?* It is the work of God's Spirit to convert the heart, and to lead the sinner to the cross of Christ. But he can and does use us to bring about his own will. He adds his blessing to the money we give that the gospel may be sent to the heathen. While we send missionaries, and Bibles, and religious tracts, he, in answer to the prayers of faith, makes them the means of saving many souls. Come, come, then, dear children; help to save the baby.

But we must add another word. Do not neglect to go to the Saviour yourself. It is not because you were born of Christian parents, and have been taught in God's holy word, and have not bowed down to idols, that you will surely be saved. No; you must ask God to renew your heart; you must believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; you must repent of sins; you must aim to live a holy and useful life. If you do not, you will be in a worse state at last than the children of the heathen. For he that knows his Lord's

did Jesus refer?—Was this old or new doctrine?—Ezek. xxxvi. 26; Micah vi. 7.

LESSON XXIII.—THE DISCOURSE CONCLUDED.

John iii. 11—21.

11. What is it to *testify*?—How were Nicodemus and the Jewish teachers different from Christ? 1 Tim i. 7.—Why did they not receive the testimony?

12. What is here meant by *earthly things*?—What may be intended by *heavenly things*?—What was the object of this question?

13. Who was it that came down from heaven?—In what sense was he then in heaven?

14. To what circumstance did Jesus allude? Numb. xxi. 5—9.—How was it typical of himself?—Why was it necessary he should suffer? 1 Peter i. 19.

15. Wherein was this new to Nicodemus? Rom. ix. 24.—What evil is implied in *perish*? Mark xvi. 16.

16. In what sense did God love a wicked world?—How were the Old Testament saints saved? Heb. xi. 13.

17. What is here meant by *condemn*?

18. Why is the believer saved? Rom. v. 8.—Why is the unbeliever condemned? Rom. i. 18.

19. What light is here spoken of? Rom. i. 19, 20.—What is the darkness?—Is this darkness of necessity or of choice?

20. Why do evil doers shun the light? vers. 18, 19; Rom. ii. 15.

21. Why do others seek the light? Matt. v. 16; 1 Cor. x. 31.



THE BOOMSLANGE.

THE Boomslange is a very large snake, found in the forests of South Africa. It lives in trees, to which it resorts for the purpose of catching birds, upon which

it delights to feed. When one of these snakes gets into a tree, the birds collect around it, and fly to and fro, uttering the most piercing cries, till one, more terror-stricken than the rest, touches the lips of the snake, and, as if it had no power to hasten away, it becomes its meal. During such a time, the snake is seen with its head raised a few inches above the branch, round which its body and tail are twined, with its mouth open, as if seeking to increase the terror which it is aware will, sooner or later, bring within its grasp some one of the birds.

It has no poison fang. The colour of its skin is very beautiful. Spots of yellow pink and pale brown adorn it. The eyes are large and bright.

THE HERMITAGE.

WE were all at the sea-side, and a merry party we were, last October. There was mamma, always so kind and cheerful; and there was grave, quiet Louisa; and Johnnie, who knew not what it was to be quiet; and there was Harriet and Marian, and, last of all, myself. I have certainly a name of my own, by which I was called at proper times: but as I am getting in years, and young people are fond of a joke, I was more commonly addressed as the "aged gentlewoman," who liked the warmest corner in the drive, and chose to walk on the smooth parade rather than down on the shingly beach. And indeed I was not disposed to quarrel with the name, for it brought me many a loving word in its train, and many of those little

attentions which are so welcome when prompted by the sincere desire to please.

One bright morning we were all standing round the door, for a moment undecided which way we should take. "The Hermitage, mamma!" cried Johnnie, all at once; "what a charming day for the Hermitage! You said we might go there some time. Let us mount up the hill this morning, and see if the hermit is at home."

"Oh yes, the Hermitage!" was echoed by all the party; and so we set off past the fishermen's landing place, to climb up the eastern hill. Now, we had heard the hermit mentioned several times, yet all we knew of him was that he lived in a kind of grotto about half way up the hill, and with no other prospect before him than the wide, wide sea. But we thought there was no occasion to ask any questions, since every one who knows the world must be aware that a hermit is an old man, wearing a gown of serge which reaches down to his feet, with a long white beard, and a most venerable look. Of course he lives strictly upon vegetable diet; and Harriet, who is of a poetical turn, reminded me of the verse—

"From the mountain's grassy side,
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with fruit and herbs supplied,
And water from the spring."

It was a steep, slippery ascent, over loose pieces of rock and moss-grown stones, with little sandy hillocks between; but the hopes of some of the party were raised very high, and I have noticed during my long

life, that young people who cannot go up and down stairs two or three times without feeling fatigued, are equal to much exertion when there is something pretty or remarkable to be seen. So we all toiled up the hill, only stopping for a minute now and then just to take breath.

At last we came to a sudden turning behind some huge stones, and then to a large hole in the rock. Yes—I am sorry to call it a hole, but it really deserved no better name. Harriet had just got out the lines—

“Hermit hoar, in solemn cell,
Wearing out life’s evening grey,”

when she came to a sudden stop, for the “solemn cell” was inhabited by at least twenty two-legged creatures, hens, chickens, ducks, and ducklings, who ran to meet us at the entrance, and greeted us with a noisy welcome. Mamma drew back a few steps, and Johnnie flourished his stick, when in a moment came forward—not the reverend hermit with his white beard and gown of serge—but a dingy-looking old woman, in a weather-beaten black bonnet and ragged shawl.

“Walk in, ladies and gentleman, walk in if ye please,” said she, in a loud, harsh voice, while we looked at each other in dismay.

“We wanted to see the hermit,” said Harriet and Marian, both together.

“Cluck! cluck!” said the old hen. “Quack! quack! quack!” cried the ducks.

“Be quiet!” called out the old woman, turning to them angrily. Then looking at the young ladies, “Please to walk in,” said she; “my husband is just

gone down to the beach, but he'll not be long away if ye like to wait."

Her husband! Who ever heard of a hermit with a wife! And *such* a wife, and such a hermitage! All desire to see him was gone from that moment. However, we went in, stooping under the low, sandy entrance, to an inner cave which had been dug in the rock, and bore as little resemblance as could well be imagined to the "peaceful hermitage," of the poet. One never thinks how a hermit is to keep himself warm in cold weather; and it was quite a surprise to see an old rusty grate in one corner, with a narrow outlet in the rock which served instead of a chimney. Across the dusty fire-place a string was tied, from which hung some fish to dry over the mouldering, smoky fire. Two crazy arm-chairs stood opposite each other, on which two cats lay curled up asleep. Overhead we saw three or four birdcages—it was a comfort to perceive that they were empty. Some dusty shelves held a few plates, cups and saucers, and a broken teapot; while in one corner stood a bed, with hangings that had once been white, and a tattered patchwork quilt.

The old woman talked very fast, but turned a deaf ear to mamma, when she tried to say a few words that might have done her good. So we were not sorry to creep out of the wretched-looking cave into the clear sunshine and fresh air. "Some day," said mamma to me in a whisper, "we will come and read, and talk to this poor woman and her husband, and we will try to persuade them to go to the fisherman's church on a Sunday."

When we were half way down the hill, we saw an old man coming towards us—a tall old man, though bent with age, and we all knew it could be none other than the hermit, and all shrunk aside as he passed, so repelling was his look. The young folk were loud in their expressions of disappointment, when he was fairly out of hearing; but as the exercise of climbing the hill had done every one good, the elders of the party were not sorry that they should have had this opportunity of discovering for themselves, by what wrong names things may be sometimes called, and how disappointment may often await the most reasonable expectations.

The subject was alluded to in the evening, when we were seated round the table. Mamma and I had each some anecdotes to tell of promised pleasure that had turned out a delusion. I remembered especially having been invited in my childhood to a Christmas party, with the announcement that something very wonderful would be exhibited, and after all it was only a magic lantern, which I had seen two or three times before.

We went on to talk of more serious disappointments—how we had thought that when some particular event occurred we should be perfectly happy; yet, when the time came, some circumstance which we had not thought of cast a shade over all our joys. Such is the nature of earthly pleasure; and therefore it was that Solomon said of this world, “Vanity of vanities—all is vanity!”

“*One* thing is true—one thing never disappoints,” said dear mamma, as we opened our Bibles for the

evening reading, "it is the hope of the children of God, built on his promises, and given to us through Christ our Saviour. This hope only becomes more bright when all other things grow dark; and while earth's pleasures quickly fade away, it remains sure and steadfast, enduring to everlasting life!" P. Q.

CHRIST'S REGARD FOR THE YOUNG.

JESUS was once despised and low,
 A stranger and distress'd,
 Without a home to which to go,
 A pillow where to rest.

Now, on a high majestic seat,
 He reigns above the sky,
 And angels worship at his feet,
 Or at his bidding fly.

Once he was bound with prickly thorns,
 And scoff'd at in his pain :
 Now a bright crown his head adorns,
 And he will ever reign.

But what a condescending King !
 Who, though he reigns on high,
 Is pleased when little children sing,
 And listens to their cry.

He views them from his heavenly throne,
 He watches all their ways,
 And stoops to notice for his own
 The youngest child that prays.



PICTURES OF THE MONTH.

OCTOBER.

ORCHARDS are favourite places with me, not so much for the fruit they bear, as for their general influence on my mind. They make me peaceful, and grateful, and glad. Even now, when in an orchard in the autumn, my boyish days come over me; and I could almost climb the trees as formerly.

I think I see an orchard of apple-trees before me, a real old English orchard, of crooked and moss-grown trunks, and wide-spreading branches, whercon

the russets, the rennets, and the golden pippins glitter in the sun—a goodly sight. Such an orchard is not often seen now; but there it is, and it does me good to gaze on it. I must have another look at those moss-grown, crooked trunks, those wide-spreading branches, and all their racy store of finest fruit.

I could look on the different coloured mosses that grow on trees, by the hour together. Moss seems to grow and to flourish everywhere.

“ ’Tis Nature’s livery round the globe,
Where’er her wonders range :
The fresh embroidery of her robe
Through every season’s change.

Through every clime, on every shore
It clings, or creeps, or twines,
Where bleak Norwegian winters roar,
Where tropic summer shines.”

Orchards are pleasant possessions; but neither orchards nor any other worldly possessions will satisfy the heart. Solomon made himself gardens and orchards, and planted trees in them of all kinds of fruit; and gathered up silver and gold, and became great, and increased more than all that were before him in Jerusalem; and what does he say of himself after all? “Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do: and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun.”—Eccles. ii. 11. Seek to grow in humility, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Encourage pure and holy thoughts, and try to live a life of love and usefulness.—OLD HUMPHREY.

FRANK AND THE FIVE WARRIORS.

I SHALL not soon forget one of the London walks that I once took with my grandfather. "Frank," said he, "you know very well that people in the country are always doing something. If they are not ploughing, sowing, reaping, or mowing, they are employed in other ways, and I see no reason why we in the city should be less busy than they are. If we cannot sow wheat and barley, we may drop a kindly word, and do a kindly deed here and there; and if we cannot reap crops of corn, we may gain lessons of instruction from the things around us. Keep your eyes and your ears open. He who is on the watch to do good, or to get good, will not be long without an opportunity."

Not a street's length did we go without my grandfather giving some proof of the kindness of his heart. He turned to account the public buildings, the people, and the carriages. But I was about to speak of the Five Warriors.

When we came to the Horse Guards, he pointed to a soldier who was mounted on a noble black horse, under the gateway. The soldier was a fine-looking man, dressed in a blue jacket and a steel breastplate, that they call a cuirass. He had a brass helmet on his head, with a streaming plume of red horse-hair, and he had brass epaulets on his shoulders. He wore breeches almost as white as snow, with very high boots, and very high white gloves that half-covered his arms. "That man," said my grandfather, "is a warrior."

"Well," thought I, "grandfather need not have

told me that, for every one must see by his clothes and his weapons that he is a soldier;" but I said nothing.

Presently we came to a place called the Admiralty, a large building that falls back from the street, with a court-yard before it. Just as I was looking up at the sculpture of it, a sailor, in his blue jacket and trowsers, with a black silk handkerchief round his neck, went into the court-yard. "That man," said my grandfather, "is a warrior."

Once more I thought that my grandfather had given himself unnecessary trouble, for all the world knows that many sailors fight on board a man-of-war; but still I kept my tongue still.

It so happened that my grandfather had forgotten to make a call near the Parliament House, so he turned back again, and we had hardly reached the Hall of Westminster, before we saw somebody crossing over to the entrance of the place, dressed in a powdered, curly wig, and a flowing black gown. I took him for a clergyman; but to my surprise my grandfather said to me, "Frank, that is a warrior."

At first I thought that my good old grandfather was joking with me; but when I saw how grave he was, I altered my opinion. Still, the more I looked at the powdered wig and the black gown, the more was I puzzled.

Soon after this, as we passed by some large houses, a handsome gig stopped at the door of one of them. I looked at the spirited bay horse, and at the driver, a mere boy, with a gold band round his hat, and a pair of topped boots on his legs; but my grandfather

looked at the gentleman who got out of the gig, and giving me a touch on the elbow while he spoke, he said to me, "Frank! do you see there? That is a warrior."

What was to be the end of all this I did not know; for hardly had I got the better of my former surprise. I took a fresh glance at the gentleman as he went up the steps of the house, who neither looked at all like a soldier, nor carried a sword, and thought to myself, "At any rate, I should never have taken him for a warrior."

There is a church within a stone's-throw of Westminster Abbey, and as we went through the churchyard, an elderly gentleman, with grey hair, dressed in black, walked before us and entered the church. We were at one time so near him, that had we spoken loud, he would have heard every word we said; but my grandfather bent down his head a little, and whispered to me, "The gentleman in black there is a warrior."

Never having supposed for a moment that there were any other warriors to be seen, besides soldiers and sailors, my wonder was greater than ever, and I made up my mind to ask my grandfather, on our return, what he meant by calling a man in plain clothes a warrior? My grandfather, however, who knew what was passing in my mind, was not likely to let me be long at a loss.

"I want to speak a few words with you, Frank," said he, "about the five warriors that I pointed out to you. The one at the Horse Guards you knew at once to be a warrior, by his dress. The time when swords will be beaten into ploughshares, and spears into

pruning hooks is not yet come ; but for all this, come it will, ' for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.'

" Everybody knows the dress of a sailor, and therefore you might suppose that the man in the blue jacket and trowsers, at the Admiralty, was a warrior. The worst wish that I have towards sailors is this, that every honest Jack-tar may be engaged in the service of peace."

" Now," thought I, " my grandfather will speak about the other warriors, and tell me what I want to know ;" and sure enough he did, thus :—

" You were a little surprised to find a warrior at Westminster Hall, arrayed in a wig ; but he was a barrister, and, as such, he was bound to contend against fraud and injustice. The business of a barrister is to advise others about the law ; to maintain right and resist wrong ; to defend the weak from the powerful oppressor, to clear the innocent, and bring the guilty to justice. An upright lawyer, though he wields no sword, and carries no fire-arms, is a warrior against disorder, and deceit, and wrong, and as such is entitled to high honour.

" The warrior that you saw alight from the gig was a doctor, and his duty is, so far as his skill will allow, to defend mankind from sickness, and resist disease.

" The warrior dressed in black, who entered the church, was a clergyman, a minister of grace to guilty men, and he is by far the highest of all the warriors. He has, looking up to God for aid, to wage war against ignorance, error, and sin, and to resist and persuade others to oppose the world, the flesh, and the devil.

"And now, Frank," said he, looking at me solemnly, but very kindly, "though you and I are neither soldiers, sailors, barristers, doctors, nor ministers of the gospel of Jesus Christ, I do trust that, through much mercy, we shall ever be found hardy warriors, fighting manfully against sin, and continue to be Christ's faithful soldiers to our lives' end.

"Till flesh shall faint, and life itself shall fail,
Let us fight on—through Christ we must prevail."

INFANT SCHOLARS.

I HAD been giving a lesson on the picture of Moses on the mountain, praying for the success of Israel. A little boy, about six years of age, on going home, found his mother crying, and being told, in answer to his inquiries, that they were to lose their things for rent, he said, "Don't cry, mother, that is no use; do as Moses did." His mother inquired what that was. "Why, he prayed to God, mother," said the child, "and God gave him what he wanted; and if you pray to him, he will give you what you want."

I have also a little girl about five years old, who was constantly throwing herself into violent passions, on the most trifling occasions. I had frequently talked to her of the great sin she was committing when she did so, and of the necessity of praying to God, to enable her to conquer her bad temper. On one of these occasions, I had put her out of the room, as I was always obliged to do, on account of the screaming; all at once the noise ceased; I went to

the door, and saw her run into the yard. In a few minutes she came into the room, sobbing very much, but her temper evidently quite subdued. She told me she had been praying to God to forgive her, and to make her good, and begged me to forgive her. I think she was quite convinced of the sin, and am happy to say, she is much improved, and I generally find it sufficient to caution her, if I see her temper rising.

At the close of a Bible lesson, one little boy said, "Please, teacher, will you tell me where that story is, and I will ask father to read it to-night;" "and so will I," was repeated by several. One little boy stood up, looking very sorrowful, and said, "We have no Bible, teacher, to read it in." I said, "I am sorry for that; but if you will save all the money you get to spend, I will keep it until you have enough to buy a Bible."

Nothing more was said at the time; but in the afternoon, a little girl came to me bringing a bag, containing three halfpence, and said, "Please, governess, that is to help to buy John a Bible."

Next morning some brought a penny, some a half-penny, and others a farthing, for the same purpose, and in two weeks we had sufficient to buy a very nice Bible; and the little boy tells me, that his father, (who was a very wicked man,) "reads some of it every night."

A little girl, eight years of age, named Emma A——, took a trifling article from the school-room, concealed it, and when it was known, she told lie upon lie to hide her theft. I separated her from her companions, and went frequently to her, to see if she

would acknowledge her fault; but all to no purpose. Indeed, so strongly did she deny it, that I was almost inclined to think her innocent. She continued in this way for three hours and a half. I then went to her mother, who was quite willing to leave the affair in my hands, saying, she well knew that I should do my duty by her. I then returned, took her up-stairs, and reasoned with her alone. I told her of God's hatred of all sin, of the punishment of sin, etc. It was of no use; she still declared she had not taken the article, but found it in the street. Seeing her in this state, I knew not what to do. I lifted my heart to God to direct me, and then began to speak of the love of Christ to sinners. I told her that it was for such as her that Jesus died, and that he was even now looking down upon her with an eye of pity. I had touched the proper string; she could hold out no longer; she was quite subdued, and the tears came into her eyes. "What have you to say, Emma?" I asked.

Pale and trembling, she replied, "I did take it, teacher."

"And you really did not find it in the street?"

"No, teacher, but I have been telling you stories."

After reasoning with her mildly on the awful state of liars, and the happiness of those who love the truth, I made her kneel by my side, and I prayed with her; then made her repeat a short prayer after me, entreating God's forgiveness of her sin, and asking his guidance for the future, "for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord." The love of Christ has more power than all the terrors of the law.



EFFIE'S TRIAL.

CHAPTER V.

It was a lovely morning, and the sunshine fell brightly on Jane's path, as she walked through the narrow lane which led out of the village into the high road. The air was clear and bracing, and Jane went briskly along, as if she enjoyed the fresh breeze. So she did; but it was not only the weather which made Jane cheerful that morning: she was in good spirits, because she was going on a pleasant errand. What was it? To buy

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herself a new dress, or some smart ribbon for her bonnet ? No ; but, if you can have patience, you will soon find out.

Effie wondered very much what business Jane could have in the town that morning ; for, although Jane had not said a word to her about going, the secret, if it were a secret, came out in this way. Mrs. Gray had been to the end of the village to fetch some new-laid eggs for her lodgers' breakfast, and as she returned she met Jane coming from home, and walking quickly towards her. She said she was going into the town, and was making haste, because she had not much time to spare.

"Some dresses to make, I suppose, for some of the ladies there ?" said Mrs. Gray.

"No," Jane said, "I have not any fresh orders at present ; it is a little business of another kind that I want to see about. Good-bye, Mrs. Gray ; tell Effie I will call in as I come back."

Effie's curiosity was aroused, for she generally knew everything that Jane had in hand ; and she was with her the evening before : so that she was surprised Jane had not spoken about it. It was not of any concern to Effie what Jane had to arrange in the town ; but a little thing will occupy the thoughts of those who have not much else to do but to think, and she often found herself trying to settle where Jane could be gone.

It was early when Jane reached the town, and there were not many people about in the streets. The sea looked beautiful, with its shining waters and white-crested waves, and Jane could not help standing still for a few minutes to admire it. But she did not stop

long, for she was in a hurry to get home again; so she turned away from the beach, and went along the parade, until she came to a small house and shop, over which was written, in gilt letters, "Fancy Repository." It was a nice, tasty-looking shop, and the window was set out to the best advantage. There were all sorts of pretty things in it to tempt people to buy, and that, of course, was what Mrs. Morrison, the owner of the repository, wanted. It would have been of no use keeping a shop unless she could meet with customers; and she managed so well that she got plenty in the season, and was able to keep herself and aged father in comfort.

Jane knew her very well, for she was an old friend of her mother's; but you are not to suppose that Jane had taken her long walk that morning for the purpose of paying a visit to Mrs. Morrison, and of inquiring how she was. Nor yet had Jane come, as you are perhaps fancying, to buy some article, either for herself or for any one else. Jane wanted to gain a customer, not to *be* one. What! had Jane anything to sell, then? Ah, I see I shall be obliged to tell you all about it.

Effie, as you have already found out, was a very good knitter, and she had lately knitted a very pretty pair of cuffs, as a present for Jane. The stitch was quite a new one, and had been taught Effie by Mrs. Cooper, her mother's last lodger. Now, it had struck Jane that if Effie could knit several pairs of such cuffs, and manage to dispose of them, it would be an easy way by which she might earn a little money for herself; and she knew how glad Effie would be if she could put the smallest trifle into her mother's purse.

It was right too, as well as pleasant, that Effie should do something, if she could, towards her own support, for Mrs. Gray had often hard work to make both ends meet; and, although Jane had tried to teach Effie to be patient, she knew at the same time that it is our duty to try, as well as to trust.

The only difficulty about the cuffs was to find out a way to sell them. Effie could not carry them about from house to house, nor could Mrs. Gray put them in her parlour window, on account of the lodgers; besides, if she did, no one would see them, because of the little garden in front. Jane talked with her mother about it, and at length Mrs. Morrison was thought of as the best person to apply to.

"I will walk over to-morrow morning, if it is fine, and ask her. It will not do to lose any time, because now is the time to sell them, while the pattern is fresh and the town is full of visitors. I must sit up a little later to-night and get my own work forward, so as to make up for an hour or two in the morning."

We will now go back to Mrs. Morrison's shop, or "Fancy Repository," as she calls it. Jane is sitting in the little back parlour, showing the cuffs and telling her story. And how well she tells it! You may be sure, if she does not make out a good case for Effie, and get Mrs. Morrison to feel interested in her, it will not be Jane's fault.

Effie's knitting was carefully examined; for Mrs. Morrison was a good judge of such work, and knew what would be likely to find a ready sale. To Jane's great relief, she not only said it was very nicely done indeed, but that she liked the pattern so much, that

she would give Effie an order for a dozen pairs at once.

- "I think I had better supply your little friend with materials, Jane, and then pay her so much for her work; that will be the least trouble, both for her and for me. Fourpence a pair will be as much as I can afford to give her; and as the stitch, although pretty, is very slight, she will find that a fair price, and the more so if she is a quick knitter."

"Oh, yes, Effie knits faster than I ever saw any one of her age; and she will be quite satisfied with your terms. She has nothing else to do, so she will soon get them done."

"If they take—and I have very little doubt they will, for folks will have something new, and they are just the sort of thing for my customers—I shall be able to keep her employed for some time."

Jane thanked her as warmly as if she had got the order for herself, and when Mrs. Morrison had looked out the materials for her, she set off again with a glad heart. The parcel was not heavy; but if it had been Jane would not have minded, she was so glad to have it to carry back. With a face glowing with health and joy she reached Mrs. Gray's house, and entered the kitchen, where Mrs. Gray was kneading some dough, and Effie was trying to pare some apples for a pudding. Both knife and apples were laid down in a minute, when Jane came in and began to tell what she had been doing, and how she had got on.

Oh, how delighted Effie was! It was just what she wanted—the very thing that suited her; and all the more welcome because it was unexpected. And to

think that she was to make a dozen pairs, and to be paid so well for them too ! it seemed as if it were almost too good to be true. Jane put the parcel into her hand, that she might feel its size ; and then she sorted the colours for her, that they might not get mixed, and tied them up in separate bundles, leaving out enough for her to make up first. For of course Effie could not wait : she must begin a pair of cuffs directly ; and Jane left her knitting away with all her might, and looking so happy. Effie *was* happy ; for her desire to be useful was now gratified, and she was put into a pleasant way of earning some money. She did not forget, as she sat at her work, to thank God for having thus speedily answered her prayers ; and she thanked him too for giving her such a kind friend as Jane, to care for her and to help her. If a little blind girl like Effie was grateful for the mercies which she received, ought not you, my dear young reader, who have the precious gift of sight, to be still more thankful ?

In about a week, the twelve pairs of cuffs were neatly finished ; and Mrs. Gray went with Effie to carry them home, leaving a neighbour's little girl to mind the house till they returned. Effie had a cold, and her mother was half inclined to go without her, because, as she said, it was not needful that Mrs. Morrison should see Effie ; but Effie was not willing to stay at home : she wanted to take back her first work, and to receive her first money herself. Do you not think it was very natural that Effie should wish this ? Her mother thought so, and took her with her.

Mrs. Morrison was very glad to have the cuffs so

quickly, because she meant, if she could, to get a sale for them before any other shop met with the same pattern. She praised Effie for her nice knitting, and paid her the money, with the promise of plenty more work, if she found that the ladies who came to the shop were willing to be customers for it. Effie felt quite rich with four shillings in her hand. It was more than she had ever called her own before, and the first that she had ever earned.

Her mother said that she was to keep the four shillings, and spend it just as she pleased; she thought it was only fair that Effie should have this money for herself. And what do you suppose Effie did with it?

THE HEATHEN.

OH, stay not; time is passing;
Work while 'tis call'd to-day;
Thousands of heathen perish
Each hour that we delay.

They die without the knowledge
Of God's most holy word,
Without the hopes we cherish
Through Christ our risen Lord.

Lift up the gospel banner—
Grace, mercy, peace proclaim
To all repenting sinners,
In Christ the Saviour's name.



CONVERSION OF SAUL.

By the banks of a rapid but beautiful river, called Cydnus, played a little boy. He sometimes looked into its clear, cold water, sometimes at the busy town of Tarsus, through which it held its course, and oftener still to the snowy mountain of Taurus, from whose mighty sides it came. Perhaps he may have been told about the great king, Alexander, who nearly died from bathing there, or the beautiful queen, Cleopatra, who many a year had sailed over its smooth surface.

But we are sure, though many of the people around prayed to idols, that he knew about God, who made both mountain and river, for he was a Jewish child, and early taught to read the Old Testament. As he grew older he read with wonder the Bible stories about Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and, feeling proud to think he was descended from all those great men, determined he would be worthy of such ancestors.

A very learned man, called Gamaliel, became his teacher, and the boy devoted himself to his studies. There were many lessons to be said; but the one he liked best was from that precious old roll, with strange letters, which the master often unfolded and explained as his pupil sat at the old man's feet. Nor were the boy's fingers allowed to be idle; for when school-hours were passed, he was obliged to work hard until he had learned to turn the rough, shaggy, goat-skin into a warm tent; and many a day after, this trade was useful to him.

The boy had now become a man, knowing much, but still ignorant of the best knowledge. He did not know that Jesus Christ was God as well as man; that he had died on the cross to save all those who believe on him; and that he was now in heaven, the great High Priest interceding for his people. No; he expected to get to heaven another way. He was so foolish as to fancy, that if he did his very best to keep God's holy law, if he did not steal, nor lie, nor break the sabbath the crown of glory might be won by his own efforts. He even thought that if any one believed on Jesus they deserved to be put to death; and one day, when the mad crowd of Jews had led a holy disciple, called Stephen,

away to execution, this young man looked on and approved of the cruel murder. No sooner was this savage deed done, than he asked leave to go to another city, many miles away, called Damascus, and try to make prisoners of every man and woman he could find who believed on Jesus there.

He set off to do this wicked work, and several men went with him. They were near their journey's end, when suddenly, at noon, a light far brighter than the blazing sun shone from heaven, and every one fell down, hiding their faces in the dust. The young man alone heard a voice from the sky, which said, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" It was the Lord Jesus who spoke to him thus, for he and his people are so joined, that whatever hurts them grieves him also. The persecutor was blinded and trembling, when he took courage to ask the Lord what he should do. He was commanded to go into Damascus, and there he should be told. So the blind man was led by the hand until he reached a house in the city, where he spent three days without eating or drinking, but passed the time praying to God for pardon.

A kind disciple was then sent by Christ to carry good news to the troubled soul, and sight to the darkened eyes of Saul. The Holy Spirit came to his heart, and made it new and clean; and he was baptized. Oh, what a change was now seen in the strong, bold man! He hated what he used formerly to love—sin; and loved him he used to hate—Jesus. He found out now that he could not save himself even by his holiest works, but was glad to feel that Christ could and would. He learned that he was a sinner; but he

learned too that by faith in Jesus all his sins would be forgiven—that God, for Christ's sake, would regard him as his child. The active Jew was now an active Christian. He went and preached to Greeks and Romans, as well as to his fellow-countrymen, about the precious Saviour, “who was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification,” and begged of them to believe on him also.

Paul was now an apostle, or messenger; he travelled, wrote and preached, was beaten, stoned, shipwrecked, hungry, thirsty, weary, chained, imprisoned, and at length beheaded. We cannot relate in so short a space the history of his journeys and his sufferings; but if our little friends will turn to their own Bibles, and read the fourteen beautiful letters which the Holy Spirit taught St. Paul to write, with part of the Acts of the Apostles, they will be much wiser when they have finished.

Say to yourselves as you read, “Is my heart changed? Do I believe on Jesus?” If not, dear reader, do not rest until you find rest in Christ. Look for Jesus in your Bible; you will learn about him there. Pray to him; he will send sweet answers back to your heart. Think of what he has done for you, then you will love him more. Trust him, then you shall be safe for ever. Copy his example, and you shall be happy and holy.

TELL THE TRUTH.

I ONCE lived in a country village with my aunt, who has since joined my dear mother, who was taken to heaven when I was a babe.

This aunt loved me very much ; but it often sheds a gloom over my thoughts as I think how I troubled her kind heart, and how very naughty I was.

It was on a bright and sunny morning that I started to school, about two miles distant. My aunt gave me a letter to take to the post-office, a few doors from the school-house, and also a penny to buy a stamp to put on it. I put the penny in my pocket, and the letter I thrust into my cap, and thus I started. As I was walking along with a companion, a beautiful butterfly flew across the path, and joyfully flitted along the side of the hedge. As soon as I saw it I took off my cap, and, all intent on the chase, I saw not the letter drop, and in a moment afterwards the light summer breeze carried it along the road, and I lost it.

The loss I found out not very long after ; but what was I to do ? Sad to tell, Satan, whom the Bible says is the "father of lies," and my own evil heart, tempted me, and I was led into sin. I thought I would deceive my aunt, and make her believe I had posted the letter, and the penny I spent before I went to school. I am sorry to tell you about my wicked conduct ; but I do so that you may avoid the wrong path into which I entered.

The letter, however, was picked up by a person who lived at a lodge gate, and, as she knew who wrote it, she gave it to me on my return in the evening, to take back with me. Oh ! well would it have been if, even then, I had stopped and took the letter home, confessing all ; but this, alas ! I did not do, forgetting that

“He that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.”

I hid the letter, thinking that then my aunt would know nothing about it. I did not then know that text, “Be sure your sin will find you out.” Before I reached home my companion had been there, and told all to my aunt. When I arrived she asked if I had posted the letter, and I answered “Yes!” Then that dear face, so loving, cheerful, and happy, was overcast with deep sorrow. I cannot now quite remember what she said; but I have not forgotten her grief and her tears—tears of sorrow for my sin. She then punished me, and prayed with me.

Since that day I have found out, and I hope never to forget it, what to do when I am tempted to do wrong. It is this—that as soon as wicked thoughts come into my heart, at once to “resist the devil,” and pray for help; to ask God to give me his Holy Spirit, that I may be kept from sin. Never forget that God sees you at all times and in every place.

Jesus, when he was tempted, said, “Get thee behind me, Satan;” and he has promised that if we look to him in faith, he will deliver us in the time of temptation. Learn, then, a lesson from this true story.

“Then, when I want to do amiss,
However pleasant it may be,
I’ll always try to think of this—
I’m not too young for God to see.”

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER

HONOUR IN SCHOOLBOYS.

FRANK MACKENZIE happened one day to enter school a few minutes after the work had begun ; and, though at the close of the preceding day, he had stood first, the master, recently appointed, said, " You are too late, go down to the bottom." He obeyed ; but the boy who stood second, instead of seizing this unexpected chance of becoming first, stepped boldly forward, and respectfully pleaded, " Oh, no, sir, the former master never displaced Frank if he was a minute or two late, because he knew that he comes from a much greater distance than any of us, and that it is not his fault, for he always wishes to be punctual." This earnest and unselfish appeal was instantly followed by the re-instatement of Frank at the head of his class.

Similar acts were common in this academy. Henry, the brother of Frank, on first entering, rose at once to be one of the head boys of his class, and a few weeks afterwards was detained at home by illness, during which several of the foremost boys went each day to inquire after him, and marked the lessons in his books, that he might know what to prepare, and not lose on his return.

In Frank's first winter at school he had been for some days lower than usual in his class ; his eldest sister spoke to him on his not being so high as usual, and, as she feared, not caring enough about it. He listened to her very quietly, and then answered, " Why, what would you have, Fanny ? I knew my lessons. You surely would not have me wish another boy to make a

mistake, just that I might get into his place?" His great shyness, though attended with disadvantages, was overcome whenever any call of duty demanded effort, while his utter unselfishness was manifested by the cheerfulness with which he bore disappointment, no less than by the meekness with which he met success: "Many must always be disappointed"—such were his own words—"why not we as well as others? If we had not been disappointed, some one else must have been; and those who have been successful are just as happy as we would have been, and we should not grudge them their happiness, I should think. Of course, one likes well enough to obtain a prize, when one has tried for it; but, after all, there is something to care for more than the prize, for it will be more delightful and more useful afterwards, and that is, the knowledge gained in the trying for it, and the work thoroughly done; and that one keeps, whether one gains the prize or not."—*From the Memoir of F. L. Muckenzie.*

DIVINE CARE:

THERE is a Friend above us,
Whose daily gifts we share;
A Father who doth love us,
And for our safety care:

There is an eye most holy,
That slumbers not; nor sleeps;
That looks upon the lowly,
And watch o'er all things keeps:



CONVERSION OF SAUL.

By the banks of a rapid but beautiful river, called Cydnus, played a little boy. He sometimes looked into its clear, cold water, sometimes at the busy town of Tarsus, through which it held its course, and oftener still to the snowy mountain of Taurus, from whose mighty sides it came. Perhaps he may have been told about the great king, Alexander, who nearly died from bathing there, or the beautiful queen, Cleopatra, who many a year had sailed over its smooth surface.

But we are sure, though many of the people around prayed to idols, that he knew about God, who made both mountain and river, for he was a Jewish child, and early taught to read the Old Testament. As he grew older he read with wonder the Bible stories about Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and, feeling proud to think he was descended from all those great men, determined he would be worthy of such ancestors.

A very learned man, called Gamaliel, became his teacher, and the boy devoted himself to his studies. There were many lessons to be said; but the one he liked best was from that precious old roll, with strange letters, which the master often unfolded and explained as his pupil sat at the old man's feet. Nor were the boy's fingers allowed to be idle; for when school-hours were passed, he was obliged to work hard until he had learned to turn the rough, shaggy, goat-skin into a warm tent; and many a day after, this trade was useful to him.

The boy had now become a man, knowing much, but still ignorant of the best knowledge. He did not know that Jesus Christ was God as well as man; that he had died on the cross to save all those who believe on him; and that he was now in heaven, the great High Priest interceding for his people. No; he expected to get to heaven another way. He was so foolish as to fancy, that if he did his very best to keep God's holy law, if he did not steal, nor lie, nor break the sabbath the crown of glory might be won by his own efforts. He even thought that if any one believed on Jesus they deserved to be put to death; and one day, when the mad crowd of Jews had led a holy disciple, called Stephen,

or two of God's blessed day there. But you must not think we had unhappy Sundays long ago. Sunday was always a sunshiny day at Homehurst."

"Was there never a wet Sunday like yesterday?" asked Willie.

"Oh, yes, many a one, my boy; but we always contrived to keep sunshine within doors. Early on Saturday, every one began to prepare for the coming day. Work was finished up, lessons put away; so that by the time my good old grandmother and my parents sat down to tea, the whole house looked as neat as it could be made. But father often told us that our hearts too should be made ready for that sweet day which is to lead us to Christ and heaven, because the sabbath must be kept with the heart. The first sound on Sunday, except the singing of the birds, was cousin Emily's voice; it was always a sweet one," said grandpapa, nodding to an old lady who sat knitting in the corner. "As soon as the time came for going to the house of God, the white pony was brought to the door, and our grandmother was helped down the steps by father and mother, and helped up to the pillion by the same kind hands."

"A pillion, grandpapa, what was that?"

"Oh, I forgot, you never saw one; it was a kind of cushioned saddle, on which women used to ride long ago. My father rode in front, and grandmother sat behind him, for she was too feeble to walk. Very slowly they used to go; mother, Emily, and I, were always able to keep up with them. Dear old times, I can see all again when I shut my eyes and think for a moment.

"But one Sunday the quiet of our dwelling was disturbed by a sad event; which gave me a great warning against sabbath-breaking. As soon as we had all set out for God's house, Frank Begg, the gardener's son, called Matty, his sister, and said, 'Every one is out of the way now, Matty; let us run to the end of the meadow where master's boat is moored; and have a nice little row up and down the river. All can be right again before one o'clock; and we can take little Bobby; he would like the sail as well as any of us.'

" 'Perhaps better,' said Matty; 'for he is not old enough to know the sin, and I could not enjoy it at all. 'Tis Sunday; Frank, and the Bible says we are "not to think our own thoughts; or speak our own words, or do our own pleasure," on God's holy day. Come along with me.' And off Matty set; begging of Frank to follow.

"She was no sooner out of sight than Frank took Bobby by the hand, and ran to the foot of the meadow where the little boat lay. He pushed it into the water, for the shore was smooth and sloping, and, putting Bobby in the stern, told him to sit quiet while he rowed down the river. It was easy work; for the stream helped the boat quite as much as the oars did, and Frank thought it very pleasant. The pleasure hid the sin from his eyes; for the power of every sin lies in its present pleasure, although afterwards it stings like a serpent.

"Down glided the boat until it reached a smooth, broad part of the stream; where the water was calm and clear. Here Frank thought he would like to bathe; so, tying the boat to a tree, and giving Bobby

many charges to be steady, he undressed and leaped in. Water is always deeper than it seems, and Frank did not know how to swim ; while, to add to the danger, large holes had been dug in this very part of the river, by some men who had been getting gravel the day before. Into one of these pits poor Frank must have sunk, for he never returned to the boat where his little brother sat, and cried, and wrung his hands, calling him to come back. Some people heard his screams, and ran to see what was the matter. Bobby's story was not easily understood ; but he kept pointing to one spot in the stream, and when they examined it, the lifeless body of Frank was drawn to the surface. A sad company carried the drowned boy to his father's cottage, and in those pale features, and stiff cold limbs, I saw the dreadful effects of death for the first time.

"But do not think, my Willie, that we keep the fourth commandment if we merely avoid open sabbath-breaking. Each one of God's commands is so broad that it reaches to the secrets of the heart, and must be obeyed there, if kept in truth. May God give you his grace, that you may be kept from sin and led into all truth."

QUESTIONS ON THE GOSPEL HARMONY.

LESSON XXIV.—JOHN'S TESTIMONY TO JESUS.

John iii. 22—36.

22. From what place did he depart ?—What disciples were these ?—Who administered this baptism ?
iv. 2.

23. Where was Enon situated ?

24. What imprisonment was this ?

25. What is meant by purifying ? ver. xxvi.

26. To whom did John's disciples allude ?—Where had John borne witness ? i. xxviii.—What were their doubts ?

27. What gifts are spoken of ? x. 41 ; 1 Cor. xii. 8—10.

28. To whom is this said ?—Of what occasion did he speak ? i. 19.

29. Who are meant by bride and bridegroom ?—Who, by the friend of the bridegroom ?—Wherein was his joy complete ?

30. How was John to decrease ?

31. Whom does John here place in contrast ?

32. To whose testimony did John refer ?—Explain the last clause ? ver. xxxiii.*

33. What persons did John speak of ?—What is the peculiar evidence of a believer ? 1 John v. 10.

34. Is Jesus or John here meant ?—Explain the last clause. Col. i. 19.

35. What is further proof of this ? Matt. iii. 17 ; xvii. 5.

36. What kind of faith is this ? Acts viii. 37.—What is the portion of unbelievers ?

LESSON XXV.—JOHN IMPRISONED.

Mark vi. 17—29. See also Matt. xiv. 3—5 ; Luke iii. 19, 20.

17. Which of the Herods was this ?—Whom did he send to take John ?—To what place did he send ?

* Comparing this with the following verse, the expression "no man," must be taken for *few*—that is, few received his

John iii. 23.—Why was John bound in prison?—At whose instance was John arrested?—What government had Philip at this time?—Whose sons were Herod and Philip?

18. What moral quality did John exhibit?

19. What was the cause of her anger?—Who prevented her taking his life?—Why did Herod meditate his death?—What restrained Herod from it?—How should we feel towards those who tell us of our sins? Psa. cxli. 5.

20. In what respect did he fear John?—In what way did he “*observe*” him?—Wherein did John please Herod?—What things was Herod induced to do?—Why was he induced to do them?

21. For whom did Herod make a supper on his birthday?—Is it well to observe a birthday with riotous feastings?—How should we feel when we think that another year of our life is past? Psa. xc. 12.

22. What did the daughter of Herodias do on Herod’s birthday?—What did the king say to her?—How did she please him?

23. What did Herod do further?—Do not people who swear call God to witness that what they say is true?—What does Jesus say about swearing in Matt. v. 34—37?—What sort of an oath was this of Herod’s?

testimony. So, in verse 26, *all* is to be taken for *many*. John vi. 66.

* The expression “observed him” does not at this day convey the idea in the original, which is, *protected him*; that is, Herod protected John from the effects of Herodias’ resentment.

24. What did the damsel do when Herod had sworn this to her?—What did her mother say?—Why did she wish her to make such a request?

25. What did she straightway do?—What did she say?—What is a "charger?"—What does Solomon say, in Prov. i. 10, 16?

26. How did the king feel?—Why was he sorry?—Why would he not reject her?—What is meant by that?—Were Herod's excuses for his wickedness good in the sight of God?

27. What did the king immediately do?—What is an "executioner?"—What did the executioner do?

28. What did he do with the head?—What did the damsel do with it?—What do you think was the character of this young woman?—Was she bound to do as her wicked mother desired?—What does this history teach us about the human heart?

29. What did John's disciples do when they heard of his execution?—What became of John's soul?—Was not this a joyful release for him?—How should people regard the death of just and holy men?
1 Thess. iv. 13, 14.

Oh write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy word:
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.



PICTURES OF THE MONTH.

NOVEMBER.

THE flower has faded, the leaf has fallen, and most of the birds have gone to a warmer clime. The air is moist, and thick fogs often cover the face of the country. As they come from gathering the sticks in the wood, a torch is lighted, and the boy cries aloud, to give notice lest some cart should come suddenly upon them. A poet has thus described the month:—

“ November’s sky is chill and drear,
November’s leaf is red and sere.

Late, gazing down the steepy linn
That hems our little garden in,
Low in its dark and narrow glen,
You scarce the rivulet might ken,
So thick the tangled green-wood grew,
So feeble trilled the streamlet through ;
Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen
Through bush and brier, no longer green,
An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,
Brawls over rock and wild cascade.

No longer Autumn's glowing red
Upon our forest hills is shed ;
The sheep, before the pinching heaven,
To sheltered dale and down are driven,
Where yet some faded herbage pines,
And yet a watery sunbeam shines :
In meek despondency they eye
The withered sward and wintry sky,
And far beneath their summer's hill,
Stray sadly by the sedgy rill :
The shepherd lifts his mantle's fold,
And wraps him closer from the cold ;
His dogs no merry circles wheel,
But, shivering, follow at his heel ;
A cowering glance they often cast,
As deeper moans the gathering blast."

THE LAST OF THE FAMILY.

BY THE REV. E. PORTER.

ONE morning very early, during the month of March, 1838, if you had been living in a village in India, about forty miles from the river Godavery, you might have

seen a Hindoo man and his wife, with four little children, preparing for a journey ; and, as the requisites for a journey in India are so different to what they are in England, I will tell you a little about them.

The wife takes on her head an earthen pot full of rice, a goglet (jug) of water, or a brass vessel for the purpose of washing. The husband carries a bundle of clothes, a few plantains, and sometimes a mat to lie down upon at night. They generally sleep at choultries (or inns) built by wealthy Hindoos for the use of travellers, which are placed at the distance of eight or ten miles from each other. Thus furnished, the mother would take the baby on her hip, the father the next child on his shoulder, and the rest of the family walk, carrying some other articles for the journey.

And what do you think they are going this long journey for ? Why, they are going to worship, not the true God, but the river Godavery.

Ah ! my dear young friends, did you or your parents ever take half the trouble to worship him who made all things ? But these poor people had left at home a poor old grandmother who was too feeble to go so far ; so she stopped at home to take care of the house. They did not like to leave the poor woman *alone* ; therefore the eldest girl stayed with her, to keep her company and assist her.

This family was gone for some time ; and no doubt the grandmother and the little girl often talked of them when they were gone, and thought what they would say when they returned home again. They waited and watched for them a long time, but they did not come. At last some of their neighbours who had

been to the same place returned home, but with sad tidings. They had fallen ill of a disease which much prevails in that country, and which frequently attacks pilgrims on their return from their sacred places in India.

The poor old woman was loud in her sorrow, and the poor girl cried bitterly. After a while the grandmother said, "I am old and will soon die, and then who will care for this girl?" But she had heard that there was at Vizagapatam a *tellu dorusane*, or white lady, who kept a school, in which poor destitute children were taught, fed, and clothed; and so the poor old woman said, "Well, this is 'the last of the family;' I will take her and leave her there, and then I will shut my eyes and die."

She and her grand-daughter then set off for the place. It was a long journey for an old woman to take; there was no stage-coach or railway carriage to convey her, and she had to walk all the way. It is true that she might have gone by palanquin, but she was too poor to pay the needful expense. Day after day she travelled on with her grand-daughter, until at last, nearly worn down by fatigue, she arrived at the door of the orphan school, and asked if Porter *dorusane* (a lady named Porter) lived there, and if that were her school. She was told it was. "Salaam," she replied; "then I shall die happy."

She sat herself down on the ground, and the matron of the school asked her why she had come there? "Oh! ma'am," said she, "this is 'the last of the family;' I am a very poor old woman; soon I shall die, and then who will take care of this poor child? If ma'am will please to take her into the school, I shall then try and

return to my village again, and I will shut my eyes and die happy."

The matron told her that the girl was too old to be taken into the school, and that, on this account, she feared Mrs. Porter would object to taking her. "Well," said the poor woman, "she is 'the last of the family;' I will leave her at the cook-room door, and that lady will not let her die."

Who was to resist such an appeal as this? Could you, my dear reader? No, I think you could not; you would have said, "Why, it will only cost three guineas a year to keep and educate her in the school. I will ask some of my companions to assist me in collecting such a sum, in order to provide for the destitute child."

The missionary's wife felt that she could not turn her away; so she was admitted, and after a while the poor old woman went away, and was never heard of again.

At first Mary (for so we called her) seemed strange and sad, but after some time she began to look cheerful, and was quite willing to assist in cooking for the children of the school. She was not quick in learning to read, but still she did learn a little. She behaved very well, and in time became happy.

After some years' teaching, Mary asked if she might be baptized. She was told that she was old enough to understand the meaning of the ordinance, and that it was only on the conviction that it was her duty thus to profess her faith in Christ, and her wish never again to worship idols, and to obey Christ, that she could be baptized. After much conversation with her, she firmly declared her faith in Christ, and was baptized.

After this, she went on quietly for some time, conducting herself with great propriety, when a young man in the mission family proposed to marry her. After some months they were married, and removed to a native town some miles distant, where they lived as servants in a missionary's family. Poor Mary passed through various trials, which she bore with patience. Her husband went to Burmah, and left her with a little babe, for some time, in India; but a short time before the writer of this left that far land of the East, he sent her a letter and money to pay her passage over the Bay of Bengal to Burmah. Since that time nothing has been heard of her; but we can only hope and pray that the seeds of divine truth sown in her heart may, even on another shore, bring forth fruit to the glory of God and the benefit of the heathens by whom she is surrounded. We do entertain the hope that we may meet her in that bright world where she will not be "the last of the family."

May this account lead the young reader to think with compassion upon the multitudes of India's ignorant females, never forgetting that it is no part of the religion of the Hindoos to provide for the fatherless, to instruct the ignorant, or to care for the widow. Fine temples, filled with gaudy idols and decorated priests, are to be seen on every hand; but no hospitals for the sick, or refuges for the destitute, are to be seen in that heathen land, except where Christian instruction and influence have shed their heavenly light.

It is a delightful fact to know that there is scarcely a mission station in India where an orphan school in connection with the mission is not to be found, and

where refuges for the destitute are not set up ; but they must be supported, and many a young English child feels it to be an honour and happiness to do what they can to aid this great object.

“ Oh ! pity India’s daughters,
Bid them no longer roam,
To worship Gunga’s waters,
Or gods of wood and stone.

“ Send them the news of mercy,
The message from above,
Ne’er found in all their shasters —
The news that ‘ God is love.’

“ Oh ! pity India’s daughters,
Show them how sin’s forgiven,
Show them how they may meet,
One family in heaven.”

ARAB GIPSY WOMEN.

ONE day, says a missionary in the East, I called to see a young man who had become a convert. His little daughter stood by my side, repeating in Arabic that sweet hymn which begins,

“ Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb,”

when two persons came in, with large striped blankets over their heads and falling on their feet. They asked for a coal of fire to light their pipes ; and I thought that they must be Arab men who were travelling, and had stopped to find a shelter from the rain. But I was told that they were wild Arab gipsy women, who wander about from place to place, and have no home.

They lighted their pipes, and stood smoking and looking at us, when they were asked what would become of them after death. They listened to the question, and, after a pause, one of them said, "We have a burying-ground near to a city, and we shall go there." She was then asked, what would become of her soul when her body was under the ground. Poor woman ! She did not know that she had a soul. She said that she did not know whether the women were to live after death or not. She was then told about the life to come, and the way of salvation through Jesus Christ. She said she had never heard such things before.

When she was ready to go, she thanked us for our good words, and then offered to pay us by singing and dancing for us. But she was told that it was not proper to sing and dance, after talking about God and the eternal world. She shook her head, and, after filling her pipe in silence, and wrapping her heavy blanket around her head, beckoned to her companion, and went away.

Poor wild, wandering women of Arabia ! How dark are their hearts ! They have no happy home on earth : they know of no home in heaven. They have never been taught that Jesus Christ died on the cross to take away their sins. They have no love to him, no faith in him. Are you not grateful that you have the gospel ? Oh, take care that you believe in the Saviour, whom it makes known to you. And ought you not to do what you can that the poor wild wanderers of Arabia may have the gospel too ?

KEEP THY TONGUE FROM EVIL.

It is a shocking thing to hear
 The words some children say ;
 Who call bad names, and curse and swear,
 In anger, jest, or play.

They surely have no thought or fear,
 How much they God displease ;
 Who every single word can hear,
 And every action sees.

He loves to hear when children raise
 Their little voices high,
 In words of prayer and songs of praise
 Ascending to the sky.

And holy angels downward bend
 With feelings too of love,
 As little children praises send
 Up to the Lord above.

But oh, it is a sadd'ning sight
 When children go astray,
 Forsaking what is good and right
 To walk in Satan's way.

The wicked will be cast to hell
 When Christ the Judge shall come ;
 But pious children go to dwell
 In glory as their home.

THE TRIAL OF THE TONGUE.

A MERRY little party met one evening at the Grange. Nina and Annie Blyth had come to spend a few hours with their cousins, Jessie, Kate, and Mary, bringing with them a little visitor, Lizzie Forrest, who only a week before had arrived from London for the holidays. Six girls, the eldest only fourteen, the youngest seven, and all determined, for that evening at least, not only to be happy themselves, but to make others so.

Nina and Jessie, the most grown of the party, were great friends, and whenever they got together had much to say to each other ; but this afternoon, instead of getting into a corner to whisper, nod, and smile, nobody knew about what, they were polite enough to join in the sports of the younger children, and found how pleasant it is to be obliging.

The first visit of all was, of course, to the garden, where the strawberries were red and ripe. It was delightful to stoop over the sunny bank and pick the tempting fruit, which hid so modestly under its shade of broad, green leaves. Everything was new to Lizzie, who was familiar only with city life, and her joy was unbounded. After tea, when the long shadows fell on the grass, and the children were almost tired from out-door play, Mrs. Blyth called them into the drawing-room, and begged of them to rest.

"What a nice hour for talk," said Annie, settling herself comfortably on the sofa beside her aunt ; "a dull world it would be to us girls, but for our tongues."

"It would be a far happier world, I think," replied Nina, "if people only learned to use them right."

Annie blushed at her sister's remark, for conscience told her of some foolish gossip in which she had been just indulging.

"You seem to think, Nina," said her aunt, "that there is a right and a wrong use of the tongue, and I quite agree with you; but, that we all may learn the one and avoid the other, let us hear something more about it."

"Well then, mamma," cried Jessie, "let us have a court; you shall be judge, and I shall be counsellor for the poor tongue, while Nina can, if she like, take the opposite side; and Lizzie Forrest, Annie, Mary, and Kate must stand in the place of twelve jurymen."

"Agreed," said all the girls at once.

"But before we proceed to the trial of this unruly member," urged Mrs. Blyth, "are you quite sure you are familiar with the laws he was bound to obey? Bring out the statute-book, that my young pleaders may be able to refer in any case of difficulty. And remember with reverence that they are no human laws you hold in your hand, but the laws given by the King of kings. Now, Nina, open the case against the prisoner."

"Let us, then, find out the laws on this subject," said Nina: 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour,' Ex. xx. 16. 'Lie not one to another,' Col. iii. 9. 'Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment,' Matt. xii. 36. Now for the witnesses. 'The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity; so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell.—But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly

poison,' James iii. 6, 8. 'His mouth is full of cursing and deceit, and fraud: under his tongue is mischief and vanity,' Ps. x. 7.

"Another witness," continued Nina, "as to the character of the prisoner. 'He that uttereth a slander is a fool,' Prov. x. 18. 'A tale-bearer revealeth secrets,' Prov. xi. 13. 'The Lord shall cut



off all flattering lips, and the tongue that speaketh proud things,' Ps. xii. 3. Not to tire you," resumed Nina, "I shall refrain from bringing up more witnesses, although there are some present at this moment, who could prove the prisoner guilty not only of lies, deceit, flattery, evil speaking, tale-bearing, hasty words, and foolish talking, but even of false and profane swearing. Enough, however, has been said to

show that the prisoner deserves the severest punishment permitted by law."

Nina then sat down, and Jessie rose for the defence. "I shall not attempt," she said, "to deny the statements of the witnesses, but shall endeavour to show some of the claims which the prisoner still has to the mercy of the court, and how [useful, under proper restraint, he may yet become; let me then introduce a witness on behalf of the prisoner. 'A wholesome tongue is a tree of life,' Prov. xv. 4. 'Therewith bless we God, even the Father,' James iii. 9. 'The tongue of the wise is health. The lip of truth shall be established for ever,' Prov. xii. 18, 19. 'Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud: and he shall hear my voice,' Ps. lv. 17. 'Seven times a day I praise thee,' Ps. cxix. 164.

"You have heard the evidence of these witnesses, and I plead that, considering the useful services my client has rendered to the state in time past, and the important duties he may yet perform, his life be spared; for I doubt not, under due care, he shall again become what he once was, the 'glory' of the kingdom."

When the judge had summed up the evidence, Lizzie, Kate, Annie, and Mary, the jury, retired, but returned after a few moments, bringing in a verdict of "Guilty," strongly recommending, however, the prisoner to mercy.

The judge then said, "It only remains for me to pass sentence on the prisoner. I desire that henceforth he be bound in the golden and silken chains of truth and love, placed under a guard, and permitted to exercise to the utmost the various parts of his proper

calling ; kind words, soft answers, gentle teachings, loving warnings, holy conversation, prayer and praise."

Twilight had deepened almost into night when the young people separated, for they lingered long to listen to Mrs. Blyth, as she entreated them to beware of sins of the tongue ; and before they parted she offered an earnest prayer, beseeching God, for Christ's sake, to keep their tongue from evil, and their lips from speaking guile.

UP ! UP !

"Up ! up !" says the crowing cock,
"Don't you hear the village clock ?
I've been up for an hour or more,
Crowing aloud at the stable door.
Dobbin has gone with the boy to the plough ;
Betty has started to milk the cow ;
Surely there's plenty for all to do,
And every one's up, young friend, but you."

"Up ! up !" says the rising sun,
"Is there no work, my young friend, to be done ?
Are there no lessons to learn, I pray,
That you lie thus wasting the hours away ?
Shake sleep from your eyelids and look on high,
And see how blue is the morning sky :
Open your casement, your slumbers spare,
And taste how fresh is the morning air.
Oh ! let it never be said
That you wasted the bright morning hours in bed."



ROBERT DOUGLAS'S REVENGE.

"SNOW, snow again, mother; are not you delighted?" shouted Robert Douglas, as he rushed into the little parlour where his mother sat at the window, to catch the few rays of light which found their way through the feathery flakes that filled the air.

"I can scarcely say I am delighted, Robert, though perhaps I ought to be, since it is the will of my heavenly Father. This blessed book says, 'He giveth snow like wool, he scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes. He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold?' " Psalm cxlvii. 16, 17.

The breakfast cloth was laid, the coffee ready on the hearth, and a hungry schoolboy ready for the morning meal; but before it was tasted, mother and son knelt and

prayed God for his blessing during the day, thanked him for shelter and food, especially asking that they might be enabled to know his will and do it.

The humble meal was soon over, and Robert sprang up from the table, gathered his books into a bag, flung it over his back, buttoned up his jacket, and with a kiss to his mother before he set out, and a merry nod as he passed under the window along the snowy path, he was away to school. The mother's eye watched him as he ran along, and was soon hidden from view by a curtain of dazzling whiteness. "Robert is one of the best boys in his school, Mr. Scott tells me," said Mrs. Douglas to herself, as she tidied up the room, put a few bits of fresh coal on the fire, and then sat down to her sewing; "always at the head of his class, clever too, that is all well—very important indeed, but nothing to compare with better things. But sure I know who has promised to be a father to the fatherless; yes, I will trust in him."

Mrs. Douglas had been early left a widow with an only son, then a baby. The neighbours were all obliged to respect, and many loved her also. It is true, though every one said that she was a lady, they thought her too retiring, and would have been glad of more of her company. But Mrs. Douglas seldom stirred abroad, except on a visit of mercy, to the house of God, or to a warehouse in the next town, where she often carried a bundle of finished work and returned with materials for fresh labour. Everything in the cottage was bright as scouring could make it, and Robert's clothes, though they bore many a patch, were never allowed to remain broken. Sometimes, indeed, his shoes were examined

with anxious care when he laid them by at night, as if to coax them to last until a new pair could be paid for. Indeed, the light-hearted boy cared little whether he wore good shoes or bad; but he had made up his mind that, if diligent, steady work could accomplish it, Robert Douglas should keep at the head of his class.

And so he did, passing up from form to form every half year, until on the very day of the great snow he became captain of the school. A high place is not always a happy one. So at least Robert discovered; for beside the dark frowns that gathered on the brows of some comrades when Mr. Scott praised his diligence, he heard muttered threats of vengeance from others. "Too bad, quite too bad," whispered a knot of boys, "that a boy like him should leave us all behind."

"'Tis easy to see he is no gentleman," said Tom Perkins, a great idle boy, "but intends to make a trade of his learning."

"No matter what he makes of it; he has it, and that's more than you have," interrupted little Todd, a friend and ally of Robert Douglas.

"Wait till by-and-by, and perhaps you both shall get more than you will like," cried Perkins.

School was over, and so was the falling snow, but it still lay thick on the ground. Robert was among the last to leave the room, and intended hastening home, and then to ask his mother's leave to spend an hour or two playing with Todd, who accompanied him.

He ran quickly, and a turn of the road soon concealed the school-house from view; when, what was his surprise to feel himself suddenly seized by the strong arm of Perkins, who shouted, "Now boys, at him!"

This was the signal of attack. Snowball after snowball flew at his head; escape was impossible, for his enemy had him firmly grasped by the collar of the coat. He struggled hard to be free; but any one of the five boys who attacked him would have been more than his match, for his bodily strength did not agree with that of his mind. For a moment Todd looked on in despair, then darted off in an opposite direction, soon returning with three tall boys, who, ignorant of the whole affair, had been walking slowly homewards, filling their arms with ready-made snowballs. These were soon discharged with much vigour at the offending party; Robert was released, and the other boys were glad to sound a retreat—not, however, until little Todd felt the effects of their rage.

"If it were not for this tell-tale, we might have had it all our own way," shouted Williams, as he gave the poor little boy a blow which laid him on the ground, and Todd's leg was so badly sprained that he could not move without pain. At this moment, who should appear, wrapped up for an afternoon walk, but Mr. Scott himself? "Ho, boys, what is the matter? Has Todd got a fall? Oh, Douglas, what has happened to your face? Fighting, I declare. Who would have thought it?"

"No, sir, indeed we have not been fighting," cried Robert; "but I have been attacked, and dear little Todd, in trying to save me, was thrown down and hurt."

"By whom?" inquired the master.

"Please, sir, don't ask us," cried Robert, "for I am sure those that did it are sorry now."

Their teacher shook his head as if not quite certain of that, but did not press his inquiries further. Nor indeed was it necessary that he should; the boys had a notion that Mr. Scott could guess anything, almost their very thoughts, and no one was much surprised to hear next morning that Williams and Perkins were about to be sent to a school in the neighbouring town. They pretended to be proud of the change, and few of their old companions felt their loss. Little Todd soon recovered. Robert Douglas still kept his high position, firmly but meekly, and long years after, when he had become an eminent surgeon, he not only enjoyed the happiness of removing his good mother to a home of ease and comfort, but the further pleasure of being very useful to his old enemy, Perkins, and felt the sweet delight of the only revenge a Christian should cherish—that of overcoming evil with good.

THE FEAR OF THE LORD.

To have the fear of the Lord in the heart, is the same as being pious. The best time to learn to fear the Lord is the time of childhood.

1. Early piety is especially pleasing to God. Though God will receive sinners in middle life, or even in old age if they truly seek him, he feels peculiar delight in those who direct their pious thoughts and desires to him as soon as they are old enough to know their duty; because those who repent of their sins and turn to God, through faith in Jesus Christ, in the morning of life, give stronger evidence

of their love to him and his service, from a conviction of duty and a sincere delight in God's character, than those who spend their best days in sin, and forsake it only after they have become aged and infirm, and when sin has lost its power to yield any further pleasure.

2. Wickedness in children is very displeasing and hateful to God. "And Elisha went up from thence unto Bethel: and as he was going up by the way, there came forth little children out of the city, and mocked him, and said unto him, Go up, thou bald head; go up, thou bald head. And he turned back, and looked on them, and cursed them in the name of the Lord. And there came forth two she bears out of the wood, and slew forty and two children of them," 2 Kings, ii. 23, 24. The sin of those children, or young persons, consisted in the insult which they offered to Elisha the prophet of God. They had probably learned this sin from their wicked parents; but this did not free their children from blame. On the contrary, God was so highly offended with them, that he caused them to be slain. The Scriptures furnish other cases of the great evil of sin in children.

3. Evil practices are more easily avoided, or, if commenced, they are more easily broken off, when you are young, than after these practices ripen into strong habits. Young persons often put off becoming religious, under the vain hope that it will be easier after a few years than at present. But wicked persons generally become worse as they grow older. The minds of youth and children are more tender to religious impressions than they will be after they become

advanced in life. And it may be that the strivings of the Holy Spirit are enjoyed by the young more frequently than by those who have long neglected religion.

4. Childhood is the best time for you to learn the fear of the Lord, because it will qualify you for the duties of manhood and old age. Early piety is your best safeguard against the temptations to vice and sin, which ruin so many persons who enter upon life without the support and protection of religion. If you have the grace of God in your hearts, your characters will be formed on such a foundation as will make you upright, pious, and useful men. But if you neglect to obtain this grace while you are young, you will suffer a loss in after life, in your power to resist evil and to do good.

5. Unless you learn to fear the Lord while you are young, there is no certainty that you will ever become pious. It is said that one-third or more of the human race die under twenty years of age; and every thirty years a whole generation passes away. Many indeed live twice thirty years, but not half as many as die under thirty or even under twenty; and you well know that multitudes die under ten years of age. Since, then, many die young, you may be of that number, and thus be cut off from all further opportunity of learning this most important lesson, the fear of the Lord. You ought, therefore, to learn the lesson now; so that, whether you live, you may live unto the Lord, or whether you die, you may die unto the Lord; and that, whether living or dying, you may be the Lord's.

May the young reader know and fear God as he is

to be known in Jesus Christ, who came to our earth to die for us and atone for our sins ; and having died, rose from the grave and ascended on high, where he ever lives to intercede for them that come unto God by him.

THE COBWEB.

THE little cobweb hung on high,
Which Martha brooms away,
A spider wove to catch a fly,
And make that fly his prey.

He weaves his curious web with care,
And spares no time or pain ;
And if aught breaks his wily snare,
Begins his task again.

To do his work he takes delight
And curious is his skill ;
His little web so gauzy light,
Is strong and lasting still.

So, like the little spider, I
Would work while yet I may,
And persevere and always try
To learn more every day.



EFFIE'S TRIAL.

CHAPTER VI.

IF Effie's four shillings could have been spent four times over, she would have found it much easier to know how to dispose of them. She wanted them to do more than they could possibly be made to do ; and Jane was amused with the different plans which she formed for spending them. At last Effie settled that she would buy a nice print gown for her mother, and Jane said that if she did so she would

make it for nothing, when she was not busy. Jane undertook to purchase the print, as Effie could not see to choose it; and it was to be kept quite a secret from Mrs. Gray. So the print, a very pretty dark blue and white one, was bought, and Jane took the pattern from an old dress of Mrs. Gray's when she happened to be alone in the house with Effie; and so the new gown was made without Effie's mother having the least idea that there was such a thing in existence.

How surprised she was one afternoon, when she went up-stairs to dress before tea, to see it hanging up in her room! A narrow slip of paper was pinned to one of the sleeves, on which was written, "For my dear mother, from her little blind daughter." Mrs. Gray was so overcome by her feelings that she could not help crying; but they were tears of joy, not sorrow. She was pleased with the gift, for she needed it very much, but it was not that so much as it was the kindness and self-denial which had bought it for her, that affected her. She thought it was so good of Effie to spend the first money she had upon her mother. "But it is just like her," she said to Jane, afterwards; "I never saw such a child: she is always thinking of anybody rather than of herself."

"Ah, Mrs. Gray," thought Jane, "you could not have said that truthfully a few months back! Effie was not always an unselfish little girl. But she has been sitting at the feet of Jesus, and has learned of him who is meek and lowly in heart."

Two or three days after Effie and her mother had carried home the cuffs, a message and a parcel came from Mrs. Morrison, desiring Effie to make two dozen

more for her as soon as she could, for she had only one pair left of the others. You may be sure that Effie was in high spirits when she heard this, and began to work again with alacrity. When these were finished, fresh orders came, so that Effie's time was pretty well occupied: and a nice little sum found its way every week or two into her mother's pocket.

But towards the winter, the visitors began to go away from the seaside, and Effie felt afraid that her work would soon fall off, because, if Mrs. Morrison had but few customers, she would not want many cuffs made. She told Jane her fears.

"Do not trouble yourself about it, Effie. Jesus says we are to take no anxious thought for the morrow, but just to leave it to him. He has provided for you so far, and if this plan fails, he can easily find another for you. He will help you in some way."

Jane was right, but "the way" was a very different one to what she expected.

Effie was sitting one afternoon with Jane in her little parlour, playing some tunes on her concertina, for she had just completed her last set of cuffs, when Jane suddenly discovered that she had not a reel of black cotton left with which to finish a child's merino dress that she was making, so she put on her bonnet and shawl and went to the haberdasher's shop to fetch one. She left the street door open until she came back, for she said she should not be long. She had scarcely turned the corner, when a lady, coming from the opposite direction, walked up to the house; and, finding the door open, stepped inside without knocking. The lady's name was Mrs. Foster. She was not a re-

gular customer of Jane's, for she was rather too grand a lady to have her things made by a young village dressmaker, but she wanted a dress altered in a hurry, and she came to see whether Jane could do it for her. She came herself instead of sending a servant, because Jane had only just been recommended to her by a friend, and, as she had to pass Jane's house on her way home, she considered that it would save time if she could settle about it immediately.

Effie did not hear the lady's soft step, for she was playing one of her loudest tunes at that moment, and singing, in her clear sweet tones, that old-fashioned hymn which contains these lines—

“The birds without barn or storehouse are fed ;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread ;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, ‘The Lord will provide.’ ”

Mrs. Foster stopped to listen, for she loved to hear children sing, and Effie, too, was just about the age of a little and only daughter, whom she lost a few months before. When the song ceased, Mrs. Foster went forward and inquired for Jane. Effie rose and explained why Jane was absent, and said that she would be in directly, but offered to call some one else if the lady pleased.

“No, you need not do that, I will wait a few minutes till she returns. I think I heard you singing just now ?”

Effie coloured. “Only a little, ma'am. I have learned to play on the concertina since I have been blind, and I like to sing hymns to the tunes.”

"Are you blind, then?" said Mrs. Foster, very gently. "How sorry I am for you! Have you always been so?"

"No, ma'am; only about a year and a half. But I do not mind it so much as I did at first, I am getting more used to it, and besides——"

"Besides what, my dear?"

"It is God's will," said Effie, reverently, "and that helps me to bear it patiently."

"I am glad it does, it is a great comfort when that is the case. We are sure he would not send us any trouble if it were not meant in some way to do us good. Still you must find it very dull sometimes, not to be able to run about, nor to read or to work."

"Yes, ma'am," said Effie, "but I get on better than I ever thought I should. Everybody is very kind to me. And I can work, not at needlework, but at knitting. I do a great deal of knitting, ma'am; I have just finished a dozen pairs of cuffs."

"But what do you do with so many?"

"Oh I work for a shop, ma'am," said Effie, with a little air of importance, "and I have earned a good bit of money in this way, to help mother."

Jane had not returned, so Mrs. Foster went on talking to Effie, and asked her several questions, until she had learned all about Effie's illness and her sad affliction, and her hopes and fears about the future.

She was a nice, gentle lady, so that Effie was not in the least afraid of speaking to her, and told her everything as freely as she would have done to a poorer person. Perhaps, if Effie could have seen Mrs. Foster's handsome velvet cloak, and rich brocaded silk dress,

she might not have felt so much at her ease ; but, as it was, she spoke without the least hesitation.

At length Jane came back. The mistress of the shop had been asking her about a new cloak which she wanted made, and Jane could not very well hurry away. She made an apology to Mrs. Foster for her absence, but the lady smiled, and said, " It is not of any consequence : I have been having a little chat with your sister while you were not here."

Then Jane had to explain that Effie was not her sister, and Mrs. Foster inquired who her mother was and where she lived, and said she should call soon, and see her. Both Effie and Jane wondered why she should wish to see Mrs. Gray, but of course they did not say so.

After arranging with Jane about the alteration in her dress, Mrs. Foster went away, telling Effie that she must knit three pairs of cuffs for her when she had time. Effie had time to spare then, for she was waiting to hear again from Mrs. Morrison ; so she began them at once, for she was very pleased to work for such a nice lady as Mrs. Foster. She was glad that she had them to do, when Mrs. Morrison sent the next day, to say that she did not want any more just at present.

" Never mind, dear," said Jane, " you must trust and wait. Perhaps Mrs. Foster will order something else when you have finished these for her."

But Mrs. Foster, when she paid Effie for those, did not order anything else. Jane was disappointed. She had quite counted upon Mrs. Foster's help, now that Effie had lost Mrs. Morrison's work. She had

thought Mrs. Foster would be such a good friend to the little blind girl.

And so she will, Jane, if you can only have a little patience.

One morning Mrs. Foster called, as she had promised, to see Mrs. Gray. They had a long talk about Effie. I cannot tell you all that Mrs. Foster said, but I can tell you what she came about. She came to offer to take Effie to London with her, to consult a very clever doctor there, who was remarkably skilful in diseases of the eye, and had cured several persons whose cases had been considered hopeless. Mrs. Foster thought, from the nature of Effie's blindness, that he might be able to do something for her; at all events it was right to use all the means that could be used.

Effie's mother, as you may suppose, felt very grateful to this kind lady for the trouble she was willing to take about her little girl; and, so far as she was concerned, she gladly accepted her generous offer. But she was afraid whether Effie would like to go alone among strangers. Effie did not much like leaving her mother, for her blindness made her rather timid; but the hope, the least hope, of getting any benefit from the London doctor, quite overcame all Effie's shyness, and she joyfully agreed to go, and thanked Mrs. Foster over and over again for her kindness.

So when the day came, Effie went to London. It was two or three months before she returned home again. But when she did come, it was not our little *blind* Effie who threw herself with a happy burst of tears into her mother's arms, for the dear child could see now.

God had blessed the means employed by the good doctor; and "Effie's Trial," so bitter at first, and so patiently borne afterwards, was ended. But, through all her future life, she always thanked Him for having sent it her.

HAPPY DEATH OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

I KNEW a little boy, not two years old, who looked at his father, and said, "By by, pa: baby is going to sleep;" and he shut his eyes, and never opened them any more. And I knew another, three years old, who was just sinking in death, and said to his father, who was near his side, "Father, there is beyond the sky a heaven of joy and love." There was another, who was a blind boy, who looked up, as he was dying, and said, "I see a light; it is heaven." And a little girl, who was motherless, when lying upon her back, and thought to be dead—all at once, she opened her eyes, reached out her arms, and cried, "My mother!" and then died. There was a little boy who, when taken sick, was at first afraid to die, and said: "Mother, the valley of death is very dark; will you not go with me?" His mother could only burst into tears: the little boy then put his face towards the wall and prayed, and then, turning to his mother with a sweet look, said: "Mother, the valley is not so dark now, for Jesus is with me. I can go now."

May we all love and obey Jesus while we live; then, when we come to die, whether in youth or age, all will be well. To live will be to know and serve Christ, and to die will be gain.



PICTURES OF THE MONTH.

DECEMBER.

In December, the country cannot boast of fine-plumaged birds, and gay flowers, and forest trees clothed with verdant foliage, and butterflies with gaudy wings : but on fine days it is not all barrenness. Redwings and fieldfares are still abroad ; the woodcock and snipe are by the brook's side ; the titmouse flits from tree to tree ; the wren hops in and out of the bush ; the robin perches on the window-frame ; and the December moth flutters in the sunshine.

Firs and pines, in the winter, are in their glory, and evergreens of various kinds, among which are the ivy and the holly. The holly and the ivy are cheerful things to look at in cheerless weather, for they rejoice when all is desolate around them.

In frosty weather the air is fresh and bracing, and a sharp walk or a run is better than medicine. It makes the blood circulate, and promotes good spirits and good humour. The change of the seasons renders our common mercies of double value. How delightful is cold water in summer; and how very pleasant is the warm fire in winter!

The farmer is occupied in much the same way as he was in January, for the two months are often very much alike. His grounds are manured, his hedges repaired, his ditches cleaned out, and his grain threshed in the barn. If a farmer be a thoughtful man, when he looks at the stacks in his rick-yard, the corn in his granary, and his comforts around him, his heart will be thankful; his soul will magnify the Lord, and his spirit rejoice in God his Saviour.

I will now give you a few pictures of the month. It is night, and the moon is shining in the sky; all is silent. The farmer and his family and his servants are asleep, and Jowler has wrapped himself round among the straw in his kennel. The cocks and hens are perched on the pole laid across, in the pen of the poultry-yard; and the little wooden door is half open. The fox has left his hole in the rock in the wood, and has crossed the fields to the farm-house; he slinks between the haystacks and behind the kid-pile. He is now by the barn, now by the stable, and now he is

creeping through the little wooden door of the pen. Hark ! what a confusion ! the fox has run off with a good fat hen ; the cocks and hens are clucking, the ducks are quacking, the geese are gabbling. Jowler has jumped up, and is barking loudly ; the farmer is at his bed-room window, with his gun ; but all is too late, for the fox is half way to the wood.

Now for another picture. The schoolboys are having a game at snowballing, and most of them are prettily peppered. Now they are at it again. One has his cap knocked off, another is plastered all over his back, and the tallest of them has just received a snowball on his neck. See, two or three of them have fallen down, and the others are rolling them in the snow. Merry boyhood ! They are now on their legs again, pelting each other famously ; and all is good humour, laughter, tingling hands, red faces, and snowballs.

Here is a third picture. What a white world it is ! Snow here, snow there, and snow everywhere ! The trees and hedges are laden with it ; the farm-house and the outbuildings have all white roofs. There are no birds in the air, no fowls in the farm-yard, no cattle in the fold, and no sheep among the turnips. The snow has drifted into the lane, and blocked up the road ; it lies six feet deep by the tall ash-tree. No one seems stirring ; all is silent. Man, bird, beast, and creeping thing, appear to be fast asleep. Oh ! I see now the smoke is mounting up from the big chimney, and I can just hear the sound of a spade, for John Andrews is clearing a narrow road from the back door.

We must change our picture.

It is a rapid thaw ; the snow is all but gone, and

the river is greatly swollen. The melted snow from the distant mountains has filled the brooks, and the river has risen far over its banks. The flood in the low meadows, by the ferry, is at least half a mile broad. The white cottage is surrounded with water ; the lower lane is altogether impassable ; the farmers cannot go that way ; and as for the poor ferryman and his wife, they are driven up stairs, for the water in their kitchen is up to the very window. The river is still rising, and what will become of the poor cottagers I cannot tell. These river risings in the country have often reminded me of the flood that drowned the earth, when God broke up the fountains of the great deep, and opened the windows of heaven. That was an awful time ; but we have as much need now of an ark, to save us from the flood of sin and iniquity that has gone forth, as Noah had, at the time of the deluge, to save him from the waters. If we forget a thousand things, let us never forget that Jesus Christ died for sinners, and that there is salvation in no other ; "for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved," Acts iv. 12.

QUESTIONS ON THE GOSPEL HARMONY.

LESSON XXVI.—THE SAMARITAN WOMAN.

John iv. 1—14.

1. By what means did Jesus make disciples ?
- iii. 22.
3. Which way from Judea was Galilee ?
4. Why was it necessary to pass through Samaria ?

5. What was the ancient name of Sychar? Josh. xxiv. 32.—Which of the patriarchs was buried there?

6. How did this well obtain its name?—What may we learn from Jesus being weary? Heb. iv. 15.

7. From whence did this woman come? ver. 5.—Why did Jesus make this request? ver. 11.

8. To what city had the disciples gone?

9. How did she know Jesus to be a Jew? Mark xiv. 70.—Wherein did Jews and Samaritans disagree?—Who spoke the last clause?

10. What gift of God is here meant? iii. 16.—What is denoted by living water? vi. 35.—How may we obtain it? Luke xi.; ix. 10.

11. How did the woman understand him?—Was this a question of curiosity or incredulity?

12. Why did she claim relationship to Jacob?—Was this gift a matter of history or tradition?

13. To what water did Jesus refer?—Did he proceed to answer directly or indirectly?

14. In what sense would the receiver never thirst?—Who provided instead of obtained that gift?—How was this an answer to her question?

LESSON XXVII.—THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

John iv. 15—30.

15. Why did she not understand him?

16. For what purpose was this direction?

17. Was her reply true or false?—For what was she commended?

* The ancient enmity existing between this people and those of Judea, arose on occasion of rebuilding the Temple, after the captivity. A separation then took place, which existed in the time of Christ, and has continued to the present day.

18. How do you account for this declaration?—How was it calculated to affect her?

19. Why did she change the subject?—What was her idea of a prophet?

20. To what mountain did she refer?—Where was the appointed place? 2 Chron. vii. 16.

21. To what time did he refer?—Explain this declaration. Mal. i. 11; and 1 Tim. ii. 8.

22. How was her inquiry answered?—How was salvation of the Jews? Is. ii. 3.

23. What is the import of *truth* here? 1 Cor. xiv. 15.—What spirit is requisite in true worshippers? 2 Cor. iii. 17.

24. What worship is opposite to this? Acts vii. 48.—What error of hers did he aim to correct?

25. Whence did she get this knowledge? Deut. xviii. 18.—Does she, or John, interpret *Messias*? xxix. 42.

26. Why was this fact now disclosed? ver. 1—3.—Why was it concealed afterwards? Matt. xvi. 20.

27. Where had the disciples been? ver. 8.—What awakened their surprise?†—Why did they suppress it?

28. Why did she leave her water-pot?—To what city did she go?

* Dr. Campbell translates thus—"Ye worship what ye know not, we worship what we know."

† That he talked with *a woman*, is the language of the original. An opinion prevailed among the Jews, that such a dialogue with a woman ill suited the dignity and gravity of a Rabbi, or doctor of their law; and the disciples, who had other prejudices, may have been affected with this.

29. What was her own opinion of this?—Why did she invite them to come?

30. What motive attracted them?

THE CATERPILLAR.

ONE day upon the garden walk
A little woolly ball I found ;
I picked it up, but quickly dropt
A caterpillar on the ground.

I watch'd it as across my path
It toiled along its weary way,
A grovelling worm—ere long to be
A fluttering insect bright and gay.

For soon within a narrow shroud
'Twould hide away and seem to die
But bursting from its cell at length,
Would soar a beauteous butterfly.

And then I thought upon the time
When I within the grave should lie,
To rise with a more glorious form
Than deck'd the brilliant butterfly.

If here within this earthly life
The germs of holiness are hid,
I too ere long shall soar, to dwell
The bowers of paradise amid.

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